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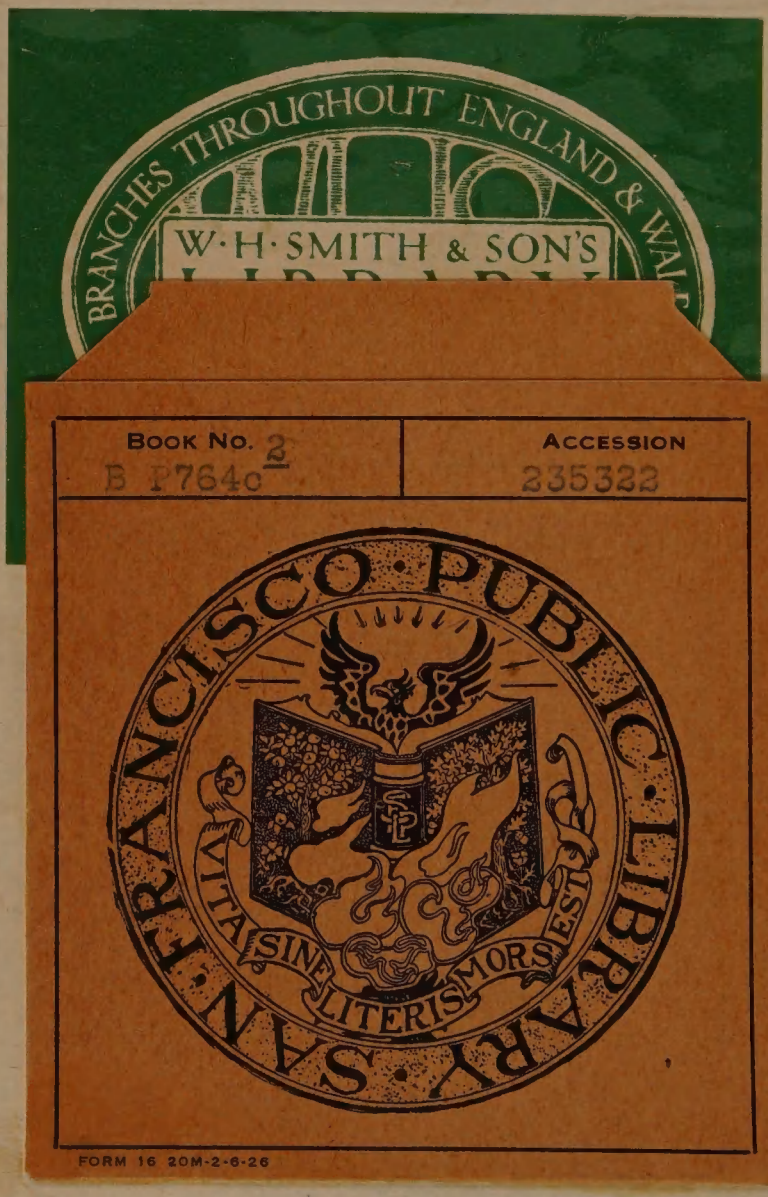

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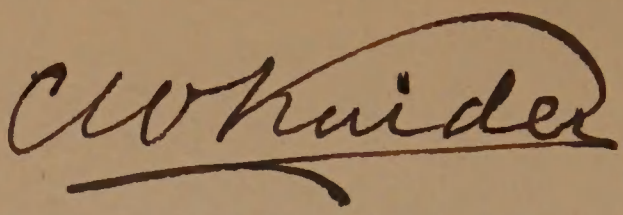


A VAGABOND COURTIER

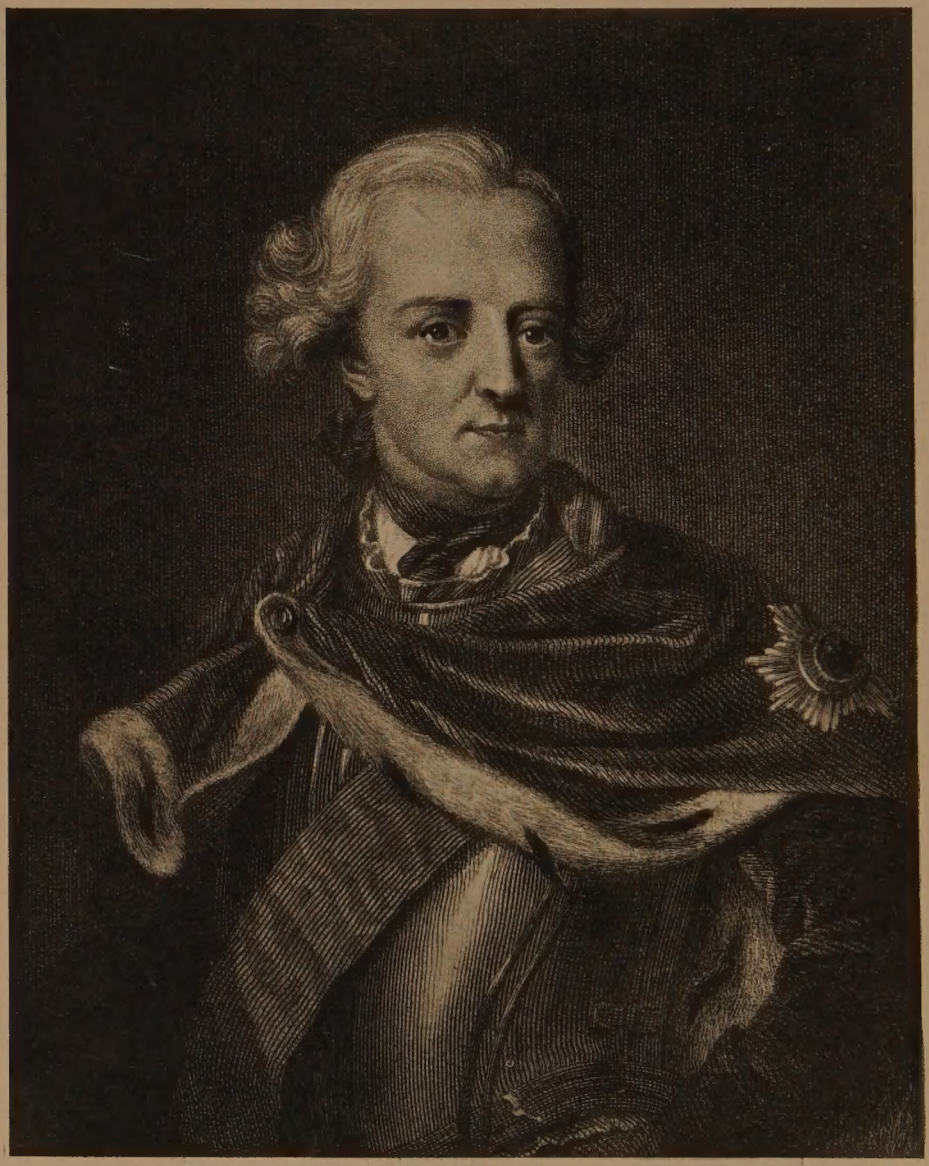
VOL. II

"Cet homme a fait assez de bruit dans le monde, pour que j'en dise un mot."

MARGRAVINE WILHELMINA OF BAYREUTH.

"Volupté, volupté qui fus jadis maîtresse,
Du plus bel esprit de la Grèce,
Ne me dédaigne pas, viens t'en loger chez moi,
Tu n'y seras pas sans emploi;
J'aime le jeu, l'amour, les livres, la musique,
La ville et la campagne, enfin tout; il n'est rien,
Qui ne me soit souverain bien. . ."

FONTAINE.



Frederic the Great.

after Vanloo.

A
VAGABOND COURTIER

FROM THE MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF BARON CHARLES LOUIS VON PÖLLNITZ

BY

Mrs. EDITH E. CUTHELL, F.R.Hist.S.

AUTHOR OF "WILHELMINA, MARGRAVINE OF BAYREUTH," "AN IMPERIAL VICTIM: MARIE LOUISE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE AND 16 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING SEVERAL FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. A. M. BROADLEY

Vol. II

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PART II

THE VAGRANT

CHAPTER XXIV

Colonel Maurice von Pöllnitz joined Charles at The Hague, and then the brothers left together for Zell, where the younger stayed till the summer.

"Then I decided to do the cure at Carlsbad for a second time, not so much for the waters, as to see the society, which is always large and select. This time there was a surprising crowd, and very high-born nobility. I had the honour of paying my respects to the Elector of Treves, and the widowed Margravine of Anspach" (sister-in-law to the Princess of Wales, an artistic, cultured lady, nursing the little principality for her young son, to be known as "The Wild Margrave"), "who were drinking the waters."

The renewal of the acquaintanceship of the Margravine, who, with her husband, had been a visitor to her kinsfolk of Prussia, probably inspired Pöllnitz to pay a visit to the other little margravate of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollerns, that of Bayreuth. George William was reigning there with his notorious wife, Sophia, a Princess of Weissenfels. Of all the little Courts in Germany, that of Bayreuth was then the most voluptuous, and visitors from all parts flocked to its pleasures. In his youth the Margrave had soldiered with some distinction in the Emperor's service against the French, fighting at Blenheim. On succeeding his father, some ten years before, he had become bitten with the prevalent mania for building royal residences, and embarked on a career of pomp and circumstance. At the time of Pöllnitz's visit he had been reconciled to his wife,

whom he had imprisoned in his fortress of Plassenburg in consequence of her liaison with the Swede, Baron Kagge. Their only child, Christina, had been brought up by her aunt, the Queen of Poland, in the very undesirable atmosphere of the Court of Dresden. At this time, still very young, she was gradually succumbing to the fascinations of the Chamberlain von Wobser, another of the foreign parasites and idlers, attracted to Bayreuth by the whirl of amusements, but especially by what Pöllnitz euphemistically calls the "entire absence of restraint."

The Baron went with the Court to Himmelscron, one of the Margrave's hunting-boxes, in a valley of the Fichtelgebirge watered by the White Main. This castle had formerly been a convent, and was the scene of the legend of the White Lady, who is supposed to "walk" in all Hohenzollern palaces, presaging a death in the family—according to one account a Countess Orlamünde, who murdered her four children to propitiate her lover. The beautiful Mall at Himmelscron, of four rows of lime-trees with branches interlaced—

"A thousand feet long, the longest in Europe, ended in a theatre, beside which was a hall where the Court played ombre and piquet every evening. The horse-shoe dining-table was always magnificently served; at dessert a great silver tray, with coffee-pot and cups of silver, was placed in the middle of the table and every one took their coffee without rising from table. Then the ladies withdrew, and the Margrave, leaning against a table, kept up the conversation with his courtiers by a few quaffs of wine. But," adds our Baron, recollecting his recent experience at the episcopal Court, "he left people who were paying their respects to him entire freedom."

We can hardly believe, however, that Pöllnitz escaped with more than a nodding acquaintance with the famous Nun Goblet, one of those "Welcome" beakers then to

be found in every German castle. One would like to have known which was his of the "drink epigrams" every visitor was obliged to indite in a book kept for the purpose, and which was still in existence at Himmelscron as late as the last century.

In the intervals of the chase—the Margrave was devoted to hawking—he was wont to encamp on the hill above, and in the meadow in the valley, his toy army of one regiment of infantry, and one of cavalry, which latter, by the by, gave Frederic William of Prussia the idea of his famous Ziethen Hussars.

Pöllnitz was present at a fête at the Brandenburg palace, which the Margrave had built in the meadow outside Bayreuth, where, on an artificial lake, floated gondolas, galleys, yachts, and miniature men-of-war. Here he had "sea-fights," the round Rose Island being defended by troops. "He gave a very fine spectacle in the theatre on the shore of the lake, where, when the back scene was drawn up, there was a view of half a league in extent."

But still more unique among the novelties with which the rulers of the period sought to diversify the monotony of their amusements was the *bizarre* life at the Hermitage, on a hill in the woods above Bayreuth.

"One reaches the house," relates Pöllnitz, "by an avenue which ends in a large grotto representing Mount Parnassus. Apollo, Pegasus, and the Nine Muses are to be seen, spouting water. The Mount is open on both sides, and leads to a courtyard which is divided by several avenues of trees; the centre one leads to the château, which is of rustic architecture. It appears as if formed of only one rock. On entering, you see a fine grotto, ornamented with shells and different statues of nymphs and rivers."

The daughter-in-law of this Margrave's successor, Wilhelmina of Prussia, in describing the Hermitage as

she found it when she came to Bayreuth on her marriage, adds that—

"The shells are very rare and very fine, the grotto lighted from a dome above; in the middle a large fountain with six cascades round it. The floor, which is of marble, also spurts water in such a way that it is easy to catch people and wet them when they are there."

"On leaving the grotto," continues Pöllnitz, "one passes through a little square garden, at the end of which is the main building. It is composed of two wings, with a magnificent saloon in the middle, entirely panelled in marble. The wing to the right of it contains an apartment composed of several rooms, and is that of the Margrave, who is the Father Superior of the Hermits. On that side there are twelve cells for as many recluses. In the opposite wing the same number of rooms for the Margravine and the lady solitaries; the large saloon is the refectory."

There are fine marble fireplaces in this hall, and pediments over the doors representing hangings in marble. On the panels of the walls are carved the symbols of the Order of Sincerity, for it was here that the Margrave had founded this Order. A music-gallery is hidden behind the fields and flowers painted on the ceiling.

"The garden is large," relates Pöllnitz, "and well kept up. It is finished by a cascade which falls from the top of a mountain, and which gives a delightful effect. The cascade is bordered by terraces, and by easy slopes, edged on either side by low hornbeam hedges. All around is a fir-wood, with paths which each lead to a little arbour.

"Only those specially invited were allowed at the Hermitage, and during their stay there the Margrave and the Margravine and all their suite were dressed as Hermits. . . . No one could be admitted into this Order but by the unanimous consent of the Chapter. The

Superior had no other privilege except that of proposing the persons who asked to be admitted. . . . It was pleasant to live in this solitude, and the Rule was not austere.

"Each hermit had his cell in the pine-wood. . . . They were obliged to retire thither after dinner and to keep silence; but this custom has been somewhat relaxed, and now they visit each other. The Brethren and the Sisters give each other refreshments, and the Superior and the Mother Superior pay them visits. They are given certain rules, which may not be dispensed with without the leave of the Superior or Mother Superior. At the hour for recreation the latter rings her bell, the Prior answers with his, and the recluses of both sexes also ring theirs, in order to announce that they have leave to present themselves at the Prior's. When all have assembled they go out together to the recreation-ground, or amuse themselves with games of all kinds. At supper-time all go to the refectory. Sometimes the lady hermits delight the Prior by some dishes that they have themselves prepared in the Mother Superior's kitchen. The hermits, on the other hand, can enjoy the pleasures of the chase. In the evening at supper, in order to conform to the rules, a little reading of some verses is given, or of some story composed by the Brethren. Then silence ceases; every one gives his opinion upon the reading just made; the conversation at last becomes general. Supper lasts a long time, and generally ends by a ball."

The Hermitage built by the Margrave George William is still in existence. The Parnassus and the other mounds still spout and spray, the hidden pipes in the floor still sprinkle the unwary. The Bayreuth bourgeois in his Sunday best, the Wagner pilgrim, who has strayed from the Festival Hall in the city below, when wandering in the woods still light on the hermits' cells, where the Baron, clad in his brown robe, and with rope girdle, enjoyed life exceedingly in an unusual way.

CHAPTER XXV

With his visit to Bayreuth the earlier Memoirs of Pöllnitz come to an end. In his *Letters and Memoirs* he carries on the story of his *Wanderjähre*, but the chronology and the sequence appear to be more or less fictitious, and there are gaps in the tale of his travels.

He went on from Bayreuth to the banks of the Rhine—

"Where an appointment had been offered me. But, upon consideration, I decided to keep my liberty, and, lest my philosophy should not support me in the desire for independence which it had inspired, I promptly left, in order not to embark in a kind of duel, out of which one only emerges victorious by way of flight."

Pöllnitz leaves us in doubt as to which of the small South German Courts were anxious to secure his services, for he visited several.

From Ludwigsburg he drove in a day to Carlsruhe, that old geometrical town which the then Margrave Charles of Baden-Durlach had laid out from his own drawings. "Charles's Rest" remains really very much to-day as Pöllnitz describes it.

"The castle in the centre of a star, at the entrance of a large forest, forming thirty-two avenues, the longest behind the palace, three leagues in extent. Facing the palace is a half-circle of houses, all three floors high, divided by five streets, the three principal ones ending in three churches, Lutheran, Reformed, Catholic."

But in Pöllnitz's day all the houses and the palace were of wood. He asked the Margrave the reason why he had not built in brick. Charles was a great contrast to most of the Princes of the Empire. The reply was that he only wished for a retreat, and did not wish to burden his subjects with much expense. Moreover, his country lay in the middle of the battle-ground of Europe; he could not afford to fortify it.

"I would not spend money on it to see it burnt to the ground, as the French burnt my house at Durlach; as they also burnt others of my houses. I am but a small Prince; I build to suit my position. I prefer to have it said of me that I am poorly lodged, but have no debts, than to live in a superb palace and owe a great deal of money."

He showed the Baron over his palace. The Hereditary Prince did not live there, but in one of the houses opposite. In the palace gardens were a pretty pheasantry, a large basin of water, with wild ducks, four Turkish tents with curtains, sofas, and pillows, where the Margrave was wont to rest during the day, in the company of young girls, whom he had instructed in music, and who soothed him with pleasant concerts.

Margrave Charles, now fat and crimson, led a very quiet life at his "Rest"; he had worn himself out in his youth. A traveller and a soldier, he had served with his cousin, Prince Louis of Baden, in the Imperial army on the Rhine, and in Sweden.

"He rises at five o'clock, and walks in the garden till it is too hot. Then he see his councillors, studies chemistry, or draws. He dines with three others only at table. Young girls wait upon him. There are sixty of them; eight are always on guard, and eight on service. When the Margrave goes out they ride after him, dressed as Hussars. Most of them are musicians, and can dance. They perform operas in the palace theatre, and music in the chapel, and are lodged in the palace."

In the afternoon the Margrave gave audience to any one. He liked to see visitors. On Sunday he dined, with sixteen guests, including his son and daughter-in-law. He was full of knowledge, a good talker and linguist, and had gracious manners. Fond of agriculture, a great florist, he was never idle, and quick and accurate in dispensing justice. Sometimes he hunted a little. He hardly ate supper, and retired early. His wife, a sister of the Duke of Würtemberg, was an invalid, living at Durlach, and only came to Carlsruhe for fêtes, and Pöllnitz did not see her.

Four hours from Carlsruhe lay Rastadt, the capital of the other little Baden principality, Baden-Baden. Pöllnitz found the Margrave out hunting, and was informed that he would see him the next day.

"Happily I had books, and I read all that day and the next, but received no word from the Grand Marshal. However, as I had not come to Rastadt to read, and the town is not otherwise amusing—a quarter of an hour was sufficient to know the streets in—boredom seized me. I sent again to the Grand Marshal, and received the same message. So I took the Court of Rastadt as seen."

Pöllnitz went over the palace, which had been built by the Margrave's father, Prince Louis of Baden, the distinguished soldier, and saw the study where Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars signed the famous treaty in 1714.

"Not knowing what to do with myself, I went to the *café billard* opposite the Palace. Some gentlemen of the Court, as idle as myself, treated me as a visitor, and were civil. A good-looking young man, who seemed polite, and who, like myself, had refused to play at war, fell into conversation with me. Insensibly that sympathy which knows no bounds of reason led us to talk with as much confidence as if we had known each other

for a long time. I complained to him of the three days I had spent at Rastadt without being able to salute His Highness of Baden.

"He told me not to be surprised at this. For, since the death of Prince Louis, his widow had introduced a court ceremonial like that of Oriental Princes, and allowed no one to approach her son except Pashas and Dervishes who had the entry to the Council."

This made Pöllnitz laugh, and he exclaimed that Madame the Margravine had been described to him as a real Christian, the Wise Woman whom the Sage would have pointed out as a model, if he had still been alive. . . .

His informant explained that the Margravine was indeed estimable for piety and virtue, but extraordinarily haughty and eccentric in her character. She gave audience on a daïs, with an arm-chair by her side like an Empress. "She would not have asked you to dine, as all the Princes of the Empire are in the habit of doing, for she never eats but alone, and we of her Court only see her at mass." The Margrave, he added, would have liked to see people, but was not allowed to. His wife the Margravine did not think sufficiently dignified. She was tall, and very fair and charming, a Princess of Schwarzenberg; but she had no influence. The Margrave was still completely under his mother's thumb. She had followed him all over Italy, when he went on his travels. Now that the Prince was of age, the Court hoped exceedingly that the Margravine would retire to Etlingen.

This conversation was interrupted "by the return of the Margrave from hunting, which recalled my young informant to duty. I thanked him for his trouble, and went to shut myself up at my inn."

Pöllnitz went on to Bruchsal, where Damien Hugo Schönborn, Cardinal and Count and Bishop of Spires, was building a great palace "of pitiable design." Here he had no better luck than at Rastadt. The Cardinal was out hunting. He was a great sportsman—

"The country abounds in game, and the properties are ruined by the wild animals. The peasants have much trouble to save the corn, and guard it day and night. At the Cardinal's hunting-parties hundreds of stags and wild boars are killed. The peasants are forced to take so much of the meat, and to pay for it at a fixed price. Thus, though Spires is one of the most fertile districts in Germany, the peasants are very poor."

Pöllnitz fared badly at Spires, as there was no glass in the windows of his inn, "and I nearly caught my death." As his landlady told him that the Cardinal often made people wait two or three days for an audience, Pöllnitz went his way.

His way led him, as usual, to Paris. There he found many changes. His kind benefactress, Madame, had but just lived to attend the coronation of the young King at Rheims. The idolized son had given her joy at the last. A few days before her death she had written :

"Something causes me great happiness : it is that my son has given up all his mistresses and former boon companions, and that now, if only for the young King's sake, he will find it impossible to continue the old life. I hope God will assist him in these good resolutions. It is the only matter that troubles me. For the rest, I will let God dispose of me as He will."

Eight months later her *bête noire*, Cardinal Dubois, the Prime Minister, followed her to the grave, very suddenly. Profligate, violent, blasphemous, he was unregretted. Yet he had not done ill by France, especially with regard to foreign affairs.

The Regent himself took on Dubois's office. But it was only for a short time ; he survived him three or four months.

So when Pöllnitz returned to Paris, he missed friends. The old days of the Palais Royal were past.

The King, meanwhile, had grown to marriageable age. A bride had been selected for him, by Madame de Prie, who ruled the Duc de Bourbon, who was Prime Minister.

Pöllnitz was present at the meeting, near Fontainebleau, of Louis XV and Marie Leczinski, daughter of the dethroned King of Poland. He describes her ceremonial reception by the King, surrounded by all the Court, who—

"Were received with a look of sweetness, kindness, and modesty, which prepossessed all in her favour. Then the King got into his coach, the Queen placed herself on his left, the Princes and Princesses according to rank. . . . I have heard the Duke of Orleans say that, at first, there was a great silence in the coach; every one there, out of respect for the King, waited for him to speak first; but, as he said nothing, the Duke of Orleans, who had seen the Queen in Germany, and at Metz, was the first to speak. Insensibly the conversation became general."

At Moret, after half an hour in the Queen's boudoir with her and the Princes and Princesses, the King returned to Fontainebleau. Next day the Queen joined him, and they were received in great state by the Cardinal de Rohan, who officiated at the nuptial mass. Pöllnitz gives, *in extenso*, his addresses both before and after it.

"The Queen felt faint during mass, but the Duc de Bourbon perceived it, and gave her some *Eau-de-Mélisse*, and the Queen felt better." Then followed the banquet: "All very fine, but the hall was too small; one was suffocated, and three-quarters of those invited could not get in." Afterwards was a solemn drive round the canal, in procession, "magnificent in numbers and in dress; but, as for the equipages, they were very ordinary—not a single new coach, old liveries, and the nobles rather badly mounted." A reception followed, a supper with the Royalties, a concert, and then—

"Their Majesties came to the windows to see the fireworks, and the illuminations in the Park, which were much admired. But which did not seem much to us Germans, accustomed to seeing fireworks which cost huge sums, and of which the design surpasses anything of the kind elsewhere. Thus ended all the rejoicings on the occasion of the King's marriage. They say that there were great illuminations and bonfires in Paris, but, as I was at Fontainebleau, I did not see them. What is certain is that, though the French may have felt some satisfaction at their King's marriage, they were not much inclined to laugh; for one pound of bread then cost eleven sous, and few people ate their fill. One does not laugh when one's stomach clamours."

A few months after his marriage Louis dismissed the Duc de Bourbon from his office of Prime Minister, and gave it to Cardinal de Fleury, a pious, well-meaning old man, who for seventeen years practically ruled France, and, as far as he was able, in the interests of peace. For the land wanted rest, internally as well as externally.

"Paris," writes Pöllnitz in the early years of Louis XV, "is the finest, if not the largest, town in Europe. Twenty thousand houses, four thousand of which have *portes-cochères*; nine hundred streets; eighty thousand inhabitants; one hundred and fifty thousand servants. At least twenty thousand coaches; one hundred and twenty thousand horses for every sort of vehicle—ten thousand of them die a year. The lighting of the lanterns in the city for nine months of the year costs at least two hundred thousand crowns. The revenue is twenty-eight million *livres*."

A second and longer visit to England in 1728 enabled Pöllnitz to draw a comparison between London and Paris.

"French people maintain that Paris is the town

which contains the greatest number of inhabitants, and the English declare that it is London. I do not hesitate to decide for the last of these two rivals. This is my reason. In Paris every year eighteen to twenty thousand people die annually ; in London twenty-three to twenty-four thousand. I do not, however, dispute that Paris appears the more populous. There every one walks or drives ; every one is in the streets. In London, on the other hand, one goes up and down the Thames, and this river rarely bears less than forty to fifty thousand people, who, were they scattered about the streets, would make them as full as those of Paris. Besides, what makes the capital of France appear more populous is that there are more coaches and more carts. In London everything is taken up and down the river, so that carts are less in use, and most ladies, instead of coaches, use sedan-chairs. But, in Paris, a Frenchman would declare, you find five or six families in one house, whereas, in London, you very rarely find two. To which I reply that, in Paris, one is more one atop of the other, which means nothing unless it be to prove that there are more houses in London. Paris has a number of *hôtels*, convents, large gardens, public squares, quays, and a river through it. All this takes up much ground. In many of the Faubourgs even, which, after all, make up the size of Paris, there are large marshes. All this is not to be found in London. The *hôtels* are rare, few houses have courtyards. All are very close together, and often a house in London is not so large as many of the saloons one sees in *hôtels* in Paris."

" This land is my centre," he exclaimed enthusiastically, " my *Fontaine de Jouvence*. I should find great difficulty in proving an *alibi* for two days. I have never had a sadder thought than that of not being able to fix my dwelling here. For, though I find faults in the French, as in all other nations in the world, I am also aware of their thousand good qualities, and I find them much pleasanter at home than they are in foreign

countries, where, however prepossessed one may be by them, one is disgusted by their everlasting criticism, and by hearing them repeat ceaselessly : ' One does not do that in Paris ! That is not seen in Paris ! ' Here they are all polite, gentle and flattering, and a foreigner who can accommodate himself to their ways of speaking and thinking will always part from them with regret."

Into a very desultory life at Paris Pöllnitz tried to introduce some method for himself. He was no longer a very young man ; he was well over thirty, and in those days men aged as quickly as they grew up.

" I rise late, because I never go to bed before two or three o'clock. When I am dressed I go and see some library, some museum, some building I have seen a hundred times, but which I look at again because I find it beautiful. After sauntering like this for a few hours I come home to dinner, for rarely do I dine out. After my meal, if I am alone, I read for an hour or two. Then I go out and pay visits, or go to the promenade. I often go to the play, quite as much because I like it as to avoid playing at cards, for you cannot enter a house without having cards put into your hands. When I come out of the play—to which I go more, if I can, than to the opera—I go to the house of some acquaintance, —and here I must contradict myself, for there I have to take part in a game of quadrille for my money, for I do not know what it is to win. They give me a good supper and then I take a second hand at quadrille, and sometimes a third, and I return with an empty purse at three in the morning.

" One must look upon this mania for gambling which has taken possession of nearly all French people as one of the scourges of France. I do not know how a nation which can scarcely sit still for a quarter of an hour, and who are generally bored wherever they are, can sit for five or six hours handling cards. It is, nevertheless, a necessary infliction, especially for a

OLD PARIS, FROM THE PONT NEUF.
From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

foreigner, who would otherwise be reduced to cutting a very foolish figure if he is not yet quite initiated into the customs of the country. The ladies say of a man that does not play that he is a useless stick of furniture. Even the most impassioned lovers cease to make love when it is a question of cards.

"Yet there do exist houses where this mania for gambling is less epidemic; people say that houses of the legal world are less subject to this contagion, but I do not frequent them enough to know any difference. It is certain that at Court there is more play than elsewhere, and that many nobles have gone off their heads from having had the honour of playing with the King. His Majesty usually plays lansquenet. The game is two dealers and a louis d'or on the cards. The King and the principal dealers, like the Comte de Toulouse and the Duc d'Antin, go two louis d'or, and sometimes four. The King is considered the luckiest over this game, which generally takes place in the Queen's apartments. Every one who is suitably dressed is allowed in to mingle with the rejoicing. This makes a rather large Court, but a very mixed company. All the ladies are seated round the card-table, and the men stand behind. The French maintain that gambling levels every one. I have seen one Saint-Remi—who had been lackey to the Marshal d'Estrées and then to M. le Duc, who at last made him his valet de chambre, and gave him, when the Queen came, a post in Her Majesty's household—this same Saint-Remi raise and lower the King's game just as he pleased. It is true that he did not cut in, but he betted on all the cards, and contributed much to the excitement. At Fontainebleau I heard him one day bet the King twenty louis on his card against his own. The King replied coldly, 'No, Marquis!' This is a nickname which the King has given him, and which may well descend to Saint-Remi's posterity, for he is quite silly enough to deserve to be made a marquis.

"I am convinced that this licence to gamble, to which all sorts of people are permitted, makes them indolent.

Baron, the celebrated actor, and the greatest coxcomb except the Quinaults, was one day at the Prince of Conti's, before the latter was elected King of Poland. They were playing lansquenet; Baron drew out his purse nonchalantly: 'Ten louis on the knave, M. de Conti!' he said to the Prince. 'Agreed, Britannicus!' replied M. le Prince, who knew that Baron had just performed that part.

"It is quite true that many women make as much of gamblers as *dévotes* do of confessors. Many houses subsist here on games of chance; without card-money many of their inmates would sup very frugally, and even have to give up their equipages. The Duc de Gêvres, Governor of Paris, and the Prince of Carignano, who have been given the monopoly of dealing at all sorts of games, have farmed this monopoly out, and each draws from it an income of a hundred and twenty thousand francs a year. This is what you would have much difficulty in finding in any other city in the world.

"Talking of gambling reminds me of a monthly *lottery*, which is a game at which the banker wins most. The Curé of S. Sulpice—he has the richest living in Paris, probably in Europe—started it to build his church; each ticket worth five sous. It was the ruin of lackeys and maid-servants, for it has come to my knowledge that the servants put their wages into these lotteries. M. le Curé ought to bury them gratis. This lottery is worth about twenty thousand francs a month to the Curé, besides the sums which he draws from the pious liberalities of others, zealous for the House of God. Yet this work proceeds but very slowly, and it appears as if M. le Curé will still play with his trowel for a long time."

To add fuel to the fire, the Marshal de Saxe introduced horse-racing into France, and betting followed. Pöllnitz's old acquaintance, now divorced from his wife, well provided for by his father Augustus, and freed from the mad scheme of becoming Duke of Courland, had settled

himself in Paris in a sumptuous house in the Quay Malaquais. He had bought a regiment of German infantry in the French army, called the Régiment de Saxe, with which he was very busy. The breeding of Cossack horses also occupied him in the leisure which his life of dissipation allowed him, and it was the racing to test these horses which led to betting. He had copied the idea from England, and the sport was most popular. "There was more betting than over Law."

Happy as he was in Paris, however, Pöllnitz was too restless to stay long in one place. He was perpetually roving from city to city, from Court to Court, a welcome guest. The death in 1729 of Pope Benedict XIII inspired our Baron with the idea of a second journey to Rome, in order to see the Conclave and the election of the new Pontiff.

He went by way of the Rhine, slowly, paying visits as he went. At Mannheim he stayed with his old host, the Elector Palatine, "the best of masters . . . so kind." But death and bereavement had laid a heavy hand on Charles Philip. His only child had died the year before; her husband, the Prince of Sultzbach, had followed her quickly, and they left but three little daughters. This charming Princess's death "had changed the aspect of the Palatine Court, and made a great impression on the Elector's mind. . . . He was the same Elector, but no longer gay. . . . She had amused him in a thousand different ways; pleasures, games, laughter had followed her everywhere." Now Pöllnitz found the Elector dining alone, mingling but little with his courtiers, going to bed in the afternoon, and, though there was cards in his room in the evening, he retired very early after a light supper. The Baron, though "eternally grateful for the kindness of the Elector, and the favour of the courtiers," adds sadly that, "while the late Princess lived one had a thousand amusements which one enjoys no longer, and which makes one regret her every day."

He passed on to Darmstadt, where he hoped for a day's hunting, for the sandy, wooded country, intersected with fine roads, abounded in game. Stags came up to the palisades which surrounded the tiny town. "I heard them bellow from my bed." The peasants were exceedingly annoyed by the depredations of the game, against which they had to mount guard night and day. To kill a stag meant death; "and, though it is a rule established by nearly all princes to punish severely the killing of an animal which God has created entirely for the use of all men, there is no one who more scrupulously observes this law than the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt."

In spite of possessing a "huge and splendid palace, larger than the town, and which, if finished, could lodge the Emperor and the nine Electors," Pöllnitz found the white-haired old Landgrave living in a small house on the Square, with a morganatic wife, and only appearing on Sundays. "The Court was not amusing." Never idle, he dabbled in chemistry, music, drawing, but, above everything, he loved hunting. Very difficult of access, he dined only with his son and fourteen gentlemen, supping only with ladies. In December he was served with cherries, strawberries, almonds, and all sorts of fruits out of season.

Pöllnitz went on to Munich. Here Maximilian Emanuel, his magnificent host, had died, and his son Charles Albert, with whom Pöllnitz had made merry at Salzburg, reigned in his stead. The Elector's mother had just died at Venice, and Pöllnitz was present at her funeral at Munich; her three sons "in hoods and large cloaks, not becoming. No black liveries, no draped coaches; a very sensible fashion, but one which did not make a good effect at a funeral."

From Munich the Baron went to Salzburg.

From Salzburg to Innsbrück Pöllnitz drove "with the same horses. I will not do it again; posting is much the best, and, though it costs a little more, it is less bother." From Hallein, with its salt, silver, and

copper mines, and the masses of timber floating in the Salzach, as it rushes down the little valley, he passed through a poor, uncultivated country to Schneitzenrieth, "a poor village; but I fared better than in many a good town." Thence, through the narrow gorge, fortress-crowned, which led into the Tyrol—"the travelling carriage had difficulty in getting through"—to Wahtrugen, where lads bearing burning torches were rushing—

"So carelessly among houses, and through the woods, that I wonder everything was not set on fire. These torches, I found, had been blessed on Easter Eve by the priest, a large bonfire lighted, on which he threw holy water. When ablaze the lads seized burning logs from the fire, and every place where they bore the torches was preserved from lightning for the year."

Edified at the Easter Mass by the priest's sermon, "and the regularity with which he holds Divine Service," Pöllnitz drove through rocks and snow into the beautiful valley of the Inn to Schwatz, with its copper-roofed church painted green, like the others in the Tyrol. "In most inns where I dined in the Tyrol people who enter say to the host, 'Jesus Christ, I salute you.' The Host replies, 'He be praised, and the Blessed Virgin, His Mother,'" and then advances and gives his hand to the new-comer. This salutation is printed on all the doors, announcing that the Pope gives a hundred days' indulgence and plenary absolution to those who use the salute and reply.

At Innsbrück Pöllnitz did the sights, including the ill-kept vast palace with its so-called golden roof, which he suspected to be of copper, gilt, and the Hall of the Giants, and found the Tyrolese regretting that no Royal Governor had replaced Charles of Neuburg, the Empress's brother, now Elector Palatine.

Pöllnitz crossed the Brenner in much snow—it lies nine months of the year on the summit—and drove through Brixen and Bolsano, along vine-clad valleys, with soft air, and the trees in leaf, to Trent.

"All over the Tyrol the people are very ugly. Nearly all the women are distorted by goîtres, and disfigure themselves still more by their dress. They wear no stocking-feet, so their stockings are half-way up their legs in many little folds, and they don shoes like men; their extremely short skirts rise to their breasts, and they are prodigiously fat. Their bodices go half-way down to their feet, and this makes them look quite deformed. Their headdress, a pointed green hat, with lowered brim, is not more becoming than the rest of the dress. At Brixen the race becomes prettier, and more polite; but the Tyrolese are good people on the whole. The Blessed Virgin and S. Christopher are the principal objects of their devotion. The latter is painted on all the houses."

In a chapel he saw the Virgin clad in a great veil stretching her arms out over the Pope, the Emperor, seven Kings, and as many Electors, who knelt before her.

After Trent the road "extremely steep, difficult, and tiresome . . . one finds oneself among rocks and horrid mountains, which look as if they would crush the passer-by," and which sometimes fall and block the road. Almost to Bassano "nothing but stones and precipices"; thence to Mestre, "a beautiful country, everything good, except the wine," like a common Bordeaux, "but the country abounding in quails." "The Postmaster told me that he had killed seven hundred in one morning, and added that he did a large business in providing the States of Venice and Lombardy with them. He showed me eleven hundred living quails hung in cages in a big barn."

CHAPTER XXVI

Pöllnitz took gondola from Mestre, reaching Venice in an hour and a half. After giving his name and his reasons for coming, at the Posthouse, he put up at the White Lion, "very pleased to rest, and to have lost sight of the Alps, those horrible mountains, among which no one, unless Swiss or Tyrolese, could make up their mind to live; as for these people, as Cardinal Bentivoglio remarks in his *Voyage en Suisse*, they are made for the Alps, and the Alps for them."

At Venice Pöllnitz did ciceroni to two Bohemian Counts, whom he had known at Prague, for this was his third visit. On Ascension Day they saw the white-haired Doge Mocenigo marry the Adriatic. His Serenity was a much more sociable Doge than his predecessor. Every evening he went without an escort, in an ordinary gondola, to play cards at his brother's; he attended public entertainments, masked, and had even crossed to the mainland, waiving, for the time, his rank. "His Serenity marries yet two other wives, who give him no more trouble in his household than the sea. These are the Abbesses of the Convent of the Virgin, and of S. Daniel." On S. Philip's day Pöllnitz and his friends went to see these ceremonies on the Lido.

"These convents have singular privileges. The Abbesses and their nuns are under the Doge, both in spiritual and temporal concerns, and not under the Pope. They are well off, and live in the greatest ease. Their dress is more gallant than modest, for they wear their hair plaited like the girls in Strasburg; their skirts are short enough to show their ankles, and, for

bodices, they wear jackets with short basques, which are very becoming to fine figures ; their necks are bare, and when they go to church they drape themselves in trailing white woollen mantles. All daughters of nobles, they enjoy a great liberty. I doubt if they would have as much in their fathers' houses."

Pöllnitz also was in time for the Feast of S. Mark, with its great procession of the Doge to the cathedral, attended by all the guilds and communities with their emblems and regalia, the long procession ending with a man clad in red damask, carrying a revolving wheel which bore a golden lion with laurels and banners. As the lion turned the man capered and the people shouted " Viva S. Marco ! "

Every one was masked, and went to see the Doge's banquet to the senators and ambassadors. Never had Pöllnitz seen such marvels of culinary art as the *hors-d'œuvres* and the " Triumphs."

All day long the nobility, and, indeed, all Venice, masked, thronged the Piazza of S. Mark.

" It was a singular and pretty sight; but what surprised me, and, if I may say so, made me laugh, was to see the masks all fall on their knees when the *Angelus* rang. You would have thought every one rapt in ecstasy, yet what preceded, and what followed the strokes of the bell, was not very devout."

Next day was the election of the Doge dei Nicolotti—the Fishermen's Doge ; another occasion for masking. He saw the Patriarch, the second personage in the Republic—though not supreme in ecclesiastical power, as each parish elects its own priest—in his gold-and-violet gondola, with a violet hood. Private gondolas must be all black.

Pöllnitz visited the Arsenal and the Dockyard, where the twelve galleys and the twenty war-vessels lay in sheds. But he found the power of the Republic on the

wane ; the Turks had wrested from it the Morea, though Venice still held Corfu as a rampart. Moreover, in Pöllnitz's opinion, the rise of the Dutch and English sea-power had damaged that of the Republic. Still, her manufactures were very large ; she made cloth for nearly all Europe.

Since his last visit the Baron found social habits had altered.

" Formerly it was a crime to see a woman in private, and a stranger dare not go very far. But now it is different, and there are many houses of people of quality where they kindly put up with me, and where I often find myself *tête-à-tête* with the mistress of the house, without being more talked about than in France, where they boast free and easy manners. Ladies pay many visits, there are Assemblies every evening where they may be present ; they go out alone in their gondolas with a single valet de chambre as escort. At the play they are present, masked, and go where they like. This way of seeing ladies contributes not a little to make a stay in this city pleasant.

" Among the pleasures of Venice, I do not know if I may number the music in church. Yet I think it permissible, as one goes there entirely to satisfy one's ear, and not for devotion. That of La Pieta is the most fashionable ; it belongs to nuns who know no other Father than Love. They are sent there very young, are taught music, and play all sorts of instruments, some excellently well. At the present moment the Apollonia is considered the best singer, and Anna Maria the finest violinist in Italy. The crowd of people in this church on Sundays and festivals is extraordinary. It is the rendezvous of all the coquettes in Venice, and those who care for intrigues can satisfy themselves there.

" I was in this church a few days after my arrival in Venice, and on leaving was escorted by a veiled woman, who told me a lady in a gondola wished to speak with me. Scenting an intrigue, I hastened to obey, and

recognized her at once as the daughter of the unfortunate Baron von H——, whose tragic fate is not unknown. I assure you that I was much distressed to see a girl of good family, a stranger in the land, in a situation which made me fear that she was in a wrong path. But I was still more distressed, when, after apologizing for sending for me, she said, in a voice strangled with sobs :

" ' In God's name tell me about my unhappy father ! Is he still alive ? He is the cause of all my misfortunes and of his own ; he has plunged me into this abyss ; but still he is my father, I cannot forget that, and I should wish to soothe his sorrows even at the risk of my life.' "

Pöllnitz, wishing to spare her, excused himself by his long absence from Berlin from giving her any news, though he was well aware that her father had died in prison at Spandau. The lady replied that she had recognized him in church, as her father's friend, and the sight of him recalled all her troubles. Pöllnitz endeavoured to comfort her ; he escorted her to her home, and, when she was somewhat calmer, learnt the tale of what she had been doing since she left Berlin.

" ' After the execution of the sentence which degraded my father from the nobility to the level of the lowest scoundrel, I had not the courage to stay in Berlin.' " She sought refuge with an aunt at H——, the latter disowned her and turned her adrift. Attempting to support herself by white needle-work, she was enveigled into marriage with a young man who came to lodge in the same house, and who appeared desperately in love with her. He represented himself as an officer in the Imperial service, who had recently come into a legacy at Lübeck. Her husband took her with him to Vienna, when he completely changed towards her. He spent days and nights away from her in gambling and dissipation, and upbraided her for her father's misfortunes, of which she had told him before she married him, telling her that this marriage had cost him his commission. Finally, deeply in debt, even his clothes sold, he left Vienna

secretly. Generously helped by the Countess von W——, she followed him to Venice, only to learn that he had been killed at Padua in a duel over a gambling quarrel. Alone and unknown, she now again tried to keep herself by sewing.

"'But I had so little work that I could not succeed. Doubtless I should have succumbed to my misery, but for a nobleman, D——, who, touched by my situation, has been helping me the last six months with a pension. Happy if I could dispense with it, and retire into some religious house.'"

Pöllnitz sounded poor H—— about her religion. Though brought up a Lutheran, she showed a tendency to become a Catholic. He spoke about her to Signora M——, his aunt's friend, whom he had accidentally discovered on his last visit to Venice, and whose acquaintance he had renewed. This lady promised to place her in a convent directly she had been received into the Church.

"As a Jesuit has been instructing her for a month past, she will soon be in a state to take the veil, for she shows much vocation. A few days ago I informed her of her father's death. She seemed to feel it much, but she was so resigned to the decrees of Providence that I believe she will be happy in the retreat she is choosing. If so, I shall be very pleased to have helped by my advice to give her peace. Perhaps by her prayers she will obtain from Heaven that I myself may put in practice the counsel I have given her on the necessity of conversion."

The Baron enjoyed the freedom of life and manners at Venice. The Piazza of S. Mark was the rendezvous of all the gentle-people at Venice. Some of the nobles spent the day there, only leaving it to go to bed, and passing their time playing in the cafés or the wigmakers' shops. There seemed no limit to the number of the

nobility at Venice; a title could be bought for two thousand ducats. They were all called "Excellency," and addressed strangers in the same way.

"Yet there are Excellencies who go to the butchers' and fishmongers' shops, and carry home their meat and fish hidden under their clothes; there are even some so poor that one sees them begging. The title is so common that I had some trouble to prevent a lackey I had hired from calling me by it. In vain I told him that I was by no means excellent; he replied that he was too well aware of what was due to my Excellency, and that he did not wish to seem to fail in respect to my Excellency. A Frenchman, lately arrived from Constantinople, to whom I complained of the profanation of the title, assured me that the Venetians are even more lavish of it out of Venice, and that he had found at Constantinople the grooms of the Bailiff of the Republic calling each other Excellencies.

"There are Venetian dandies; you know them by their doublets, lined with pink, their fine fair wigs, their languid gait, and the way they lean in their gondolas, which are smaller and lighter than the ordinary ones. These dandies are very gallant; they generally have more than one mistress; few nobles but have at least one. Except for the scant liberty they are allowed, these creatures are as happy as Sultanas, their lovers treat them like princesses, and as a rule the Venetians have a great respect for all women. I have seen the famous singer Faustina, and Stringuetta, the celebrated courtesan, come masked to the Piazza of S. Mark on the arms of noblemen, and all the men salute them as if they were ladies of importance. The day they appeared in the Piazza we had a fight between two women in masks, who were rivals. Directly they recognised each other they began to quarrel; fisticuffs ensued. They tore off their masks, knives were drawn, with which they struck so well that one was left dead on the ground."

Pöllnitz left Venice for Padua, where he paid his respects to the Prince Emanuel of Portugal, who was paying a long visit there. He went to the play, "of the very worst"; to the Assembly, "very smart and full, many students and young fellows. One I took for a mountebank, in his scarlet coat edged with black jet, his epaulettes, sword-knots, and stockings, all trimmed with jet. But I soon found that it was the fashion of the country." For a few minutes Pöllnitz was amused by a harlequin who had a trained hare, who jumped sticks and beat a drum.

Thence by Ferrara to Bologna—his friend Cardinal Rinucci away—and then over the Apennines, "enormous mountains, a thing I will never do again. I suffered much on the road, and, if ever you wish to go that way, I advise you to take a cook and provisions." From Fiorenzola, "a poor little town half-way up," to Scarperia; "the road extremely rough. You go down a high mountain, paved like a staircase; one cannot get down in a post-chaise without a break. I decided to walk"; and so on to Florence.

Pöllnitz found the chapel of S. Lorenzo, intended to be the mausoleum of the Grand-dukes, and which had been a hundred and fifty years a-building, still unfinished.

"Were I permitted to criticise the conduct of princes, I should say that the Grand-duke, who sees that his grandeur and his line will be extinguished in himself, should put his hand to finishing this monument of the magnificence of the Medicis. . . . But such is Giovanni Gastone, Grand-duke of Tuscany, indifferent and unfeeling; he sees strangers dispose of his estates and nominate his successor, his courtiers ready to leave him and attach themselves to this successor, and this prospect, disagreeable though it may be, does not seem to grieve him. Only a few days ago he remarked, after signing his will, in which he decreed Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, to be his heir, that he had just made a son by

a stroke of his pen, which he had not been able to do in thirty-four years of marriage."

From Siena to Viterbo Pöllnitz—

"Crossed the mountain of Radicofani, situated in one of the most vile districts of Italy. At the summit of the mountain there is a castle with a garrison of fifteen men, and a Commandant whom I found in the courtyard of the inn where I alighted. He had been a lieutenant in France in the regiment of Italy, and spoke French pretty well. He told me that the natives of his district were as bad as the country was vile. I saw a proof of this a few minutes later. A muleteer picked a quarrel with the waiter of the tavern, and stabbed him in the abdomen with more *sang-froid* than he would have perpetrated a good deed. The Commandant did not have the murderer arrested. When I told him how surprised I was he replied that he had no authority outside the fortress; moreover, that he did not dare to arrest the murderer, because the latter had three brothers as bad as himself, who would not fail to avenge any punishment that he might be awarded. 'Besides,' he added, 'I should have too much to do if I arrested all those who stabbed any one.'"

Delayed a day at Monteroso by a break-down of his carriage, at length Pöllnitz once again reached Rome. As upon his previous visits, he put up at an inn in the Piazza di Spagna, where seven streets meet, and then, and for more than a century longer, the usual place where visitors lodged.

"This quarter is under the jurisdiction of the ambassador of Spain, and the police dare not follow up any criminal there, nor even show their noses in it, for they would be set upon by *bravi*, who are the constables of the ambassadors, who all enjoy this right of granting sanctuary, and are very jealous of it. This right often leads to great disorders and, if I may say so, legalizes crime, by the ease it affords to criminals to seek an

asylum. To the *bravi* and their captains it is a source of income, for the dissolute and evil-doers who escape to their masters' quarters must pay them for the protection they enjoy.

"The Piazza di Spagna, ugly, and in a hole as it is, is the meeting-place of the *beau-monde* of Rome. The ladies are comfortably seated in their coaches, receiving the homage of the men who stand at the windows. An hour or two is thus spent every evening, in breathing a great deal of dust, and the worst air in Rome; one is bothered by beggars, and in danger every moment of being crushed by the coaches which draw up without following any rank or order. As I am not a man to talk soft nonsense, I avoid, as much as I can, the finding myself on this Piazza. I prefer the terrace above by the Trinita di Monte; I have the amusement of seeing a part of what is passing in the Piazza di Spagna, and I look all over Rome, and well away into the country; I breathe, and I run no risk of being broken on the wheel. It is true that I see no one here but Abbés and Prelates; but I am used to it, and moreover, I should see the same at the doors of the ladies' coaches."

Though he describes at much greater length in his *Lettres* all the sights of Rome, during his second, and much longer stay—it lasted sixteen months—Pöllnitz witnessed more uncommon events. Benedict XIII, the pious reformer, had died in the winter, and Pöllnitz had timed his visit purposely that he might see the ceremonies of electing a new Pope.

"The Council is over," he writes, on July 14th, "and, at last, we have a Pope," and goes on to describe the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of the Cardinals, the intrigues of the Conclave, and the conflicting jealousies of Spain, the Empire, and France. For four long months the Conclave had met and wrangled, to arrive at no decision. Finally, all, except Cardinal Cienfuegos, the Emperor's man, agreed upon Cardinal Corsini.

"Cardinal Albani undertook to bring Cienfuegos into line. Going to him at midnight, he flung himself at his feet, and adjured him, in the name of God, not to oppose the elevation of Corsini. 'You see,' he said, 'that we have not been able to agree in the choice of a Pope. Do you want to die in this place? For four months we have been shut up here. What have you to say against Corsini? He is old, and will naturally not live long enough to dissolve the factions into which we are divided. If you fear that he may not be upon the Emperor's side, you see that he will not harm you for long. Besides, if you consent to his elevation, he will be obliged to own that he owes his Pontificate to the Emperor, and cannot fail to be grateful to him.' Albani accompanied this speech with many tears; the good man weeps when he likes. Cienfuegos, who is the best fellow in the world, was so touched that he gave in his adhesion to Corsini. . . . Cienfuegos swelled with pride at having made the Pope. . . . Among the illustrated lampoons which were rife during the vacancy of the Holy See, one showed the Cardinal at a window of the Conclave, aiming with a gun at the Holy Spirit, who was flying around in the form of a dove."

The very afternoon of his elevation the aged Pope, who had taken the name of Clement XII, received his first visitors in audience. They were the Pretender and his wife, "called here," writes Pöllnitz, "the King and Queen of England, and he conversed with them some time." Then came the Cardinals to do homage, and then followed endless audiences and ceremonies; the city was illuminated, bonfires blazed, and the guns of S. Angelo thundered.

Four days later our Baron saw the Pope crowned at S. Peter's, and minutely describes the great ceremony, which lasted five hours. He was in the suite of the Prince of Waldeck, who was making a long stay in Rome, and he sat in a box on the left of the papal throne, with the leading Roman ladies and distinguished

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From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

foreigners. Facing them in a box with a grille were the English Royalties and their sons and Court, on the right of the throne. Pöllnitz specially mentioned that neither the throne, nor the daïs on which it stood, was covered with precious stones, as described by Misson in his book of Italian travel. The throne was not magnificent, and S. Peter's itself only hung with red damask embroidered in gold, as at all great festivals. It was the place and the congregation, not the splendour of the decorations, which made the ceremony, simple in itself, so striking.

In August Pöllnitz saw also the picturesque ceremony of the Presentation of the Hackney, the richly caparisoned white horse which the King of Naples sends as tribute to the Pope. For several days followed fêtes, torchlight processions, fireworks. Never, even at Versailles, had Pöllnitz seen anything finer than the illuminations of the gallery of the Palazzo Colonna, Prince-Constable Colonna being the Emperor's ambassador.

Pöllnitz also saw the inundating of the Piazza Navona on the four Sundays in August. "It makes a lake round which the coaches drive, while the people who crowd the windows shout and yell if a coach takes in a little water, which occasionally happens." What amused Pöllnitz was that, while this was going on, a Jesuit, mounted on a post, endeavoured by dint of shouting to procure an audience of penitents. None, or but few, heeded him, yet he continued talking, and it was not his fault that the people did not leave all to hear him. Twenty paces off a mountebank and his harlequin had a much larger audience.

In November the Baron was delighted with another great ceremony; Clement XII taking possession of S. John of the Lateran, with great pomp. Finally, Pöllnitz himself was presented to the Pontiff. As Cardinal Doria, who was the usual introducer, was ill, the Baron was announced by Monsignore Acquaviva, major-domo, and was not kept waiting.

"I left, as was usual, my hat and my sword at the door. I found the Pope under a canopy, sitting in an arm-chair, raised three steps, and his right foot on a stool of red velvet. As I entered the room Monsignore Acquaviva told me to kneel. I did so. The Pope gave me his blessing. I rose and went to kneel again in the middle of the room. Second blessing on the part of the Pope. At last I rose, and approached the Pontiff. I knelt again, and received a third blessing, which really did not cost the Holy Father much; it consisted of a sign of the cross, without a word uttered.

"The Pope likes talking and talks well. He questioned me a great deal, and remembered knowing me when he was Cardinal. He said all sorts of gracious things to me, and I had reason to be very pleased with my audience. But, when I began to place myself in the ranks of petitioners, I saw the Pope's face change; his smiling look became severe, and it was easy to see that my presence annoyed him. But as I had been told that he was put out each time he was asked for anything, I did not omit one word of what I had to say to him. I then withdrew backwards, kneeling three times, as I had done on entering. The Pope each time gave me his blessing, and that is the only thing that I have extracted by my audience. I am getting ready to ask for another directly; they say the good Pope likes to be importuned, and I shall treat him to his taste.

"All who have audience of the Holy Father are thus received, unless they are Princes. The Catholics, moreover, must kiss his slipper. When the Prince of Waldeck had audience of His Holiness he was received as were the Princes of Brunswick. He waited for a few moments in the anteroom; he was not made to lay aside his hat and his sword, as his suite were obliged to do. The major-domo having introduced him, the Pope received him seated on his throne. The Prince, on entering, did not kneel. The Pope asked him some questions, and, as His Holiness had been informed that

the Prince was Lutheran, did not give him his blessing. Before retiring, the Prince asked if he might present his suite. One of his gentlemen, scrupulous to excess, neither knelt nor kissed his slipper. He deserves to have a statue erected to him at Geneva. On the other hand, all the Romans were delighted with the pleasant and polite manners of the Prince of Waldeck. He has passed four or five months here, spending a great deal of money and devoting himself to the study of antiquities. He has made a collection of engraved stones."

Pöllnitz saw and heard a good deal of the—

"Unfortunate English Royalties. . . . They lead a very dull life, and I doubt if the twelve thousand crowns pension which the Pope assigns to them can make up for the *ennui* by which they are surrounded. The Prince is lodged at the palace of the Marquis Monti. He has a great many servants, but few gentlemen, in his service. Milord Dunbar is the principal in his Court, since M. Hayes, to whom the Pretender gave the title of Milord Inverness, has retired to Avignon. This gentleman is in charge of the education of the young Princes, who are called here the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, both as nice boys as you can wish to see. The King, or Pretender—never mind which—is treated as Majesty by the Pope and those who come in contact with him. He never goes publicly to an audience of the Holy Father, but by a secret stairs; the Pope gives him an arm-chair, and he is awarded all the honours of a King incognito. When the Cardinals go to see him he gives them the tabouret. The Imperial Cardinals never visit him; they did not do so even at the time when the Emperor seemed most at enmity with the King of Great Britain; whereas the French Cardinals visit him daily, and have always done so, despite the close alliance which exists between their master and the King of England. When the eldest Prince, here called the Prince of Wales, goes to see the

Pope he is treated as the heir to a crown, given a chair with a back, and takes precedence of the Cardinals.

"The Pretender is of medium height, thin and dry, and I must confess his person is not very imposing. He much resembles the portraits of the late King James II, his father, but is even more melancholy-looking. Yet he is not naturally sad; on the contrary, he likes amusements, and he would even be gallant, if the priests did not watch him so closely. Scandal says that Madame Hayes, or Inverness, has for some time had the honour of pleasing him. If one may judge of things inward by outward signs, he is faithfully attached to the religion he professes. But he is not so bigoted as they wish to make out; he has his children educated by Protestants, and every Sunday an Anglican minister preaches in the chapel of his palace.

"At first sight he appears very cold, but he gradually thaws, and is very gracious and polite when he knows people."

The Baron several times had the honour of dining with the Old Pretender, and was very well received. There were generally twelve at table, which was served with delicacy and good style. The Queen dined in private. There was no precedence at table.

"The King sat between his two sons. He talked a great deal at dinner, but the tone of his voice was unpleasant. The conversation ran on rather ordinary topics, and easily turned upon his misfortunes. All this Prince's days are settled by rule. He rises early, gives the morning to business, hears mass, and dines at noon. He sits an hour or two at table, rests a little while afterwards, and then, if it is a festival, goes to vespers. On ordinary days he walks in some gardens outside Rome—he rides thither; or else he tilts at the ring there with his two sons and his gentlemen. Towards evening he returns to his palace, receives visits from the Cardinals, sups at ten, and goes to bed at

midnight. During Carnival he is nearly every night at the opera, and, as his box is very large, he is in the habit of supping there with the ladies and gentlemen of his Court."

Pöllnitz was charmed with the poor Queen, Maria Sobieski, who, without being a beauty, was very attractive, and perfect in character. "She leads the life of a saint," though she was by no means ostentatious in her devotion. She—

"Deserves to be a real Queen; no bitterness, a good example, much sweetness. Withal a quick comprehension, a fine memory, and speaks Polish, German, French, Italian, and English, all equally well. . . . Of all the Princesses I have had the honour to attend, she is one of those who seem most worthy of public veneration. I should like to see her happy, and, were it not for duty and respect which I shall never forgo, and which attach me so firmly to the King and Queen of Great Britain, I would wish to see her wear the crown of the three Kingdoms."

Pöllnitz tells the story of the arrest, at Innsbrück, of Maria Sobieski, first cousin to the Emperor, and to the widow of Charles II of Spain, as she was on her way to marry the Pretender. Her escape shows how clever she was. James sent Gaidon, a French major, to effect her escape, if possible. He went to Innsbrück accompanied by an English gentleman named Ogar (*sic*), and an Irishman, Misset (*sic*), who had his wife with him. They came in great style, and got into the town under pretext of having their carriage mended—they had broken a wheel on purpose, outside the gate. They attended all the Assemblies. By bribing a servant they managed to send letters to the Princess, who was strictly guarded.

Upon the day fixed, at eleven at night, they passed a young girl of the same height as the Princess through the guards in her anteroom. The girl got into the bed

of the prisoner, who, for some days past, had feigned illness. The Princess dressed in the girl's clothes, and, thus disguised, left her apartment, passed through the guard, and found Misset pacing in front of the convent whistling, as arranged, that she might recognise him. The Princess was taken to an inn, but, as it had snowed a great deal, and was very dark and dirty, she walked into a heap of mud, left her shoes sticking in it, and was obliged to walk in her stockinged feet.

When she reached the inn she did not give herself time to change her stockings, but got into a coach all wet, "and Madame Misset and M. Gaidon had the honour of sitting beside her." Ogar was on horseback at the door of the coach, but Misset stayed another two hours in Innsbrück to see if the Princess's flight was discovered. As all seemed quiet he set out, taking care to remain two stages behind her to see if they were pursued, which was not unnecessary.

Early next day it was discovered that the Princess had fled. The Commandant of Innsbrück despatched couriers all along the high-roads to order the officials to arrest the fugitive. Misset was joined by one of these couriers who was pursuing her, and went some way with him, determined to break his head if he could not make him drunk. Having taken the precaution to provide himself with a soporific, he administered it to the courier, and robbed him of his despatches while he was unconscious.

Then he followed the Princess, who, after travelling three days and three nights without stopping, reached the States of the Church. On arriving at Bologna she was met by "Milord Dunbar," who married her very quietly by proxy, for the Pretender was in Spain. The Princess went on to Rome, where "Milady Marr" (*sic*), accompanied by all the English ladies and gentlemen of the Pretender's party, came to meet her in his coaches. So that she made a public entry, received with every mark of respect, and was shortly afterwards joined by her husband.

Pöllnitz quotes an old prophecy about the Pretender, portending his restoration, four years later, in 1734. It was found, he tells us, among the papers of the late Pope, "but I would not give much money for it."

> "Dum Marcus cantabit halleluja,
> Et Antonius Veni Creator,
> Et Joannes-Baptista cœnabit,
> Tunc regnabit et triomphabit Rex in Anglia
> Jacobus III."

Which may be freely translated:

> "When St. Mark falls on Easter Day,
> St. Antony of Padua at Whitsuntide,
> St. John the Baptist the day of the Holy Sacrament,
> King James III will reign and triumph in England."

The Baron did not appreciate the amusements of Roman society as much as he did on his previous visit, when he was nine years younger. "The Carnival is over, thank God. I say 'Thank God,' because it has bored me very much, though, according to custom, it has only lasted eight days." In Germany in the eighteenth century they kept carnival from Christmas to Shrove Tuesday. "From two o'clock in the afternoon till sunset the streets have been full of masqueraders, partly on foot, partly in open chairs. The one say lots of silly things to each other, the others blind each other by throwing handfuls of sweetmeats in their faces."

He saw the Roman aristocracy, their servants dressed as harlequins, roll by solemnly in open chariots something like gondolas, with caparisoned horses, "as laden with bells as are those in our sleigh-races." He saw the famous race of the riderless Barbs, from the Porto del Popolo to the Palace of Venice, along the narrow, paved Corso, between two rows of coaches—five or six horses goaded by the shouts of the populace, and often laming themselves against a coach. The prize was a piece of cloth of gold for the lucky owner.

Pöllnitz thought that the Romans prided themselves more than anything else in society upon their public

balls. The ladies were invited, but any men could come unasked, provided they gave their names at the door.

"The rooms were small and badly lit, five or six violins only, the room reserved for the nobility surrounded by tiers of seats, a master of the ball making every one dance, and apportioning partners. All the ladies were masked at this ball, which is a *festale*, I do not know why, for, except ices, there was nothing to eat and drink. I went twice to these so-called festivals, but, as I was very bored, and stifled, I would not go again. The Romans say that I do not like nice things."

"Nor am I at one with them over their plays. There were none till the Carnival, but then we had two operas, and four or five theatres. Only one of these was good, that of the ladies, called the Teatro d'Aliberti, very long, so that the voices are lost, and seven rows of boxes, which make the hall look like a poultry-house. The *parterre* contains nine hundred people."

Pöllnitz thought the scene-changing very slow, and, though the voices were fine and the music generally good, "the dances will not bear looking into, and you cannot imagine anything more horrible." The women's parts were played by men because of a "ridiculous scruple" which does not allow women to appear on the stage, and which therefore makes the Roman opera much inferior to other Italian operas.

"Though I am passionately fond of Italian music, I confess that I am always bored at their operas, when I see these mutilated men play Roland or Hercules, or some such heroes, and I am irritated by never seeing more than six actors, not machines, and no dances except in the *entr'actes*."

As for composers, Rome had just lost Leonardo Vinci, said to have died of poison at Venice. There remained Hasse, commonly called "The Saxon," and Porpora.

The first was a German, married to the celebrated Faustina.

In short, Pöllnitz considered that Roman amusements amused only those who had never crossed the Ponte Molle.

"They do not know how to enjoy themselves . . . they are either too stiff in their manners, or else have none at all. They show this in their country houses. They do not care to be lavish . . . the best part of their dinners are the desserts; but we Ultramontanes can never get used to their cooks."

It might either be his fault, or his want of taste, but Pöllnitz came to the conclusion that only motives of devotion or curiosity take any one to Rome—

"No duller town in the world, but yet I know foreigners, especially English, who are enthusiastic in their love of Rome. . . . But it is difficult to change one's tastes and habits at my age" (Pöllnitz was now thirty-eight!), "and those of Rome do not suit me; and I shall, I foresee, always be bored by them."

The indolent habits of Roman society did not appeal to the restless Pöllnitz—the late rising, the frugal, fruity dinner, the going to bed after it for a couple of hours, then idling till it was time to drive on the Corso outside the Porto del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, up and down, "on a bad pavement, between two walls and mean houses; no air; one stifles in the dust; then at sundown to the Piazza di Spagna." At ten o'clock at night the conversaziones.

Most frequented by foreigners were those of the Pope's niece, Signora Corsini, the Duchessa di San Buono, Contessa Bolguetti; there most people, and foreigners especially, were received with great politeness. Every Friday D—— had a concert; the Contessa Bolguetti had an Assembly every Sunday; her house one of the finest, with modern furniture.

"This begins with a reception of ladies, mostly much dressed, who give ear to what is whispered to them by two or three Abbés leaning negligently against the backs of their chairs. A foreigner enters, bows to the company; no lady pays any attention. Contessa Bolguetti, a handsome young woman, is the only lady who rises, and she tries to entertain the poor stranger in French, which she speaks well and prettily. After the reception, play begins, but games of which we from over the mountains know no more than we do of magic, such as *Tarot*, *Pazzica*, *Première*, *Milchiade*. This latter, I fancy, is very difficult to learn, unless you begin young, as with languages. One needs a life-time to learn to tell each card. There are ninety-nine in a pack, and of extraordinary figures—Popes, Devils, and often the Devil flies away with the Pope. During the Conclave one played *faro*, but the Pope has forbidden all games of chance, which has done harm to houses which lived on card-money.

"The private receptions only differed in that there were fewer people present, generally only the lady of the house, and a dozen 'clerical collars' who are really the dandies here, provided that they are Italians—for do not imagine that these gentlemen would allow a poor from-Over-the-Mountains Abbé to speak, they would not think him witty, or good enough. As this is the Land of Priests, you see ten 'clerical collars' for one man with a sword. It is true that an Abbé's dress is the same as that of the gentleman of the long robe, and is donned by all those who cannot spend much on dress, so that one must not make a mistake if one sees a 'clerical collar' emerge from a dubious house, for it is not always a priest, or even an ecclesiastic.

"A third conversazione, where there is no play, is generally at the house of some Prince. I spend my evenings there, and yawn at my leisure. Yet it is one of the first families in Rome, and is indeed held in one of the finest apartments in the world. I enter a very large and magnificent chamber, lighted by two

candles, so that if habit had not taught me the spot where the master or mistress of the house generally are, it would be impossible to salute them. These two thin candles are placed in two great silver candlesticks, or on a stand of the same metal. A fountain of massive silver, whose spouting water makes a gentle murmur, invites one pleasantly to slumber. It seems to me as if those in the room fear to wake me; they only converse in whispers, and each keeps to the place where good luck has taken him, for it would be a crime to move a chair. So that, unless one converses in a shout, one must be content to talk to one's neighbour. The moment one has entered, two pages dressed in black come and offer iced waters on saucers. I do not take them each time they are offered here, or I should long ago have made an Arctic Ocean of my stomach. The great silence, the murmuring fountain, all the Cardinals, Prelates, Abbés that I see around me, dressed in black, give me a feeling as if the company were waiting on some corpse; I assure you that a cemetery does not more recall to me how mortal I am.

"Sometimes, however, it happens that one of the company raises his voice, and tells the news of the day. It generally concerns internal Roman affairs: what the Pope has said, the bad effect of some medicine, some Cardinal or Prelate, the heat, or the cold, the quarter of the moon. After having fathomed these interesting matters till midnight, every one takes their leave, both stomach and mind equally void."

Pöllnitz found the ordinary Italian houses he frequented very uncomfortable, though better built than elsewhere. A suite of rooms, often very small, with only one door leading into it, generally a lack of daylight, of fireplace, no place for the bed, or daïs, so that these two stood where they should not. Floors of brick, common hangings, bad glass, coarse ceiling frescoes; everywhere red damask furniture with velvet and gold fringe; quantities of bad pictures; rarely

any mirrors, china, or glass; superb statues, but old furniture, dating from Popes long dead.

The Romans had bad manners; were slovenly, even to uncleanliness; bad table manners, because unused to eating in company, and "they let themselves go." As to character, they were not so jealous as they are usually considered. Nowhere have ladies more liberty. They are inclined to stinginess, "the original sin of all Italians, great and small," but singularly sober. "Never have I seen any one drunk in society, and rarely among the common people."

During the six years' pontificate of the well-meaning Benedict XIII there had been no less than eight hundred murders in Rome alone. He had indeed forbidden the wearing of arms or knives, and had endeavoured to restrict the rights of asylum to the four basilicas. But Pöllnitz found "the populace too inclined to stabbing; but that is because Justice is too lax." The first offence was punished by the galleys, or even only by banishment from the States of the Church. The culprit stayed away two or three years, paid fifty scudi, and returned to Rome. A murder was easily compounded by giving money to Government. "But there is no violence committed for robbery, though there are neither lanterns, police, nor patrols in Rome by night." Pöllnitz would not have feared to walk through Rome at night, purse in hand, but would have been afraid of being shot by mistake, as once nearly happened to him. At eleven at night, in a street with plenty of people, and by moonlight, in the Piazza Colonna, two men came towards him. The first, ahead of the other, knocked against Pöllnitz, then the latter heard a pistol-shot, and the poor wretch fell dead at his feet, shot by the man behind, over some gambling quarrel. No one seized the criminal, who went quickly to take the usual asylum in a church. Here Pöllnitz saw him for a few days, after which he escaped.

"It is a horrible thing that these holy places, intended

to guard the Spotless Sacrifice, should serve as a refuge for a wretch warm with the blood of his fellow creature. The late Pope had tried to do away with these privileges of the churches, and Clement XII is said to be of the same mind; but the monks cling to them, as they give them prestige with the rabble.

"But, in spite of all these disturbances and abuses, there is no city where God is better worshipped, or more charity practised towards the poor."

Pöllnitz was struck with the great number of *hospices*, that of the Pilgrims alone taking in some hundreds of all nations, boarding and lodging them for three days, and sending them away with a dole. In the last days of Holy Week they were waited on by Cardinals and great ladies.

Pöllnitz came in for yet another great ecclesiastical ceremony, to wit the promotion of Cardinals by the new Pope, at Monte Cavallo, in consistories, public and private. To be a Cardinal was the great thing in Rome; everything gave way to the red robes. Not so had Pöllnitz found it in the North. The honours paid them were great, the etiquette concerning the receptions they gave and the visits they paid most elaborate. "The Cardinals have a perfect mania for daïs; some have five or six in their apartments, in order to make a call seem like an audience. Yet they did not keep great state in their households, and their table itself was frugal." On the stories of the doings of the Cardinals, on the scandals about Coscia, the late Pope's infamous favourite, and about his brother, on their arrests and imprisonments, on the endless intrigues and cabals to secure the coveted red hat—on all these Pöllnitz dilates at length.

"Next to the Cardinals the most pretentious people in Rome are the Roman Princes, who mostly owe their position to the luck of having had a Pope in the family. Some are not even gentle born. They are all dubbed

Excellencies, have a mania for *baldacchinos* in their audience-chambers, and drive out in state with several coaches, with an umbrella carried before them like a Cardinal, which makes all other vehicles stop. It was formerly not the custom for any Princess to shake hands with ladies who called upon them."

However, Pöllnitz found the Princesses Corsini, nieces of the Pope, doing away with that custom, and full of politeness to every one; and, though the Pope had created their husbands Princes and Dukes, they still had themselves announced as Marquises, and had not set up a *baldacchino*.

"A few days since an Englishman, long in the service of the Grand-duke, and of the Corsinis, told the Pope, with whom he was on very easy terms, that the behaviour of the Corsini ladies delighted the nobility, but shocked the Princes. There is a great gulf fixed between the two. 'Well,' replied the Pope, 'do not the Princes think that my nephews and nieces were as well-born when they bore the title of Marquis as now that they have that of Prince? I wish them to know that, if I had made my nephews Princes and Dukes, it was rather to conform to custom than in order to raise them.'"

What swelled the Princes' heads was that there were a number of poor Roman gentlemen only too delighted to enter their service. Yet the Princes did not spend much money. Though they sometimes had as many as twenty-four footmen, they lived very plainly.

"None of them entertained at table; one never is offered anything at their houses except ices, or, at most, a cup of chocolate. When the Angelus has rung, there is an end to ceremony in Rome, and one goes to their houses, and the prelates and Abbés go to

their Cardinals, in short coats, and no one bows when they meet in the streets. Cardinals and Princes pay such poor wages, that twice a year their livery people ask *bonne main* of all visitors.

"The Princes have the privilege of arriving at the theatre escorted by six white wax torches. To economise, I have seen them come to within four or five hundred yards of the theatre with only one of the little lanterns, which every one carries, and then have the torches lit up."

This way of driving with six torches pleased so much an English Duchess (the Duchess of Shrewsbury, *née* Marchesa Paggliotti ?) whom Pöllnitz had known in Paris, that she started the fashion in that capital. But, after two or three evenings, it had to be stopped, because every one threw themselves on their knees, thinking that it was the Host being carried to a sick person.

Though they rarely use them, Pöllnitz found that the Roman Princes did not economise in coaches. The Marchese Suderini had just given one to his new daughter-in-law, which cost over fifteen hundred scudi.

"Terrible machines, which two horses can hardly drag. But the escort of these moving houses is never as splendid as they are—old, dirty, ill-clad lackeys; it is but the number that matters. . . . The mania for lackeys spreads even to the bourgeois. Those who cannot keep them always retain them for Festivals and Sundays . . . a cobbler's apprentice, or a sweep, dons on a wretched livery coat, often borrowed from the Jews, and, with his hair well plastered behind his ears, a great rapier at his side, marches solemnly before Madame or Mademoiselle, takes her to church, and home again. It would be contrary to propriety for a woman or a girl to go out alone; the most abandoned are always accompanied by a matron."

Pöllnitz attended the funerals of a Cardinal, Boncompagno, Archbishop of Bologna, and of a Prince, Ruspoli.

"The dead are buried within twenty-four hours of their decease; relatives never attend the funeral—it would be thought cruel to compel them to go. The churches are hung with black, and both Prince and Cardinal lay in state for a day, and were buried in lead and wood. Mourning is long deep. A woman is black from head to foot, not very becoming to brunettes. . . . Only the Pope's nieces never wear mourning; the Romans say that the joy of having a Pope in the family is so great that nothing can ever sadden the relative of a Pontiff."

Our inquisitorial Baron further investigated the details of tortures and executions. The Strappa Corda, though not mortal, seemed to him "worse than death." A hanging was discussed a week before, as if it were a fête. Prelates and Princes and people of quality went to the prison with the police, and escorted the condemned to the chapel hung with black, where they induced him to confess. He then received the Sacraments, and at ten next morning was taken in a cart to the place of execution. After going to the chapel, and being forced to say a prayer, he was made to mount the ladder backwards, was hung up, and the hangman stamped on his shoulders in order to hasten death. When he was dead, masses were said for him in all the churches, and even in the Pope's chapel, and a collection was made, to which even the poor contributed. The corpse was exposed for four or five hours, and then was buried like any other. "A criminal could not make up his mind to die. His 'comforter,' the priest assisting him, told him that even Kings and Popes must die. 'That is true,' replied the penitent, 'but they are not hung.'"

Clement XII, as a Florentine, was not popular at

OLD ROME: PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

Rome. Dry, brusque, and stingy, he was trying, despite age, loss of memory and sight, to straighten the disordered finance. Pöllnitz thought him completely changed from—

"The expensive Cardinal at the Congress of Courtray, who kept a good table, tried to arrange the household of every plenipotentiary, and—did nothing else. One day he gave advice on economy to Lord Wentworth, but Milady was not agreeable. 'Monsieur le Marquis,' she said, 'we prefer Italians to arrange our concerts; as to our tables, allow us to consult the French.' The Romans say that Clement XII reached the Pontificate by playing piquet."

From his experience of long visits in Rome, Pöllnitz was of opinion that the terrors of the Inquisition had been much exaggerated in Europe. During the sixteen months of his last stay in the Eternal City, he had never heard of any one being arrested by the Holy Office.

The dislike of Italians from different parts of the peninsula for each other was to him inexplicable. Why the Romans should hate the Tuscans as cordially as they hate the Germans and the Neapolitans, he could not understand.

"The saying goes at Rome that it takes seven Jews to make a Genoese, and seven Genoese to make one Florentine. In Germany, though we are divided into many more States than is Italy, we are much more sensible . . . our Princes visit each other often, whereas as much negotiation is necessary to arrange a visit between the rulers of States five leagues apart as to adjust an interview between Philip IV and Louis XIV. . . . It is this mutual suspicion of the States and Towns of Italy that has so long made them the shuttlecocks of foreigners. But if these nations would come to an understanding, they would soon turn out the stranger. Nature has given them ditches and walls; they have but to defend them."

Words of wisdom, which Italy took one hundred and twenty years to heed!

Pöllnitz left Rome by way of Loretto, and stayed three days at Bologna to see his old friend Cardinal Grimani, who was legate there—a saintly, simple man, whom the Baron had known at his different Nunciatures of Brussels, Cologne, Poland, and had seen receive the hat at Rome. He "found him the same as Cardinal Legate as he was when Internuncio. Honours only change mean souls."

"Though loth again to cross the Apennines," the Baron decided to do so, in order to see the arrival at Leghorn of the English and Spanish fleets, escorting to Italy the Infant Don Carlos, designated as heir to Tuscany and Parma, and whose arrival "was so eagerly awaited at Florence."

Thither Pöllnitz first turned his steps, after crossing the dreaded mountains, and paid his respects to the Dowager-Electress Palatine, the widowed sister of the Grand-duke, who was pleased to recall old days at Düsseldorf, and loaded him with honours and graciousness. As Pöllnitz had understood on his way through Florence to Rome that the Grand-duke, Giovanni Gastone di Medici, was difficult of access, he hardly hoped to obtain an audience. But, as he left the Electress, much to his surprise, a footman met him with a message that the Grand-duke wished to see him, which rather surprised Pöllnitz.

The Baron found the last of the Medici in bed, where indeed he generally stayed—not from ill-health, but because he liked it. For twenty-two months he had not left his palace, and for seven had not donned full dress. He saw no one before noon, and gave audience in his bed.

"Several dogs surrounded him. He was sitting up in his shirt, without cuffs or bedgown, but with a long cravat of coarse muslin. His nightcap was stained with tobacco, and indeed all his surroundings were

neither clean nor handsome. . . . On a table by his bedside were silver buckets full of bottles of liqueur, and glasses."

This unlovely object received our Baron with much kindness, blamed him for not having been to see him before, and for neglecting old friends. "He remembered having known my father, and that, when he was at Berlin, my parents had shown him every respect." He asked for news of the Court of Prussia, and of all the changes which had taken place since he was there. He seemed to prefer Germans to other nations, and gave them audiences more freely than to the Florentines. He spoke German well, priding himself on knowing several dialects. Few German pilgrims passed through, to and from Rome, without the Grand-duke sending for them, talking with them for hours, giving them liqueurs to drink, and dismissing them with an écu.

The conversation with Pöllnitz then turned on the Papal Court and particularly on Clement XII. The Grand-duke laughingly remarked that, from being his subject, the Holy Father had become his equal, and then his master, and finally that of all Catholic Princes. After that the talk became livelier, and fell on amusements, good eating and drinking. As it was too early, said the Grand-duke, to drink wine (it was two in the afternoon) he wished his visitor to taste a very excellent liqueur, and kindly poured out some from a bottle by his bedside. In vain Pöllnitz protested that he never took liqueurs; he was obliged to drink this glass, after that another, and yet a third. The last of the Medicis was no stickler for his rank; he treated Pöllnitz as his equal, and drank with him. The latter was on the point of falling upon his knees and begging for quarter, when, happily for Pöllnitz, Joannino, his favourite valet de chambre, entered and whispered something in his ear.

The Grand-duke instantly became serious, and shortly dismissed his visitor, saying: "Amuse yourself as

much as you can; but do not leave without saying good-bye to me." Two hours after Pöllnitz had returned to his inn he sent him a present, consisting of fowls, Bologna sausage, cheeses, jams, and other good things, as well as several dozen bottles of excellent wine. "There was indeed enough to keep me for three months."

For four days Pöllnitz awaited the Grand-duke's orders, and, on inquiry of Joannino, was begged to wait yet another two. As Pöllnitz had learnt that news had come from Leghorn that the Spanish fleet had been sighted, he imagined the Grand-duke was very busy with affairs of State. However, he was presently told that he did nothing at all about them, leaving everything in the hands of the Tuscan and Spanish Ministers.

The Grand-duke himself dined alone at five o'clock, often in bed, and supped at two in the morning. His meals lasted two or three hours, and he talked the while with Joannino, and some young men, his pensioners, called "Ruspanti," because they were paid in ruspe, which is of the same value as sequins.

"There are some three hundred of them, and they cost the Grand-duke as much as eighty thousand crowns a year. Their corps is composed of all nations, but chiefly of Germans; they wear neither uniform nor livery, and are only recognizable because they are frizzed and powdered. Their only function is to appear at the Grand-duke's dinner and supper, whenever the Prince asks for them."

While awaiting the Grand-duke's orders, Pöllnitz passed his time pleasantly enough, making acquaintance with the most distinguished Florentines, who entertained him graciously, and with many beautiful ladies, "who dress very badly, and have much less liberty than in Rome." Especially did Signora Suares entertain foreigners, many English: "her house would be very pleasant were there less gambling there."

At last the Grand-duke sent for the Baron again. He kept him three hours, and they talked of a hundred different things. At last he dismissed him, saying: "Adieu. Go to Livorno, and see my guests disembark."

The fleets had just anchored as Pöllnitz reached the port. There were two squadrons: one of thirteen English vessels, commanded by Admiral Wager (*sic*). Both fleets had started together, but had been scattered by a storm in the Gulf of Lyons. "The English, however, all came in together, but the Spaniards afterwards, one by one, having lost some of their transports. On November 2nd, All Souls' Day, the troops disembarked, in a horrible rain, which made superstitious people draw an evil omen."

Again is Pöllnitz prophetic! The advent of the Spanish Bourbons was indeed an evil day for Italy.

The Spanish troops were under Marquis de Charmi, a bastard of Orleans, who had landed the day before to confer with the Minister, Rinuccini, who had come from Florence, and to whom he swore an oath of fealty to the Grand-duke. The Spanish troops then entered the town, and were brigaded with those of the Grand-duke, going on guard at once. They were only six hundred strong, but with arms and transport for more than two thousand, and were the *élite* of the Spanish troops, and one Walloon regiment. It was arranged that there should always be three quarters of Spaniards to one of Tuscan troops. All which information Pöllnitz doubtless gleaned from Charmi, on the strength of his former connection with the Duke of Orleans's Court.

Our Baron, naturally, did not now lose the opportunity of what was to him quite a new experience, as "I knew nothing of naval matters." He boarded the two flag-ships. The Britisher was a three-decker of eighty-six. The Spaniard, commanded by Admiral Mari, a three-decker of ninety, was much larger than the English vessel, and had been prepared to convey Don Carlos himself, who, however, did not reach Florence till early the following year, and by land.

"Nothing had been spared," writes Pöllnitz, "to make it look fine. The Admiral's cabin was fitted up with sky-blue silk and silver, the tables and the chairs and the frames of the mirrors were of red and gold oriental lacquer work," he continued, with his usual eye for upholstery. "But in spite of this the English vessel took the palm for cleanliness, and I was much more civilly received than by the Spaniards. The officers of the English Navy are many of them people of quality. They lay themselves out to be civil to those who come on board, and spoke with much modesty about their ships and their seamanship, whereas the Spaniards boasted a good deal. The latter mentioned that their two-deckers were much easier to manage than the English three-deckers, and that their ships, being longer and wider, and their decks higher, made them more formidable than the English, as they were less annoyed by the smoke in a battle. But an English officer told me, in speaking of the Spaniards' pretensions, that a three-decker was preferable to the other because, when the sea was rough, it was necessary to close the lower deck, which left two batteries still available, whereas in a two-decker there would be only one. Further, a three-decker, this officer said, being higher than a two-decker, had a great advantage over the other when it came to boarding. As I know nothing about naval matters, I do not know if my Englishman was right; but, whatever way it is, I am of the generally received opinion, which is that, when God will permit second causes to act, it is better to bet on the Englishman than on the Spaniard.

"On S. Charles's Day, the Infant's name-day, Admiral Mari gave us a great fête. I say us, because I was at it with all Livorno, Florence, Sienna, Lucca, and Pisa. You see the company was numerous; I assure you that it was likewise very fine. The Florentines, expecting the Infant to arrive with the fleets, had had new clothes made, and, as they are naturally rather magnificent, they had spared nothing on this occasion. The Lucchese

would not be outdone, and one may say truly that the latter, with the Milanese and the Genoese, have the best manners of all the Italians, and look most like well-bred people. Besides these Italians, there was such a great gathering of English and foreigners that it was difficult to find rooms in Livorno. Yet provisions were not dear, and there were plenty."

The Tuscans "were languishing for" the arrival of Don Carlos. They hoped much from him, for, besides the good report they had received of him, they set much store, says Pöllnitz, on a prophecy of Nostrodamus, which runs :

> "From the farthest west of Europe
> A child will be born of double marriages
> Who, towards the Po, will lead a great host.
> His fame will spread to the Kingdom of the East."

Don Carlos was Philip V's son by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese, heiress of Parma.

But, as Pöllnitz had arranged to be in Paris for Christmas, he could not await Don Carlos, and left by Pisa for Viarreggio.

He had to pass through the forest of Viareggio, and, if he had had much money with him, and had believed his guide, he says, he ought to have been very frightened, for he was assured that not a week passed but that some traveller was robbed and murdered. Whereas, when he reached the town in the middle of the forest, he was told that the Lucca courier had indeed been robbed fifteen years before, but that now no one ever heard of any thieves.

"This reassured me, for, indeed, I do not care to cross swords with highwaymen; but it was not sufficient to tranquillize an Italian valet I had with me. As we had still three leagues of the forest to pass through, he implored me to take an escort. I laughed at him and went on my way. My lackey was on horseback,

saying his rosary. Hardly had we gone half a league when we saw five armed men coming towards us. My valet was the first to see them, and began to scream like a lost man: '*Jesu Maria!* To die without confession! *Misericordia! Misericordia!*'

"I put my head out of the window of the chaise, and, seeing those who were involuntarily the cause of such alarm to my lackey, I recognized them by their uniforms as soldiers from Lucca who were there to guard the road. My lackey's fright made me laugh very much at first, but I changed my tune, however, when we reached Pietra Santa, a little town in the State of Lucca, and found that he was too weak to get off his horse: he had been so terrified that he was nearly dead. He asked for a confessor. Judging that a surgeon was more what he required, I sent for one, had my invalid bled, and in two hours he was better. I put him in my chaise, and went on to sleep at Massa di Carrara."

Thence, by the Riviera di Levanta, Pöllnitz went to Genoa and Alessandria. From Genoa the roads were very bad, and in two stages he crossed the same river thirty-two times. He saw many fine country houses, for, "though the environs of Genoa are very mountainous, they are *nevertheless* (!) pleasant, as these hills are clothed with chestnut and fruit trees." Thence into the Lombard plain, "the most beautiful indeed in the world; nothing lacking but roads."

When Pöllnitz reached Turin, the kingdom of Piedmont and Savoy had recently passed through a serious domestic crisis. After the death of his wife, the stepdaughter of Madame, Pöllnitz's patroness, the King, Victor Amadeus, had wished to marry an old love of his youth, the widowed Contessa San Sebastiani. As it was impossible to make her his queen, he decided, much against the lady's wishes, to abdicate, and did so in September 1730, retiring with her to Chambéry. His son, Charles Emanuel, reigned in his stead.

Not many months later, egged on by his wife, Victor Amadeus began to scheme to regain his crown. Arriving without notice at Turin, he attempted to suborn the garrison. The young King was very popular, and his ministers, fearing the father would call in foreign aid, advised the latter's arrest. The details which follow Pöllnitz gleaned from good authority.

For a while Charles resisted the advice. "What, arrest my father! No I cannot decide on that!" But his scruples were overborne, and immediately the Commander-in-Chief, Perousa, surrounded the palace of Montecallieri. All exits from the royal chamber were guarded, and the door burst open. The noise awoke the Contessa, who, when she saw Perousa, exclaimed: "We are betrayed!" She was seized and dressed, put into a coach, and taken a prisoner to the fortress of Creva.

But the old King slept on soundly. An officer seized his sword, which lay on the table, and Perousa drew back the bed-curtains. The King awoke with a start; Perousa told him that he had orders from the King to arrest him. "Who is the King?" cried Victor. "It is I who am your King!" and he grew very angry, and pushed an officer who approached him with his elbow. They dressed him by force, the King remarking that he would like to be King again if only for twenty-four hours, in order to hang those who had led his son astray; and he named some of the most distinguished men at Court.

He was led into the anteroom, where the astonished soldiers, who had no notion of what was going on, whispered: "Why! it's our King! What's he done!"

"Silence, on pain of death, by the King's orders!" shouted Perousa, fearing a rescue.

In the courtyard Victor attempted to harangue the dragoons, but he was hustled into a waiting coach. He declined to let Perousa inside, and the latter rode at the window, as, surrounded by a large escort, the old

King was driven down the three-league-long straight avenue, and spirited off to the hill castle of Rivoli.

"He asked, as he left, for three things: his wife, his papers, and his snuff-box; he was only given the last. Next morning iron bars and double windows were put in his room. The King asked the glazier what he was doing. 'I am putting in double panes that you may not be cold this winter.' 'Ha! what nonsense!' exclaimed the King. 'Do you think I'll be here this winter?' '*Ah! ma foi,*' rejoined the workman; 'this winter, and many more!'"

To appreciate this recital one must have Pöllnitz's feeling for the sacrosanctity of kings.

When he arrived at Turin he heard that Victor had somewhat quieted down, and occasionally played at billiards with the captain of the guard; being treated with all respect. The Contessa de San Sebastian was "in a state of great depression, but was only stewing in her own juice."

The Piedmontese were delighted with their new King—a fine man, and a mighty hunter, with his beautiful, fair-haired wife, a Princess of Hesse-Rheinsfels.

"But the best of all this was that not one of his subjects had been unfaithful to King Charles. His reign had not been stained by bloodshed. Indeed only three persons had been arrested, among them King Victor's doctor, who had carried his letters, and they were soon set at liberty; so there was every prospect of a good understanding between father and son."

However, Victor only survived his imprisonment till the end of October 1732.

Once again Pöllnitz crossed the "horrid Alps."

"... The wretched town of Novalaise, with an execrable inn, and what is more disagreeable is that

foreigners have to stop there in order to have their travelling-carriages taken to pieces, and loaded on mules, to be carried over the mountain. I crossed the mountain by being carried in a wickerwork arm-chair by four men, who relieved each other from time to time; and often carried me on their shoulders. Were I inclined to be imaginative, I might easily have fancied myself to be the Pope."

At the summit the Baron was happier, for he found a *hospice* had arisen by the lake since his last visit, but—

"It looked very poor. Pilgrims and other foot passengers are received there, and kept for three days. Two priests are in charge of the travellers, and serve the church. This is a very excellent foundation in a poor and wretched country, but, in spite of it, people still perish in the snow. These poor priests can boast of living in one of the dullest places in the world; to watch the snow fall, and to blow upon their fingers, for nine months of the year is their greatest amusement!"

"The descent of Mont Cenis, on the Savoy side, is much less steep. This winter one had the pleasure of being able to go down in sledges, which the natives call 'se faire ramasser.' This is a very pleasant and comfortable way of going down; no arrow from a bow can go quicker. I know an English gentleman who stayed eight days at Lansleburg, and who went again and again up the mountain after he had come down, in order to have the pleasure of being *ramassé*."

Thus have we, on the authority of Pöllnitz, that one of our countrymen was, in the eighteenth century, the pioneer of Alpine winter-sport!

CHAPTER XXVII

On returning to France after his long stay in Rome, he "found all Paris occupied with two great things . . . the idleness of a long peace causing them to take up things very seriously which they might otherwise have thought unworthy of notice." One was the quashing by the Parliament of Aix in Provence of the conviction of Gérard, a priest, considered of blameless repute, for the seduction of a penitent. This action of the Parliament raised a great outcry among the Jansenists. The other was the miracles which were supposed to be wrought at the grave of the Jansenist deacon Pâris, in the cemetery of S. Médard.

From a splendid reform movement in the Church, Jansenism had passed into a scholastic war of the pen, with Protestants on one hand, with the Pope and the Jesuits on the other. It had now reached its final stage, one of mysticism and miracles.

Pöllnitz hastened to see something of these latter, and betook himself to S. Médard.

"Curiosity drew me, like the rest. I found an enormous concourse, and it was only with much difficulty that I could approach near to the stone which covers the Beatified of the populace. As I was considering this stone, they shouted: 'Look out! Look out!' I thought some Prince of the Blood was arriving, but I saw only a man, who looked rather ill, lay himself down upon the tomb. A few minutes later I saw him roll his eyes, grind his teeth, foam at the mouth, with contortions more suitable to one possessed than to a man who should be in the favour of a Saint. These convulsions lasted as long as the man had strength;

then he was carried away, looking, I assure you, far worse on leaving the tomb than when he came. Yet people around cried that it was a miracle, and I heard them say: 'After such a manifest cure can you doubt for a moment that M. Pâris was a saint?' . . . Daily such Miracles as these take place, and you cannot set foot in a house without hearing some new story about the Abbé Pâris. Yet I assure you that not one of these Miracles has been confirmed, and I have heard M. Hérault, Lieutenant-General of Police, to whom they are all reported, say that not one is true. . . . I think it will be very difficult to disabuse people; I find their minds so made up about it. The best way would be for the Pope" (Clement XII was the enemy of Jansenism) "to canonize M. Pâris; I am sure all his adherents would give him up, in order not to have anything in common with the Holy Father."

After a month of these performances at S. Médard, the Government was obliged to shut up the cemetery and put a guard over it. "The tomb of the Deacon Pâris," says Voltaire, "was indeed the tomb of Jansenism in the minds of all honest folk."

It was an age of satirical versifying. Lampoons, pasquinades, broadsides, were reeled forth over every event, every fashion and passing craze. It would have been strange if the Baron's nimble wit had not poured itself out in poetry.

The double scandal of the crime and the acquittal of Father Gerard he enshrines in a Fable, aimed at the clerical party. The reputed miracle-monger Pâris he scoffs at in a Diploma, appointing him Patron Saint of the Regiment of Lampooners.

LA COLOMBE ET LE CORBEAU

FABLE

ON raconte que par le monde
Est un pays, où les Corbeaux
L'engeance cruelle et féconde
Insulter impunément au reste des oiseaux;
Que dans l'excès de leur haine,
L'Aigle même leur Souveraine

Se voit parfois en butte aux traits
De ces redoutables Sujets.
C'est dans cette contrée indigne,
Qu'une jeune Colombe aussi blanche qu'un Cigne,
D'un de ces oiseaux dangereux,
Fort âgé, mais plus cauteleux,
À ses avis trompeurs s'étant abandonnée,
Devint la proye infortunée ;
Et de jeunes ans oubliant la candeur,
Bientôt du vieux oiseau pris toute la noirceur.
La blancheur de votre plumage
Ma fille, disait-il, est un signe certain
Que la faveur du Ciel, dans votre premier âge,
Vous prépare un heureux destin.
Ces rares qualités dont vous êtes comblée,
Font voir à quel bonheur vous êtes appelée.
Voulez-vous cultiver ces beaux commencemens ?
Ayez soin de répondre à mes empressements.
Une Colombe jeune et belle
A besoin d'un ami fidèle,
Qui toujours l'encourage, et borne ses désirs
Aux soins de modérer ses timides soupirs.
Gardez-vous d'écouter le funeste ramage
Des hôtes séduisants du plus prochain bocage ;
Leurs accents dangereux, dans votre jeune cœur,
Jeteroient sûrement la poison de l'erreur ;
Libre de tout souci, tranquille et solitaire,
Écoutez seulement la voix de votre père ;
A sa tendre amitié, ma fille livrez-vous.
Vous l'aimez, il vous aime : est-il rien de plus doux ?
La Colombe à ces mots, simple aussi que soumise,
De ce vieux Papelard ignorant l'entreprise,
Sans contrainte à ses yeux découvre ses attraits ;
Elle s'expose à tous ses traits.
Mais bientôt connaissant le mal qui la possède,
La Colombe en gémit, en cherche le remède ;
Tandis que ce trompeur rit de ses vains efforts,
Et cache adroitement sa honte et ses remords.
Cependant un Ramier ami de la Colombe,
Voyant avec regret la pauvrette succombe,
L'anime, l'encourage à quitter ce séjour
Où le Corbeau rusé la traitoit en Vauteur.
Quelle fut sa douleur, quand rendue à soi-même,
Rappelant du Corbeau le cruel stratagème,
Ses noirs empressements, ses soins assidieux,
Sur son illusion elle jeta les yeux !
Elle vit que son plumage
La beauté, le blancheur, n'étoient plus le partage,
Sa plainte aigrissant ses soupirs,
Vainement elle veut cacher ses déplaisirs ;
Les Bois voisins en retintissent,
Les fidèles échos à leur tour en gémissent :

La Renommée instruit de ces forfaits nouveaux
L'Aréopage des oiseaux.
A l'instant leur zèle s'anime,
Et des Dieux outragez demandent la victime.
La Colombe n'a pour appui
Que ses larmes et son ennui.
Le Corbeau rusé fait agir ses confrères
De la foible vertu terribles adversaires ;
Le crédit, la faveur marchent devant leur pas.
La Colombe se plaint, on ne l'écoute pas ;
Les oiseaux assemblez l'accusent de folie ;
Sa plainte n'est que calomnie ;
Et Thémis sur ses yeux appuyant son bandeau,
Voit la Colombe noire, et blanchit le Corbeau.
Je parle à vous, Sexe débèle,
Qui cherchez les sentiers que montre l'Evangile,
Au choix d'un Conducteur réfléchissez beaucoup :
Sous la peau de l'agneau souvent on trouve un loup.

BREVET
De Patron du Régiment de la Calotte Pour l'Abbé Pâris

De par le Dieu de la Marote,
Salut à le troupe dévote
Qui fait sonner haut dans Paris,
Les Miracles de S. Pâris.
Aux chapelières, aux Duchesses,
Aux Messalines, aux Lucresses,
Qui vont avec dévotion
À sa tombe en procession ;
Aux Témoins sûrs et véridiques
De la vertu de ses Reliques ;
À ceux qui les croyent sans voir,
À ceux qui les voyent sans croire,
À ceux qui vont de leur manoir,
À S. Médard comme à la Foire ;
À tous les impotens guéris,
À tous les Mecréans convertés,
À l'Archevêque qui s'en choque,
À la Canosse qui s'en moque,
Tandis que par tout l'Univers
Ils font tromper par les Fraters :
À fille à son Tombeau guérie
Après neuf mois d'hydropisie ;
Aux Malades désespérez,
Et de plus grands maux délivrez,
Comme femelles d'Aphonie,

Bâteleurs de Paralysie :
À ceux qu'un zèle peu discret
À fait jeûner une semaine,
Et dans l'impuissante Neuvaine
N'a pas produit le moindre effet,
À tous les Saints de date antique,
Qui moisissant en Paradis,
De ce nouveau culte ébaubis,
Se plaignent qu'on leur fait la nique,
Et qu'ils n'auront plus de pratique :
À bien d'autres encor non dits,
Soit recompensez ou punis :
Sçavoir faisons qu'en notre Empire
Où règne un éternel délire,
Il est besoin d'un bon Patron
Qui puisse écouter les Prières,
Et qui puisse être le plastron
De nos Sujets dans leurs misères.
Or attendu le merveilleux,
Que nous avons vu de nos yeux
Opérer par le ministère
De *François Pâris* notre frère,
Le déclarons dès-à-présent
Le seul Patron du Régiment.
Si Vintimille en sa colère,
A déclaré que son Appel
Lui fermait la porte du Ciel ;
Si pour effrayer le vulgaire,
Hérault Déiste furieux,
Ne pouvant démentir ses yeux,
Fit mettre dans le Cimetière,
De par le Roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.
Déclarons nulle l'Ordonnance,
Le cas n'est de sa compétence.
Le Pape canonisera
Ce saint homme quand il voudra :
En attendant l'Acte authentique,
Qui doit rendre un Saint juridique,
Réputons les faits averez,
Par la requête des Curez,
Par le suffrage œcuménique
De toute la Troupe extatique
De tant de Baudauds et Docteurs,
Gens éclairez, de bonne mœurs,
Et surtout d'une foi très-pure,
Amis du vrai, souffrant torture
Plutôt que faire un faux serment,
Voulant que parmi nous on chomme
La Fête du Bienheureux Homme ;
Que tout sujet du Régiment
Lui fasse vœux incessamment ;

THE CHÂTEAU OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

Que dans la future Chapelle
Il ait à porter sa chandelle :
Que par mainte contorsion
Il prouve sa dévotion ;
Qu'aux Etendards soit son Image,
Où chacun rendra son hommage ;
Qu'on ait grand soin de l'afficher,
Défense à tous de l'arracher,
Ou bien-tôt convulsive rage
Sur eux vengera cet outrage.
Fait le jour et l'an que Hérault
Gourmandoit d'un ton fier et haut,
A la Bastille son repaire,
Maint et Maint Convulsionnaire,
Aidé d'Hermant, Chirac, Winfloux,
Et plusieurs autres Loups-garous :
Race venduë au Ministère.

The Duke and Duchess of Maine, who had borne their disgrace and imprisonment with dignity, now again kept open house at Meaux. Their Court in the fine house built by Colbert was a brilliant one, and the Baron was one of the *habitués*.

"Madame la Duchesse loves Science and Arts; all literary people look upon her as their patroness, and there are few works of Poetry brought out of which the first-fruits are not for her. When I recently paid my respects to her, a piece was read, written in two rhymes only, which was much applauded," he adds, modestly.

LETTRE

D'un Gentilhomme retiré du Monde à un de ses Amis

Je vois régner sur ce rivage
L'innocence et la liberté.
Que d'objets dans ce paysage,
Malgré leur contrariété,
M'étonnant par leur assemblage !
Abondante frugalité,
Autorité sans esclavage,
Richesses sans libertinage,
Charges, Noblesse sans fierté.
Mon choix est fait, ce voisinage
Détermine ma volonté.
Bienfaisante Divinité,
Ajoutez-y votre suffrage.

Disciple de l'adversité,
Je viens faire dans le Village,
Le volontaire apprentissage
D'une tardive obscurité.
Aussi-bien de mon plus bel âge
J'aperçois l'instabilité.
J'ai déjà, de compte arrêté,
Quarante fois vu le feuillage
Par le Zéphir ressuscité.
Du printemps j'ai mal profité :
J'en ai regret et de l'Été,
Je veux faire un meilleur usage.
J'apporte dans mon Hermitage,
Un cœur dès long-tems rebuté
Du prompt et funeste Esclavage,
Fruit de la folle vanité.
Paysan sans rusticité,
Hermite sans patelinage,
Mon but est la tranquillité.
Je veux pour unique partage,
La paix d'un cœur qui se dégage
Des filets de la Volupté.

L'incorruptible probité,
De mes Ayeux noble héritage,
A la Cour ne m'a point quitté.
Libre et franc, sans être sauvage,
Du Courtisan fourbe et volage
L'example ne m'a point gâté.
L'infatigable activité
Reste d'un utile naufrage ;
Mes études, mon jardinage ;
Un repas sans art apprêté ;
D'une Épouse œconome et sage,
La belle humeur, le bon ménage,
Viens faire ma félicité.

C'est dans ce Port, qu'en sûreté
Ma barque ne craint point l'orage,
Qu'un autre à son tour emporté
Au gré de sa cupidité,
Sur le sein de l'humide plage,
Des vents ose effronter la rage ;
Je ris de sa témérité,
Et lui souhaite un bon voyage.
Je réserve ma fermeté
Pour un plus important passage ;
Et je m'approche avec courage,
Des portes de l'Eternité.

Je sçai que la mortalité
Du genre humain est l'appanage ;

Pourquoi seul serais-je excepté ?
La vie est un pélerinage :
De son cours la rapidité
Loin de m'allarmer, me soulage :
De la fin, quand je l'envisage,
L'infallible nécessité
Ne me sçauroit faire d'outrage,
Brulez de l'or empaqueté.
Il n'en périt que l'emballage :
C'est tout. Un si léger dommage
Devroit-il être regretté ?

The Baron went with some English friends, to whom he was showing the sights of Paris, to see Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus*.

"We were delighted with the beauty of this piece. Not only did we admire the plot and the poetry, but we also applauded the frank way in which the Author makes the old Romans think and speak. The French people did not agree with us. 'The respect due to Royalty has not been considered,' they said. They blamed the Author 'for daring to restrict the Royal Authority within the bounds of Justice. It is not in France that M. de Voltaire has become imbued with these feelings; one sees quite well that he brought them from across the sea. They may be well enough among English people; but, among us, they are intolerable, and if M. de Voltaire goes on writing like that, he may perhaps occupy an apartment in the Bastille.' I confess that this dreaded name closed my mouth; I dare not undertake to defend the Author. The Bastille and the Holy Office have always been two words which reduce me to silence, however much I may itch to speak."

Pöllnitz praises the actors in the play, especially Du Frène, brother of Quinault, who is "excellent in character-study in comedy, but excessively exaggerated in tragedy, and off the stage a coxcomb beyond expression, as well as his brother, though both have wit and intelligence."

"Actors are much more thought of here than elsewhere, which makes them extremely insolent. Gentlemen seek after them, and admit them to their amusements. These people find themselves kings on the stage, and peers and companions at table with the first lords in the kingdom. Is it a wonder that their heads are turned? What will crown their arrogance is the step the Académie Française took about them the other day. They invited the Comédie Française recently to a lecture which was to be given at the Académie; so much so that the actors, finding themselves thus honoured, offered next day all the Academicians a free entrance to the Comédie, which the latter accepted, to the great surprise of all Paris, who blamed them much for doing so."

It appears that at that time gentlemen could act at the Opera without staining the scutcheon of their nobility. Pöllnitz did not see why the same liberty might not apply to actors at the Comédie.

"But it seems to me that if nobility is proper for stage folk, it should also be for tight-rope dancers, etc.; for, besides the honour they have of amusing the public, they risk being killed every day, and is not that the privilege of the nobility?"

At this time there died in Paris an Abbé named Vairac, author and wit, of whom Pöllnitz tells a good story. He was walking one day, when it came on to rain and he sheltered under the awning of a shop. Just at that moment a Councillor of Parliament, "driving like a dandy—that is to say, over every one else"—in his fine coach, was brought up in front of the Abbé's position by a break in his harness. Before him he saw the Abbé "dressed as all authors are: a bad coat and a worse hat covered a shabby robe. The hat seemed to amuse the Councillor. He sent one of his servants to ask him if it dated from the battle of Rocroi."

"The lackeys of this country are more impudent than any elsewhere. The Councillor's varlet delivered his message exactly: 'M. l'Abbé,' he said in a rough voice, 'my Master wishes to know in what battle your hat received all its wounds?'

"'At the battle of Cannæ, my friend,' replied the Abbé, and at the same time applied his stick half a dozen times on the shoulders of the impudent ambassador.

"The Councillor, seeing his servant being beaten, jumps out of his coach and rushes to the Abbé: 'What are you doing there?'

"'I'm punishing an impudent fellow,' replied the Abbé calmly.

"'*Parbleu!* M. l'Abbé, I think it very funny of you to dare to beat one of my men! You do not know me, doubtless, or you would have more respect for my livery.'

"'Pardon me,' replied the Abbé, 'I know you very well.'

"'And who am I?' pursued the Councillor.

"'You are a fool!' was the reply."

The coxcomb retired, not wishing to hear any more about himself, and the Abbé told the story to Pöllnitz as calmly as he had replied to the Councillor.

The Baron had for some time been anxious "as to what subject could make the French forget Father Gérard, the Cadière, and the pretended Beatified Pâris. I was afraid lest these two subjects should still for a long time be the fund of conversation, but I made a mistake—all is forgotten, there is something quite different afoot." And he goes on to describe the dispute between the Archbishop of Paris and the Parliament, which turned upon "the liberties of the Gallican Church," against the authority of the Pope, as superior to that of Parliament, and culminated in the exile by the Court —who upheld the Archbishop—of the Abbé Pucelle, a Councillor of Parliament.

He was an orator, popular, and the order caused a great stir.

" One's ears are deafened in the streets by big words. Even the ladies have forgotten their jargon of dress—those who only talked about bows and rosettes now speak *en Avocat*, maintain Gallican Liberties, destroy the Church, and send the Sacred College and the Bishops to the galleys. In short, I cannot express to you how ridiculous the French are under these circumstances. Greedy for all novelties, good or bad, they seize on them blindly ; it confirms the fickleness of the Nation, which is such that, if by eccentricity one went and preached Mahometanism to it, I believe it would embrace it with the light-mindedness which is so innate in it.

" Here is a piece of poetry . . . on Christian Tranquillity. I was lately supping in a place with M. de Voltaire and another poet, and the latter recited this rather pretty piece to us.

"TRANQUILLITÉ CHRÉTIENNE

"SUR LES DISPUTES DU TEMS

"PLEIN d'ignorance et de misère,
Pourquoi, Mortel audacieux,
Veux-tu sur de profonds Mystères
Porter un œil trop curieux ?
Toi, pour qui toute la Nature
Ne paroit qu'une Enigme obscure,
Tu sondes les Divins Décrets ?
Tu crois que ton foible génie
De l'intelligence infinie
Pourra dévoiler les secrets ?

"Crains les ténèbres respectables,
Où Dieu cache sa Majesté.
De ses desseins impénétrables
Qui peut percer l'obscurité ?
Mesure la vaste étenduë
De ces Globes qu'offre à la vuë
Un temps serein et lumineux.
Mais arrête ici ton audace,
Tu ne peux voir que la surface
De ce Théâtre merveilleux.

"Où t'importe l'ardeur extrême
De tout comprendre et de tout voir ?
Tu ne te connois pas toi-même,
L'esprit échape à son sçavoir,
Et la Raison impérieuse
De la Grâce victorieuse
Veut pénétrer la profondeur ?
Paul, tout rempli de sa lumière,
Nous apprend quelle est la manière
Dont elle agit sur notre cœur.

"Je sens en moi que la Nature
Veut établir ma Liberté ;
Elle se plains, elle murmure,
Quand son pouvoir est disputé.
Mais si j'interroge mon Âme.
Ne donne à la puissance humaine,
Ce qui vient du Divin Pouvoir.
Surpris de l'intervalle immense
Qu'on voit de l'homme au Créateur,
Si je n'admets une Puissance
Qui concourt avec son Auteur,
Ce n'est plus pour moi qu'un vain titre,
Que le franc, que le plus Arbitre,
Que ma raison sçait tant vanter :
Je ne connois plus de Justice,
Qui récompense et qui punisse
Ce qui ne peut rien mériter,
Ainsi mon Âme est suspenduë
Entre ces sentimens divers :
Partout où je porte ma vuë,
Je vois des abîmes ouverts.
Pour me garantir de naufrage,
Je n'ose quitter le rivage ;
La crainte assure mon repos.
Combien dans cette Mer profonde,
Flottant à la merci de l'onde,
Se perdent au milieu des flots.

"De tant de disputes fameuses,
Où nous embarque notre orgueil,
Fuyons les routes dangereuses :
L'Homme à lui-même est un écueil.
Dans le petit monde sensible,
Est un Dédale imperceptible,
Dont nous ignorons les détours :
Elle tient le fil qui nous guide ;
Sans elle nous errons toujours.

"Heureux le cœur simple et docile,
Qui sans raisonner sur la foi
Respecte dans nos Saints Conciles
La Sacré dépôt de la Foi ;

Ne franchissent point la barrière,
Que le Père de la lumière
Met aux vains efforts de l'esprit !
À quoi nos soins doivent-ils rendre ?
Est-ce à pratiquer ou comprendre
Ce que le Ciel nous a prescrit ?

"Laissons la Sagesse éternelle
Disposer des cœurs à son gré.
Il suffit à l'homme fidèle
Que par lui Dieu soit adoré.
Qu'importe à ces Docteurs habiles
Que par des raisons trop subtiles
Un Systême soit combattu ?
Que produit leur haute science,
Si Dieu ne met dans la balance
Que l'innocence et la vertu ?

" As to the exile of the Abbé Pucelle, a couplet has been made about it ; I cannot remember the beginning, but this is how it ends :

" Que de femmes vont pleurer !
Que de filles vont crier,
Rendez-nous Pucelle, ô gai,
Rendez-nous Pucelle ! "

The Baron took a turn in the Netherlands, now belonging to Austria. The Archduchess, Maria Elizabeth, the Emperor's eldest sister, was the Governess. He found her living at Brussels in the Hôtel d'Orange of the Prince of Nassau-Frisia, as the palace had been burnt down, and still lay in ruins. The Archduchess had only escaped by being awoke by her little dog scratching her face ; her lady-in-waiting had perished, and she had lost many valuables.

Very serious, " spending the day between God and business," the Imperial Governess was rigidly ceremonious, eating alone, and in public. When the Elector of Bavaria passed through Brussels he might not dine with her. " It is droll," he is said to have remarked, " that at Munich I sleep every night with one Archduchess, and that here I may not eat with another ! "

" The Governess was an erudite lady, who had replied in Latin to an address of the students as she

passed through Louvain, but she did not spend any money, 'and the Court is but another convent," was the saying in Brussels. Rigid Austrian etiquette prevailed, and the city did not love its foreign rulers, who were always changing. The late jovial, lavish Maximilian of Bavaria was regretted.

The nobility was haughty; the ladies, mostly wives of Spanish grandees, were sulky at not being allowed to drive to Court with six horses. The native nobles took appointments in Spain or France, or lived retired.

"'Go to Vienna! Pay court to the Emperor! *Eh! fi donc!* It is to be bored to death; Germans have such different manners. Their service is so boorish. To shut oneself up in Hungary? Don't speak of it! Not a soul to be seen!'"

Pöllnitz thought that the real reason was that they were too poor. He saw more ducal carriages than at Vienna; their owners had been called Excellence by the Spaniards, and now by the Austrians only Prince, or Monsieur, and they wished to be Highnesses.

"Bruxelles la Noble" might also be called, he thought, "the Hell of Horses, for one is always going up or down hill. . . . It is also very uncomfortable, because of the few police about; and one is always either in the mud, or stifled with dust."

The amusements of the town were, like the Court, not lively. "A horrible theatre, assemblies dull. . . . Those who knew Brussels during the war say it is unrecognizable to-day. Everything flags, no commerce but lace and tapestries."

So the Baron betook himself to Ghent—"Gand la Grande"—by canal-boat. A good dinner, but a mixed company; the rule, he found, that women drink free, but men pay.

At Bruges there was nothing to do but eat and drink. It was a fine town, nothing lacking but inhabitants. It was difficult to be introduced, as the Flemings shunned

the Germans; and, as he "did not like to be dull," he moved to Ostend. This had never been a town offering much amusement, and now Pöllnitz found everything languishing—ship-building and trade—yet the Ostend Company had been started! "Holland and England," he adds, "swallow up everything, and seem to have sworn to ruin the Low Countries."

He went on by canal to Nieuport, which was a fortress in a hole, even duller than Ostend, and so unhealthy from the inundations which surround it, that the natives look livid, while officers who like society die of boredom.

Returning to Ghent, he drove along a fine tree-bordered highway to Courtray, a small and smiling town, poorly fortified. Here Pöllnitz found an acquaintance in the Scotch Governor and Commandant, Colonel Digson (Dickson ?) who was very polite to the Baron, and whose "only fault was that he was too honourable. There are five or six families of gentlefolk here, who, in order to bore themselves the better, will not know the *bourgeoisie*."

Lille was in French Flanders, which he found as gay as Imperial Flanders was dull. Very civil to him was young Duke of Boufflers, the Governor, and among the hostesses he found Madame de Mouchy, a favourite of the late Madame.

Antwerp was a decayed town, yet there were ladies dressed like princesses, and plenty of carriages, an early assembly for quadrille, but suppers at home. "Formerly the largest vessels came up the Scheldt, but this river is now greatly barred by boats full of stones, which the neighbourly Dutch have sunk there." The promenade on the ramparts was given over to priests saying their breviary, and "at the prettiest theatre out of Italy, there was no performance."

"Malines la Gentille," the seat of an Archbishop, and of the Parliament of the Imperial Low Countries, the Baron found full of lawyers, and quibbling conversation; there were few people of quality, and "the Assembly excites yawns."

"Louvain la Sage" was a big town, full of students, doctors, priests and monks, with an Englishman as Bishop, one Strickland, who was now in Rome settling a dispute with the University, and, Pöllnitz thought, no company for him. He flew through, on a good *pavé*, by deserted Tirlemont, to Maestricht.

Here Pöllnitz stayed a few days, "to weep on my father's grave in the New Church, the only duty that I can render to his memory, the Religion in which he died forbidding me to use on his behalf the prayers of the Church." Probably, having now arrived at years of discretion, he realized what a loss to him had been his father's early death, when he was only two years old.

Maestricht was the most lively garrison the Dutch had; a pretty town, with nice promenades. Here, as all over Holland, Protestants and Catholics lived in amity.

Next he went to Liége, a large town in a pretty valley, surrounded by hills; the Prince-Bishop leading a very quiet life, and the amusements of his regiment of guards consisting only in drinking. There was little ladies' society, and not much even in the taverns. The people drank the wine of Bar and Burgundy, and still better beer.

"None of these beverages being dear at Liége, the Liégeois drink to their hearts' content. As they are hot-heads, great talkers, and scandal-mongers, their feasts and assemblies are like Italian comedies."

The Liégeois Pöllnitz found most insincere—

"The Italians of the Low Countries. They do a good trade with as little good faith as elsewhere; drunkards, quarrellers, vindictive, fond of litigation, the principality of Liége provides more business for the Chamber of Wetzlar than all the rest of the Empire put together. Of all the nations I have had to do with I like them least, and would care the least to have dealings with. . . .

In the mines is dug *Houille*, earth to burn, and used for fuel, very disagreeable on account of its smell, which surpasses that of the coal of England, and Liége in winter is as black and dark as London."

The Baron went on to his favourite watering-place, Spa, by such a very bad road that, "unless you are going to drink the waters, it is not worth the journey." The Pouhon spring was thought "good for gravel and sciatica; for the stomach go to the Géronstère every morning, three-quarters of a league away, in a little wood, with but a poor shelter against rain." For chest complaints a third spring was recommended, and the doctors and the natives ordered a six-weeks' course of drinking.

"They consult their own interests more than their guests' health. . . . I know a young Irishman who thinks that he has been ill for three years, and that, but for drinking the waters of Spa continuously, imagines that he would have died. But he looked well, ate and slept well, and danced like a demon. . . . The English neglect the best waters in the world at Bath and Tunbridge to take those of Spa. While there I thought I was in London: there were ten English to one foreigner. This nation has concocted a plot, I think, to seize Spa from the Bishop of Liége. . . . I was delighted to renew my acquaintance with people of quality I had known in London. Though I like England and the English extremely, I cannot help agreeing with many others that they are more pleasant and sociable out of their own country than at home."

CHAPTER XXVIII

HERE follows a sketch of Pöllnitz—pilloried to make a Thackerayan chapter.

In *The Virginians* the great satirist takes his hero, Harry Warrington, to "The Wells" at Tunbridge, where he dines at the "White Harte." Of the guests—

"One was a person in a somewhat tarnished velvet coat with a huge queue and bag, and voluminous ruffles and embroidery. The other was a little, beetle-browed, hook-nosed, high-shouldered gentleman, whom his companion addressed as Milor, or my lord, in a very high voice. My lord, who was sipping the wine before him, barely glanced at the new-comer and then addressed himself to his own companion

"'And so you know the nephew of the old woman?' (in French).

"'But assuredly, my dear lord,' says the gentleman with the long queue.

. . . . . .

"Harry thanked Host Bardeau in French—foreign gentleman, turning round, grinned graciously at Harry and said: 'Fous bossedaz notre langue barfaitement, Monsieur.'

"Mr. Warrington remarked to his friend that he had never heard the French language pronounced in that way in Canada.

. . . . . .

"His lordship talked superciliously, whilst picking his brains for gossip.

"'. . . He is wearing mourning for his elder brother, from whom he inherits the principality.'

"'Could anything console you for the death of yours, Chevalier?' cried out the elder gentleman.

"'Milor! His property might,' said the Chevalier, 'which you know is not small.'

"'Your brother lives on his patrimony, which you tell me is immense—you by your industry, my dear Chevalier.'

"'Milor!' cries the individual addressed as Chevalier.

"'By your industry and your *esprit*—how much more noble! Shall you be at the Baroness's to-night? She ought to be a little of your parents, Chevalier.'

"'Again, I fail to understand your lordship,' said the other gentleman, rather sulkily.

"'Why, she's a woman of great wit—she is of noble birth—she has but little principle (there you happily have the advantage of her). . . . You intend to go and play with this young Creole, no doubt to get as much money from him as you can. By the way, Baron, suppose he should be a *guet à pens*, that young Creole. . . .'

"'J'y ai souvent pensé, my lor,' says the little Baron, placing his finger to his nose very knowingly. 'That Baroness is capable of anything.'

"'A Baron—a Baroness, *que voulez-vous?* my friend. I mean the late lamented husband. Do you know who he was?'

"'Intimately. A more notorious villain never dealt a card. At Venice, at Brussels, at Spa, and at Vienna—the gaols of every one of which he knew. I know the man, my lord.'

"'I thought you would. I saw him at The Hague, and a more disreputable rogue never entered my doors. A minister must open them to all sorts of people! Baron-spies, sharpers, ruffians of all sorts.'

"'*Parbleau*, milor, how you treat them!'

"'A man of my rank, my friend—of the rank I held then—of course must see all sorts of people—*entre autres* your acquaintance. What his wife could want with such a name as his I can't conceive.'

"'Apparently it was better than the lady's own.'

" ' Effectively. So I have heard of my friend Paddy changing clothes with the scarecrow. I don't know which is the most distinguished, that of the English Bishop or the German Baron.'

" ' My lord,' cried the other gentleman, rising and laying a hand on a large star on his coat, ' you forget that I, too, am a Baron, and a Chevalier of the Holy Roman——'

" ' Order of the Spur!—not in the least, my dear Knight and Baron. . . .' "

The Knight and Baron quitted the table, felt in his embroidered pockets, as if for money to give the waiter who brought him his great laced hat, and, waving that menial off with a hand surrounded by large ruffles and blazing rings, stalked out of the room.

The Earl of Chesterfield says :

" ' What a little sharper he is! . . . Everything said about the Baron relates *mutato nomine* to him. I know the fellow to be a spy and a rogue. He has changed his religion I do not know how many times. I had him turned out of The Hague myself when I was ambassador, and I know that he was caned in Vienna. . . . There cannot be a more *fiéffé coquin* than this Pöllnitz. Why, Heaven be thanked, he's actually left me my snuff-box. You laugh. The fellow's quite capable of taking it.' "

. . . . . .

Later on, on The Green, where people are promenading, Richardson and Dr. Johnson among others, we catch a glimpse of the Baron, none dressed finer—" in a great broad hat and tarnished feather."

This thumb-nail sketch might have been done by Pöllnitz himself! A century had brought retribution. It is the biter bit.

But we cannot forgive Thackeray his sneer over Pöllnitz's French—that French which had been praised by the Grand Monarque himself! French was a second mother-tongue to Pöllnitz from his earliest childhood,

as it was to all Germans of the upper class at that period. When we read the exquisite French he wrote, and hear of his conversations and ready wit, it is simply impossible to believe that he spoke it with a German accent!

Having presented this caricature of the Baron as he was supposed to appear to the English, let us proceed to see how the English—for, as usual, it is the people rather than the country that he notes—appeared to him.

Subsequent to his flying visit in 1721, possibly in company of his precious "Duchesse d'Hanovre," on his way back from Spain, we gather that Pöllnitz made three longer stays in England, in 1728, 1730, and 1733. But exact chronology was never his strong point, nor is it material. He now found George II on the throne, whom he had known well at Hanover as Electoral Prince, and who had been well inclined towards him. At Madrid he had made friends with Colonel William Stanhope, and, as we have seen, had been much indebted to him. Pöllnitz now met him in England as the Earl of Harrington, recently returned again from Spain, with the honour of having successfully wrung the Treaty of Seville out of Elizabeth Farnese. In Harrington Pöllnitz had a friend at Court. He was more in society than during his earlier visit, and was admitted among the select circle of Tories and Jacobites who frequented the Cocoa-tree Coffee-house in St. James's Street.

Pöllnitz appreciated London—

"By its wealth the capital of a powerful kingdom, and, indeed, of all Europe. The town where liberty reigns, where arts are cultivated and protected, and where the inhabitants, without ostentation and display, enjoy their wealth—the city where one still finds Roman souls, which other nations do not know how to imitate."

He saw their Majesties—

"Often walk on the Mall with their family, in the midst of six guards, and allowing every one, without

distinction of position or character, to walk there at the same time. The ladies and the cavaliers always appeared magnificently dressed, for the English, who, twenty years ago, only wore gold in military uniform, are now braided and embroidered. The Bourgeois contents himself with a coat of fine cloth, with having his head fairly well dressed, and with wearing fine linen. Generally every one is well clothed here; even beggars are not so ragged as elsewhere."

Pöllnitz saw the Duke of Marlborough's house, where his widow was now living. It was richly furnished, with fine pictures, and was one of the largest private houses. He saw Buckingham "Hôtel," facing the wide avenue of St. James's Park, separated from it by iron railings; it had two wings, a fountain in the courtyard, and behind were fine large gardens, with a "canal," not yet finished. The Dowager-Duchess of Buckingham, the natural daughter of James II, lived there.

The quarter of St. James's, and indeed all the quarters out of the city, he thought well planned, regularly built, with wide, straight streets; but good pavement was lacking.

He admired the "Quarrez" (*sic*) of St. James's, with a piece of water in the centre, and round it the houses of the Duke of Newcastle, of Earl Strafford, of the Duke of Norfolk, all with fine furniture and magnificent pictures.

Montague House, the largest in London, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough's son-in-law, was unfurnished; but Pöllnitz was struck by the superb ceilings in the fine rooms, particularly over the grand staircase and in the grand saloon.

St. James's Church, Piccadilly, the finest modern church in London, with a portico like the Rotunda at Rome, he calls the "Court chapel."

Pöllnitz is most eulogistic over the Royal Family, and carefully refrains from hinting at the domestic feuds which rent it. George II—

"Well-made, with a good figure, serious, talking little, but talking well, French, English, and Italian as familiar to him as German. . . . At Hanover busy consoling by his favours the grief caused by his absence. Since he has begun to reign he has made no one unhappy, and if a nation's blessings prolong a monarch's life, His Britannic Majesty may hope for a long reign."

Pöllnitz lays great stress on Queen Caroline's Prussian upbringing, and the love of reading instilled by her mother-in-law, the Electress Sophia.

Frederic, Prince of Wales, as is well known, was anything but popular in England. But Pöllnitz, who, later, when writing about his death, mentions that he "has loaded me with benefits, and treated my brother with special favour," is careful to note only that "the Prince was adored by the Hanoverians."

The Duke of Cumberland at thirteen, was very clever, speaking English, German, Latin, and French; and the Princess Royal was "pretty, danced gracefully, and it was a pleasure to see her on horseback."

"No King," thought Pöllnitz—and his experience of Courts was wide—"was served like the King of Great Britain. Peers serve him on their knees." The household was very numerous, the guards very smart, and a very large corps. "Since the last Revolution the King is responsible for nothing; it is the Ministers alone who are blamed, and must give an account to Parliament if misfortunes ensue."

Pöllnitz found it easy to obtain an audience of the King and Queen, through the Duke of Grafton, Grand Chamberlain, and "Milord Grantham," Grand Equerry. He went to the King's levée, and the Queen's toilette, as in France. On Sundays he sat among the tiers of seats raised round the long square table at which Their Majesties and their children ate in public.

Three times a week there was "Dry-room" (Pöllnitz's English was never as good as his French) at ten o'clock, at St. James's Palace. The ladies assembled in the three

large rooms built by Queen Anne, and the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales came round and spoke to them as they waited, much in the fashion which still pertains at the Italian Court. Then the Queen dropped three curtsies to the King, and sat down to cards with the Princess Royal and two ladies whom she had called for. The game lasted for one hour, and Their Majesties retired before midnight. When there was no "Dry-Room" their Majesties often went to the opera or the play.

The King and Queen passed nearly all the year at Windsor, Kensington, or Hampton Court, "the finest palace in Europe till Louis XIV began to build." George was little of a sportsman.

"Sir Robert Walpole, like Marlborough, esteemed and respected in all the Courts of Europe," writes Pöllnitz, "is more popular than the latter in his own country. One sees that it is under his direction that the Cabinet of St. James to-day sets the tune in Europe, is the soul of all councils, of all deliberations."

He made the acquaintance of Strafford: "This nobleman, speaking to me one day during my stay in 1728, remarked on the change in politics, and said that, if he had behaved as the Duke of Ormond did, he would have been as unlucky as the Duke was." The latter, though brought up a Tory, had taken service with William of Orange at the Revolution; but, on the accession of George I, he had been impeached and attainted, and, escaping to France, took refuge with the Pretender at Avignon.

"'He made every effort,' said the Earl of Strafford to Pöllnitz, 'to induce me to accompany him when he left the Kingdom, but, far from allowing myself to be influenced, I used all my powers of persuasion to induce him to remain, basing my opinion on the fact that we had neither of us done anything but by order of

the Queen (Anne), and so we had nothing to fear, and the worst that could happen to us was to be cavilled at. But all my reasoning could not reassure the alarmed Duke, who came to me a few days before he escaped and implored me to leave the country with him.' I replied: 'I have nothing to blame myself with, my lord; I obeyed the Queen, and I have too good an opinion of the justice of my countrymen, too much confidence in the King's equity, to fear anything.' The Duke replied: 'Very well, Earl, we must then say good-bye, as the Prince of Orange did to the Count Egmont: Adieu, Count without a head!'

"'To which I answered: "Adieu, Duke without a duchy!" Events have shown that I was more prescient than the Duke of Ormond; I enjoy my estates peaceably, while he has been deprived of his.'

"In the same conversation the Earl spoke of Their Majesties in the most respectful terms. He praised the King, who, as Prince of Wales, had always treated him with much regard and kindness. Yet this nobleman appears but little at Court, spends his summers in the country, his winters in the town, where he has a reception once a week, living otherwise very quietly, and not spending much money."

But if Jacobitism appeared smouldering, the embers were glowing under the ashes. Pöllnitz, typical Tory aristocrat that he was, frequented, as we have seen, the Cocoa-tree Chocolate-house which grew out of Ozinda's Coffee-house in St. James's Street, that flourished in the days of Queen Anne. It was the headquarters of the Jacobite party in Parliament. Horace Walpole thus refers to it in a letter to George Montague ten years after Pöllnitz was to be seen there: "The Duke [of Cumberland] has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition that he rides up to London in it. 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa-tree.'"

The golden cocoa-tree from which the coffee-house

took its name is still in existence, cherished by the Club to this day.

The coffee-house habit was new to Pöllnitz.

"The English," he writes, "make a kind of law to go at least once a day into those sort of houses; they talk business, exchange the news, read the newspapers, and often sit looking at each other without a word. That is lucky, because, if they wished to chat, like many other nations, one would not be able to use the coffee-house, or hear oneself speak, there are so many people. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I waste my time every morning, is so full that one cannot move—dukes, peers, gentlemen, all mixed. One need only be dressed like a well-born man to be allowed admittance."

It appeared to Pöllnitz that officials and gentlefolk—

"Are not so proud as we in Germany imagine them to be; those who say so have not had much to do with them. True, they are not so forthcoming as the French, but, once known and sought out, they are as civil and polite as other nations. An Englishman does not interlard his conversation with repetitions of 'your humble servant,' nor have 'the honour to say,' 'to hear'; he does not expect to be loaded with unnecessary expressions of 'honours,' 'favours' and so on. They are above such trifles. They think these expressions unnecessary. So inexperienced travellers think them not polite.

"Some English people, however, will not know next day those with whom they have forgathered the evening before. At my first stay here I was astonished at that, and thought it English pride. But it is the effect of the 'melancholy humour' common to the nation. The man who treats you like this is not the less friendly towards you. Pay no attention to this variability; he will soon be himself again. All English have faults because they are human, but I should always trust an

Englishman who tells me that he is a friend of mine. To acquire their friendship it is absolutely necessary to speak the language. Most English people in society know French and Italian, but they do not like to speak it unless they are absolutely *obliged*. Now the Englishman does not like to be *obliged* to do anything. Of all nations they are the most free, and hate all restraint.

"The French will never understand their manners, they are so different to their own. The French, accustomed to be imitated by all nations, imagine themselves masters of the world, and fancy the English underrate them because they do not wish to copy them."

Pöllnitz declines to adjudicate, but he thinks that the English do not let themselves be ruled by custom, but follow the dictates of common sense and naturalness. French politeness is only invented to kill time.

"To speak the truth, were I twenty I would be French; now I am forty I fall in perfectly with English customs.

"The amusements of this great city are very diversified. I have known Englishmen returning from Paris bored to death in London. Others have declared to me that they were better amused in Rome.

"A sensible man, well-educated, religious—in short, a *man*—finds himself well catered for here—I defy him to better it across the water. The dissipated and debauched will find nothing to stop him. The man of the world, whom I place between the above two, will find enough to content him. As he is the most numerous class, I will relate his occupations.

"He rises late, and dresses in a frock" (coat without pockets or pleats, and with tight sleeves), "and leaves his sword at home, and goes off where he likes. He generally winds up with the Park, the *Bourse* of people of quality. Here he finds himself able to arrange among the acquaintance he meets some amusement or excursion which he suggests, and goes home to change his coat.

"He tumbles into some coffee- or chocolate-house, where he is in the habit of going when he wants people to talk to.

"At ten o'clock he goes to Court, to see the King dress, and then to the Queen, where there are a great number of ladies, much dressed. At three o'clock every one disperses on his own amusement. The dinners are very long-drawn-out, and parties at the taverns much in vogue. In private houses the ladies retire after meals, and the men stay at table. The cloth is removed, the footmen put on a bottle or two of wine and very bright glasses—all the guests do not drink the same wine—and then they retire. One of them, however, remains at the sideboard. The bottle goes round, each one pours out what he likes, and drinks what he likes, and one always drinks too much, because one drinks too long.

"After table on fine days comes a drive in a coach in Hide Parck (*sic*) where there is *corso*, or on foot to St. James's Park. In the winter one pays calls till it is time for cards.

"After the opera or the play there is 'assembly' at some nobleman's, or 'dry-room' (*sic*), followed by a midnight supper. The tavern parties are very lively, Bacchus generally abetted by Venus. One retires at dawn. Judge if a young man is not as busy here as in Paris. Believe me, it is conceit to say that one is bored in this city."

Pöllnitz thought the meals in private houses served with more cleanliness and daintiness than in any other country. There were generally three dishes to each course, and often dish upon dish, so—

"That one ate more than one wanted, and spent much time at table. . . . The beef is excellent here. I get on very well with 'Poudins,' made of flour and eggs and breadcrumb, and a thousand other things I do not know, but the *ensemble* a very good dish.

"A custom to which one easily adapts oneself is that of kissing the mistress of the house—very modestly, indeed—when one is announced. It is a pleasure to see them blush as if they were committing a crime.

"The second custom, less agreeable, is always to tip the servants after one has eaten anywhere, and not in proportion to the grandeur of the house. Thus, if a Duke invites me to dine four days, his servants mulct me of what I should spend in a week at a tavern. I am surprised that the English do not abolish this, they who are so lavish and pay servants so well; I doubt if there are any as rich in the world."

The expense of the taverns struck Pöllnitz, but he liked the cleanly way in which the meals were served, so much superior to that of Paris, where the table-linen was poor and coarse.

The "assemblies" were so crowded that they were useless from a social point of view. Usually there were but two or four card-tables. "Every one stands. One moves like an ant, one jostles, pushes, begs pardon, bows, asks how one does. Conversation is impossible."

But he had never seen any "spectacle" to equal the Assembly at the Haymarket Theatre on ball nights, and thought it the finest in Europe. Sometimes there were three thousand people present, who had each paid a guinea to enter; there was a splendid collation, with every wine one could think of, and several richly decorated halls, all perfectly lighted, used, some for dancing, some for cards.

The evening began with a concert by the best musicians in London, and the ball afterwards lasted till the morning of the next day. It was often a masquerade, when the King and the Prince of Wales would come in, but never the Queen and the Princesses.

Every one was splendidly dressed, the ladies in glittering jewels, and no country can boast of finer diamonds. The dances were English country dances.

"Every one dancing meets consecutively, and you can make acquaintances. The tunes are lively, and more suited to French vivacity than to English quietness.

"Many people hang themselves here for love. I confess that, if I were sufficiently abandoned by God to commit such a folly, it would be for an Englishwoman. I think there is such an air of modesty about them, and of sweetness, something so timid, which delights one. Tender, languishing eyes are not to every one's taste, but they are to mine, and at the age of twenty would have led me far astray. Most Englishwomen are well-made; they have the most beautiful hair in the world, and they owe their complexions to Nature; it is a pleasure to see them blush. The most abandoned retain a modest air which shows that they are not made for vice. Englishwomen dress richly, but not with the Frenchwoman's taste. It is the only fault I have to find with them. They seem to study how to place themselves in a disadvantageous light. Their dresses, tight in front, with tight sleeves to the elbow, give them an appearance of possessing neither bust nor shoulders. Their skirts are flat and wide, with paniers narrow above and exceedingly wide below. They are always laced up. It is as rare to see a woman here without a tight bodice, as in Paris with one. I wish the English ladies would copy the French in dress; the splendour and the thousand little trifles of the latter's toilette would suit these women well. On the other hand, I wish the young lordlings would not imitate the French airs and dress as they do, but would keep to the habits of their own country; they would be better as men.

"I am told that the women give as much in love as they receive. Cruelty does not become the fair sex, and a woman can love without forgetting her virtue."

Englishwomen of that day, he found, did but little needlework, being occupied in visiting and receiving, and going to Court to show themselves. He thought

that, above all things, they liked to be seen. For the same reason they go to the—

"Promenade, to concerts or plays. In these places they have a very demure air, hardly speak, and the fan makes all the conversation. . . . I was calling at a house where there was a circle of twenty women, not one of whom moved. They looked at each other, and said not a word. Where elsewhere in the world would you find twenty women sitting so quietly?

"Women in England have much liberty. In the mornings they go out with a mask of velvet on their face, hidden in a hat with a brim turned down, their dress let down, and a white apron. Dressed in this manner they go to the Park, or where they will. They ride much on horseback. Their husbands are rarely with them, nor do they know much of their doings, too philosophical and too sensible to make their wives' virtue responsible for their honour—which I think less in danger here than anywhere else, as the English temperament is not inclined to philandering. Hercules is not imitated here in love for Omphale."

Pöllnitz found more theatres in London than in other countries. The Italian opera was then the best in Europe; and he was a judge. There was always a large audience, though the cheapest seats were half a guinea, and the others one guinea. The actors were paid very highly, and noblemen contributed to the expenses. The best voices in Italy were therefore attracted. "Senofino received fifteen hundred guineas a night (!) and was loaded with presents." Handel was frequently performed, and to Pöllnitz's taste his music "was more instructive than moving." The house and the scenery were larger and finer than at Paris. He sat in the pit, the ladies only in the boxes, "so that every one sees every one." The house was lit by candles. Between the acts there was dancing, or a burlesque intermezzo.

In English opera "only the airs are sung, the rest is recited. This seems more sensible than when all is sung; in any case, a man does not sing when fighting or killing himself."

The English drama of the period was much discussed by the French. "The *beaux esprits* of each nation argued over this important matter." Pöllnitz declines to decide between them, but, in his opinion, the French dramatists were too restricted by rules, and the English not sufficiently controlled. "Thus the two nations show their diversity of tastes, one for obedience, the other for liberty." But if the English did not observe simplicity of subject and unity of place, they abounded, thought Pöllnitz, in happy ideas.

Brutus, Voltaire's tragedy, just translated, was having a similar success as in Paris. "Written in England, imbued with English thought, Voltaire seems to have forgotten in some way that he was French. . . . He speaks in it of Kings as if they were men."

Pöllnitz, always fond of hunting and shooting in his own country, saw some sport in England. "Such pace! They pursue a hare as if it were an enemy they had routed. Hound and horse are equally eager, and England provides horses and hounds for the nobility of every country, as Denmark provides the hawks."

He went to Newmarket, and found the racing much superior to that in Italy, where, we must remember, he had only seen the riderless steeds urged on down the Corso at Carnival time. He saw "two grooms ride the round course . . . vying with each other in speed, riding barebacked, and so fast that you can hardly follow them with your eye." Many were the thousand-guinea bets, "an entertainment in honour of Plutus, god of riches, and guineas rained on the horseman who won the prize. For the Englishman, besides paying roundly those who amuse him, gives presents . . . at prize-fights, rope-dancing, jumping, etc., money is thrown on the stage to the performer who has excelled. Actors at the opera and the play have presents and benefits once a

year, for which tickets are taken when a favourite comedian is playing."

Pöllnitz gives no inkling of party politics in England, though, during his last visit, feeling ran so high over the Excise Bill that Walpole was obliged to drop it. Pöllnitz must have seen in London the bonfires lit in the street by the excited populace wearing cockades, the Monument illuminated, and the Minister burnt in effigy.

It was rather the mildness of the laws and their administration which struck him. He explains trial by jury, comments on the absence of torture, "even for conspirators," and the fact that there are but two modes of execution, hanging and beheading, the latter only for peers. Like every other man of fashion, of course he attended an execution—

"A great spectacle for the populace. Four or five criminals taken to the gibbet together, well dressed, and happy as if going to a fête. There was an absence of alarming preparation, of many troops and of much solemnity. They arrived at the gibbet in a cart; the noose was adjusted, the horse whipped on, and the criminals left dangling."

Pöllnitz was told that the latter's friends came and pulled his legs to make him die quicker, and noticed that the populace always cheered a brave death—"to die like a gentleman."

"Courage at death is one of the English characteristics. Religion forbids it, but in the Romans we admire it. Suicide is very common here among all classes, more common than among any other nation. Why should these people make a sport of life? Have they more courage, or more weakness?"

Pöllnitz thought amusements in which blood was shed popular with the common people.

"The English are descended from Mutius Scævola, for, like the Romans, they despise pain. Some of the popular pleasures are very indecorous. I saw an example a few days back in St. James's Park. A man had made a bet to run the Park in so many minutes. To run more lightly, he had assumed the costume of our first father before his fall. In this state of nature he went down the Mall, where there was an enormous crowd of promenaders. Ladies, astonished at the sight, did not know how to keep countenance; some turned their heads aside, others covered their faces with their fans; all the gentlemen ranged themselves on either side to let him pass. When the race was over he quietly put on his clothes again near Whitehall, and, as he had won, many gentlemen, instead of finding fault with his impertinence, threw him money. Judge if anything can equal the mildness and the happiness of the state of society in England.

"If they do not easily give quarter, and sometimes push their advantage too far, the English have in their history no such blots as the Conquest of Mexico, the Burning of the Palatinate, the Massacre of S. Bartholomew, and no Sicilian Vespers. There are no such murders here as elsewhere; thieves, more humane, do not kill. They even give money to those whom other thieves have robbed." Pöllnitz adds the story of Dick Turpin and his ride to York, "and could tell many more to show that thieves are not cruel. . . . But they are extraordinarily sharp.

"There was a Milord travelling in his coach. The roads were so bad that his servants, who were following him on horseback, took to the fields. At last, Milord, in a hollow road, came upon a horseman, who put his gun into the carriage window. 'Here's a good gun, Milord, among friends worth a hundred guineas; will you buy it?'

"Milord understands. Defenceless, he pulls out the hundred guineas. The highwayman gives him the gun. Milord promptly aims at him with it. But the thief

replies that he has no fear! The gun was not loaded, so Milord lost his money!"

Pöllnitz came across "the Reverend Honeybuns" of the period,

"Called 'Chapelains,' whose prosperous appearance denotes that the Reform of the English Church has not attenuated its revenues. Like our ecclesiastics, it would appear that they are actuated by the same love of riches; but the difference is that they are subject to the law, and so cannot organize panics, and there are no superstitious people to look upon them as oracles. . . . It is said that their sermons are excellent, and always tend to reform men and lead them into the paths of virtue. They read instead of declaiming their sermons, which prevents any exaggerated gesticulation.

"A zeal for religion is the only characteristic that the French and the English have in common. Both differ in principles, but each holds the privileges of their Church in high esteem, and each includes fanatics. If London has not the sectaries of the Blessed Pâris there are others not more sensible. Both include a quantity of good people, and are helped by a great number of good books of Devotion and Morals which they give us. I do not think the libertines of either nation have a stone to cast at the other; there are as many in London as in Paris."

The want of distinction in rank among the nobility struck Pöllnitz very much. Had he not lived in Paris society when it was rent with the question as to the precedence of Dukes with the legitimized Princes of the Blood, and as to whether at a Lit de Justice the *noblesse de la robe* should take off their hats to the *noblesse de l'épée*?

"No excessive obsequiousness is required by the great nobles. A gentleman pays a visit to a lord, is received

as an equal, and is not made to feel the difference of birth between the nobleman when he is himself well-born. Yet the great nobles receive much deference when they are polite; but no one feels themselves obliged to put up with their haughtiness.

"As in France, great nobles marry young ladies of lower birth. True that one must differentiate between English merchants and those of other countries. English merchants often descend from the great houses of the Kingdom, and one sees them leave their counters to assume a coronet, when, by right of succession, they, from cadets, through death, become eldest sons. Thus, if a lord marries the daughter of a merchant, he often marries his cousin, or a lady of a distinguished house, whereas in France she is always the daughter of a bourgeois."

Pöllnitz made excursions into the country, and quite understood how it was that the English loved it: "very beautiful, always fresh and green." The country mansions he thought splendid: "In the country the Englishman lives like a great lord; in London he lives like private folk."

Of course he was charmed with the Thames Valley.

"Nothing can be prettier. I cannot understand how the Englishman can make up his mind to leave this country, as many prefer to do, to go to others less favoured by Nature. The climate here is mild, never the excess of heat or cold with which one is oppressed in other lands. True that the fruits are not so good; no grape-vines, but their absence is compensated for by vessel-loads of wines from Spain and Portugal. One pleasant thing in this country is that one never sees miserably-clad peasants; all are well lodged, well-clad, well-fed. They are happier than many a provincial gentleman I know. Had I but one thousand pounds sterling a year, I would give up all that the most brilliant fortune could offer me elsewhere, and live in England."

VIEW OF OLD SPA.

From "Les Amusemens des Eaux de Spa, par le Baron de Pöllnitz."

PART III

THE SCRIBBLER

"Le fruit de mon vagabondage."

PÖLLNITZ.

CHAPTER I

Cards and stockjobbing having failed to furnish Pöllnitz with the necessary funds for his expensive tastes, he tried a new means of making money.

The early eighteenth century had just discovered the charm of autobiographies. Novels were few, and frivolous folk who could find no pleasure in the classics, or in their translations, in dull, stiff histories, in sententious essays and maxims, or scientific treatises, devoured with avidity so-called memoirs, more or less fictitious, and especially if they were written by some well-known person.

During his first visit to England Pöllnitz, as we have seen, had made a bold, though unsuccessful, attempt in literature.

His precious "Cunegunde" emerged from her obscurity, and in 1732 burst out again into the full blaze of publicity, appearing in London in French, as the "Histoire Secrette de la Duchesse de Hanovre, Épouse de Georges Premier, Roi de la Grande Bretagne; the misfortunes of this unfortunate Princess; Her imprisonment at the Castle of Ahelden, where She ended her days; Her secret relations with Count Königsmarck, assassinated in consequence." As George II was now reigning, it was adapted for English consumption, after Pöllnitz's second visit to England, by the whitewashing of his mother, and by flattery of his dynasty.

In 1734 it was in the German catalogues in that language. As late as 1825 it reappeared at Berlin as "'Fredegarde, or Memoirs of the Secret History of the Hanoverian Court, translated from a French MS.' That this was 'Cunegunde' and not, as was supposed

by Count Schulenburg, in his work on the Duchess of Ahlden in 1852, ' the miserable performance of a hungry scribe of recent times,' there can be no doubt. Pöllnitz was ' the hungry scribe,' his style easily recognized. It would be interesting to know if he adapted his precious booklet from the romance of ' Octavia,' by Duke Anthony of Brunswick, printed at Nuremberg in 1683 to 1707, and in the latter part of which events occur similar to those described by Pöllnitz."

To our modern ideas, the brochure hardly appears worthy of the excitement it produced in court circles and the alarm it excited among diplomats.

It opens with a description of the Court of Hanover, bringing in the Electress Sophia, her husband, her son Prince " Charles " and his wife—always as injured innocence—under assumed names. It relates how the illness of the Princess, just before the birth of her daughter, had been caused by her husband's unkindness. Then, while walking in the gardens of Herrenhausen, the Electress tells her the story of " Gertrude," daughter of the Duke of Devon, and Ethelwold, the favourite courtier of Edward I of England.

Pöllnitz is fond of these little paddings, detached stories, which have nothing to do with the main theme, and which are skilfully inserted when an interlude is required. But, indeed, mediæval history is not his strong point. The Middle Ages was little to the taste of his century ; his local colour is all wrong, and Gertrude might have walked out of the " Decameron."

Ethelwold is sent to inspect the beautiful daughter of Devon on behalf of the King, and falls in love with her himself. He misdescribes her to the King on purpose, sets the latter up with a mistress, Vilfrede, and, at the same time, suggests that he, Ethelwold, had better marry Gertrude himself, as the Duke of Devon is in secret intelligence with the Duke of Normandy, and requires watching. They marry, and are happy ; but Gertrude pines to go to Court. Having wormed out of her husband the reason why this is impossible, she

falls into a melancholy. Then comes along an artist on tour, painting beauties for the Duke of Modena; unknown to her husband, he paints that of Gertrude, and is persuaded by her to show it at Court. The fascinated King promptly desires to see the original of the portrait. He makes a hunting-party the excuse to visit Gertrude at her castle, and invites her to Court. Ethelwold dies of grief, assisted by violent measures. Gertrude becomes Queen, poisons Vilfrede, and cuts the throats of the latter's children. Edward II (*sic*) is "taken away from this world to make one of the ornaments of Heaven."

Now back to Hanover. The Electress observes the passion of her husband's mistress, Countess Platen (the real name is given) for the attractive young Count Königsmarck. This is a chance to induce the Elector to break off his liaison. The Countess, at a ball that night, invites the young man to an assignation. At her toilette next day the neglected Princess appears sad because she cannot return to her parents at Zell, as the Platen tells her it would be too expensive. Königsmarck, remorseful and pitying her, confesses to her his relations with the Platen, and the Princess forgives him, hoping that this will mollify the enmity of the Platen towards her.

Prince "Charles" goes to the Turkish war, and, with him, Königsmarck. Then comes the news that Parliament has made the Elector heir of the English crown. Fêtes and rejoicings follow. But the Princess has no ambition. England is so far off; besides, "the Crown is a dangerous possession because of the want of affection which the English have for their sovereigns, and she is not aware that it is a desirable fate to reign over them."

The Electress is of the same opinion, adducing the "revolution under Charles I. But there is always a way of governing them, and it is fine to be a King." As the Electress "knows all about English History," she proceeds to instruct the Princess in it, and a fine hotch-potch Pöllnitz provides for the latter's consumption.

She begins with the story of "the Revolution," of

the prophecy of Charles I's mother when he was ill as a boy: "No, he'll not die; he will live to lose himself and the three kingdoms." Next she describes the plague, of which thirty thousand souls die in England alone, a judgment upon Charles's Queen and her bribery to make proselytes to the Papistry! Then she tells the story of Buckingham, of the Île de Rhé expedition, of his murder, and of ecclesiastical troubles with Bishop Cosin of Durham, Prince of Winchester (*sic*). Next back again, to the story of the Earl of Denbigh, and a Venetian Fair, of Charles's worries over Scotch law and over secret papers with Frederic Henry of Orange; of the civil war in Scotland, of Montrose, Laud, Naseby, the Holmby House plot, the King's captivity, a lengthy description of his trial, and the mystery as to who was his executioner. How Archbishop Tennison, on his death-bed, said, that, when Vicar of St. Martin, he heard that it was a butcher at S. Yves (*sic*) in the province of Huntingdon (quite possible, as Cromwell came from there); but how, on the following Sunday, Cromwell's Secretary, Spavin, said that Colonel Joyce did it, and that only Cromwell and Ireton knew. Of the story of Charles II and James II, dwelling on the latter's tribute to the bravery of the English army at Markirk (*sic*), when he fought against it under Turenne—another subtile flattery of Pöllnitz to England. In conclusion, the Electress thought that on Charles I lay all the blame. "England is proud of her liberty," she said; "a King who knows how to arrange comfortably with their laws, is quite happy with them; and King William is now adored, and shows how this nation ought to be governed."

After this garbled interlude the story of the still much-injured but innocent Princess proceeds, with the Platen as arch-villainess. She breaks with Königsmarck because he will not marry her daughter. The Princess wishes to fly to a convent in France, and meets Königsmarck secretly at midnight to arrange it, of which meeting the Platen gets wind.

Then the dreadful *dénouement*. How Königsmarck

goes to Dresden, gets drunk at a banquet, boasts of his former intrigue with the Platen, and reveals the Princess's plans for escape, all of which is repeated to Platen, and by her to the Elector. At the last minute the Princess postpones her flight in order to say good-bye to her children. The Elector has Königsmarck murdered, and his daughter-in-law removed to Ahlden. She exclaims: "Whatever spot you take me to will seem less dreadful to me than this horrible palace!"

Later the Electress tries to reconcile the Princess and her husband. But the former replies: "After what has passed between me and him there can be no more union. If I am guilty, I am not worthy of him; if I am innocent, he is not worthy of me!"

Then every one dies off: the Princess in the odour of good works, taking milk baths for her health, and feeding the poor with the milk afterwards; and her mother pleased to hear that George is liked in England, where "he reigns with glory and is the idol of his people."

Whatever scheme Pöllnitz may have had nine years previously in blackmailing George I by telling the story of his wife's infidelity—an infidelity which the recent discovery of the letters which passed between the pair has amply established—in the story as published in 1732 we see that he has quite changed his tune. In 1723 he spent only one month in England, was not received at Court, was pestered by creditors, and escaped surreptitiously abroad to avoid them. On his second visit the Baron basked in court favour, was popular in society, and generally enjoyed himself. It was now his cue to flatter the House of Hanover by running down the Stuarts, and also to appear to whitewash the unhappy Dorothea. The little book is cleverly done. Ambiguous enough to interest those who read between the lines, it contains sufficient truth to prevent it being dull, and also enough sentiment to satisfy the taste of the period, which loved weeping heroines and mawkish love-stories.

On its heels, in the same year, came, also anonymously,

"La Saxe Galante." There was some doubt as to the author. "You are wrong to attribute it to Pöllnitz," wrote Mannteufel to Brühl. But Pöllnitz's it was. He had changed his scene, and brought out an unsavoury collection of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the Court of the "physically strong Augustus" of Saxony, noted for the breaking horseshoes with his hands and for the begetting bastards. Pöllnitz had doubtless culled the stories during his visits at Dresden, and now dished them up with due flattery when he wished to secure an appointment from the magnificent monarch.

Beginning with the Italian travels of his youth and his love-affairs in Venice and Sicily, Pöllnitz brings Augustus to the Army of the Rhine, and to his marriage with the daughter of the Margrave of Anspach. After his succession to the Electorate we have in detail the story of his liaison with the beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck—who had journeyed to Dresden to implore the Elector to assist her in avenging her brother's murder—of the magnificent fête he gave her at his hunting-castle of Moritzberg, of the birth of their son, named after the castle, and to be known as Maurice de Saxe, the *beau sabreur*. Pöllnitz then describes the courtiers, beginning with Flemming, the first Minister, to whom he owed a grudge, and then gives a list of the various principal mistresses, and the careers of their offspring. He describes the visit of the Prussian Majesty to the Dresden Court, in words almost identical with those of the Margravine of Bayreuth in her Memoirs. To interest Prussian and English readers, he dwells particularly upon the unrequited fancy for Augustus of the notorious Countess von Wartenberg, with whom the English envoy Strafford was in love, and insinuates that, in revenge, she persuaded her husband, Frederic's Minister, to decline the alliance Saxony offered Prussia.

"La Saxe Galante" ran, in the following year, into a second edition, and a German translation came out in 1739. Ten years later, when his literary reputation was thoroughly established, Pöllnitz brought out another

German "New Edition, with additions," adding, "enlarged by the Baron von Pöllnitz."

The same year that "La Saxe Galante" appeared came out "L'État Abrégé de la cour de Saxe, sous le règne d'Auguste III Roi de Pologne et Electeur de Saxe, par Monsieur le Baron de Pöllnitz." In 1736 a German translation appeared. It is but a dull sort of peerage, or directory, of the Saxon Royal Family and Nobility, of hardly more than passing interest.

But both these little works prepared the way for the *éclat* with which, at Easter in the same year, 1734, three fat little volumes, "the fruit of my vagabondage," burst upon a delighted public. They were entitled: "Mémoires de Charles-Louis Baron de Pöllnitz, contenant les Observations qu'il a faites dans ses Voyages, et le Caractère des Personnes qui composent les principales Cours de l'Europe." It was published at Liége, and at Amsterdam, and a German translation came out at Frankfurt. The same year a new edition was called for, and the following year yet another, "revised and considerably enlarged," appeared in London. Where Pöllnitz was when the book came out we do not quite know. But when, in 1735, he suddenly appeared at Frederic William's "Tabagie," it was with the halo of successful authorship over his wig, and as the "*fameux* Pöllnitz, author of the Memoirs."

These Memoirs are in the form of letters to a friend. The Preface is graceful and deprecatory.

"There is never a Book that appears without a Preface. It is the taste of the Publishers: they think it necessary, and often they judge of the worth of a Book by the bombastic Preface which the Author reads out to them in an imposing tone of voice. I have been unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of one of the Publishers in love with Prefaces; he insisted on one at the head of my Memoirs. In vain I represented to him that I did not even know of what a Preface should consist; it was speaking to a deaf man: he threatened that he

would have one composed by a hack Writer. This terrified me; I trembled for my Book, having not the slightest doubt but that a Preface written by a Man of Letters, who makes a profession of composing those astonishing productions, would certainly destroy what little value the Work might contain. 'What!' I said to myself. 'People would only then buy my book because of the beauty of the Preface? And those that read it would say, comparing it with the Book Itself: "Ah! what a clever man the Author of the Preface! What a poor Writer the Compiler of the Memoirs!" No,' I went on saying to myself, 'I desire the Preface and Book to share the same fate: and, as Chance has made us an Author, let us play the whole part.'"

He then goes on to say that he was told that a Preface should give the reasons for the writing of the book; . . . that he was very far from thinking that one day he should be attacked by the *cacoethes scribendi*; that he only wrote the letters to amuse a friend; that friends pressed him to print those he had collected, and that, if asked—

"'What madness made you an Author? And how, carried away by this frenzy, did you come to put your name at the head of a poor Book?' I would again reply, Only indolence. . . . As for the Book itself, I flatter myself it contains nothing that can really offend any one. I have spoken in it of Monarchs with the respect due to the Anointed of the Lord: I try to honour them in their Ministers, my Religion teaching me that I should honour God in His Saints. I have made every effort to portray those in high places; and I may say that I do not speak only upon hearsay, or on what is given out in the Gazette. Thanks to God, my birth, the happy circumstances in which I have found myself, have enabled me to know and to see for myself.

"It will perhaps be considered that I am precipitate in my judgment in writing of Nations in general. That

may be: all men do not think alike, especially on this subject. The French take a different view of Germany to the English; and the English are not of the same opinion of the French as the Swedes. It is the same with Private Persons: each one reflects the tone of his position: the Man of Quality, the Bourgeois, the Soldier, the Merchant, all have different points of view. The Traveller judges of the Nation among which he is by the company which he frequents. A Frenchman who associates in Germany with only second-class people will say that the Germans are a good sort of folk, but very ill-bred. Another who moves with Persons of Quality or with Officials will agree that Germans are more polite than certain French Writers, whom misfortune or adventure has transplanted to Germany, depict them. A German who, in Paris, saw only the Marquises of the Faubourg S. Germain, imagines all the Women of the Court or of the City resemble them. Finally, a Foreigner who lives in the City of London will not have the same ideas of the English as another who lodges in St. James's quarter. A Foreigner can, therefore, only judge reasonably about those with whom he mixes; if he has the luck to fall upon his feet, he gains a favourable idea of the people of the Country. Let Foreigners, after having mixed with these divers societies, on their return home, portray the Nation they have had dealings with; what strange discrepancies would not then be found in these descriptions! . . .

"I shall doubtless be blamed for relating so many trifles, and passing too lightly over more important things. I shall continue to speak frankly and not make any difficulty in confessing that, if, when I began these Memoirs, I had thought that they would one day be printed, the wish to make them a success would, perhaps, have made me insert many insignificancies which I omitted, not thinking it necessary to burden my memory with them. People hardly read anything but trifles; and a History would succeed, not by the instructive facts which it might contain, but by the

fictitious tone which the Author had been able to give it. Besides, I am not conceited enough to write with the intention of instructing. And what could I have retailed in my Travels which others would not have told better than I could ? "

He eschewed dealing with learning, science, antiquities.

" I have nothing to dread from learned Men who either do not read trifles or do not condescend to criticize them. . . . I wish I could feel as secure regarding the Criticism of those who read to amuse themselves, insisting in trifles on that correct style, elegant, adorned with flowers and garlands of Rhetoric. But how to disarm them ? To confess that I could not satisfy them ; they will say, and with reason : Then why write ? I will reply, as I have already done, that idleness has led me into vice. If they will forgive me for writing, I will assure them that I will not fall into error again ; I shall not be annoyed if they scorn to throw a glance on my Book ; and, if the reading of the Memoirs conduces to their slumbers, I shall think myself very well rewarded by having contributed to procure them some repose.

" After that I ask most especially to be forgiven by the French, more than by other Nations : it is in their language that I have dared to write ; they are my real Judges. Their politeness and their sufferance of Foreigners assures me of their pardon. In gratitude I promise them that, if ever a Frenchman condescends to write in German, I will always forgive him the mistakes he may make."

The Memoirs, or Letters, are a kind of glorified Baedeker for the Grand Tour which high-born youths were wont to make round Europe in the eighteenth century. From internal evidence it does not appear that Pöllnitz made the journeying exactly as he describes, either in time or sequence. He probably threw together

in letter form the contents of note-books used during his years of wandering, and so doubtless many insignificant mistakes of dates, detail, and names would occur.

In modern times the Baron would have made his fortune in the journalistic world as an interviewer. His descriptions of people and places are excellent, though Pöllnitz, probably egged on by the demon of impecuniosity who haunted him, and by the necessity of ingratiating himself with the powers that were, overloads his narrations with fulsome flattery. Some allowance must, however, be made for the taste of the age. The complements of the most artificial of centuries were as much part and parcel of its characteristics as its bows and paint and powder.

But despite this Pöllnitz is never tedious. Possessed to a high degree by the saving gift of humour, he is also crisp and caustic, and, in fact, modern to an extraordinary degree. His writings give us some faint idea of what his conversation must have been like—the talk which delighted some of the greatest and cleverest men of his time, and which seems to have produced a magical effect on all who came in contact with him.

Political he never is; politics would bore. His gossip is, as a rule, decent; his scandal stories delicately veiled. As a rule, his writings are remarkably free from the coarseness which besmirches those of the period, and contrast very favourably in that way even with those of such a highly respectable person as his patroness Madame herself.

These Memoirs—or Letters, as it is better to call them in order to distinguish them from another set of Memoirs which Pöllnitz subsequently brought out—ran into a third edition, published in London in 1741.

CHAPTER II

ENCOURAGED by his success, Pöllnitz now launched into quite a new literary line. "Les Amusemens des Eaux de Spa" appeared in 1735 at Amsterdam anonymously, in French, in two volumes. The same year a second edition, "revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged by the author," was issued by the same firm, and a German edition came out at Frankfurt and Leipzig, and a Dutch edition at Amsterdam.

The "Amusemens de Spa" is by far Pöllnitz's best and most original piece of work, both in style and form. It is instinct with life. Pöllnitz was again in advance of his age. A hundred and fifty years later he would have shone as a writer of short stories, or as chronicler in society journals of the doings of well-known people at fashionable resorts.

In the Preface Pöllnitz deftly contrives to give an air of verisimilitude to an account—in a great measure fictitious—of a stay at the fashionable little Brabant watering-place, the forerunner of Homburg and Marienbad, and which still, after a career of nigh two hundred years, has retained her attractions, and to some extent her *clientèle*.

The book, published anonymously, purports to be the account of a summer at Spa, but was doubtless the outcome of more than one visit there. He brings in a fictitious friend to give him notes of his own impressions there, not to be shown to any one. The veil of mystery, so beloved of eighteenth-century readers, having thus been thrown over the origin of the narrative, Pöllnitz adds that, on his return, he persuaded his friend to touch it up, and let him add his own observations,

both names and places being changed to make the characters unrecognizable. For the book is padded out with a succession of short stories, each related by various visitors to the waters—stories of adventure, murder, attempted rape, abduction, etc., intermingled with the stilted love-making, the sentimentalism, the maudlin melancholy, and the abundant tears which the readers of the period found so delightful. The scenes of these short stories are laid in the different countries with which Pöllnitz had become so well acquainted during his previous travels. We are wafted away from Spa, all over Europe, and then back again. As Pöllnitz rarely touches on scenery, which did not appeal to this typical child of the eighteenth century, there is little local colour in the stories to speak of, and what there is it is incorrect. But the plots are clever—he never lacks imagination—and the characters are so instinct with life that it is impossible that most of them should not have been drawn to a great extent from real people. This, of course, to the public of the day, who could read between the lines, added great piquancy to the book. The further to whet it, Pöllnitz vouches for the truth of the tales of the Curé d'Asnières, of the Jansenists, of the unfortunate Comte de T——, which, he says, time has brought to light; while, as for the history of stingy Comte de L——, he has but suppressed the name to avoid scandal.

But the *clou* of the book is the story of the Prussian Baron de P——, adventurer, gambler, trickster, felon. It is a master-stroke of book-making, and of cool audacity. At the very beginning of the book the reader's attention is riveted. Pöllnitz tells his own life-story, sketching, in part, his own career, and depicting his hero a consummate knave!

Pöllnitz makes Spa very real to us. The Prince-Bishop of Liége's naughty little cosmopolitan watering-place, a hotbed of frivolity and vice, buried away in the heart of the heathy Ardennes hills, cut off by wastes from the rest of the world, yet within reach, and central

for both English, French, German and Dutch visitors, was even a place of pilgrimage for Italian and Spanish society.

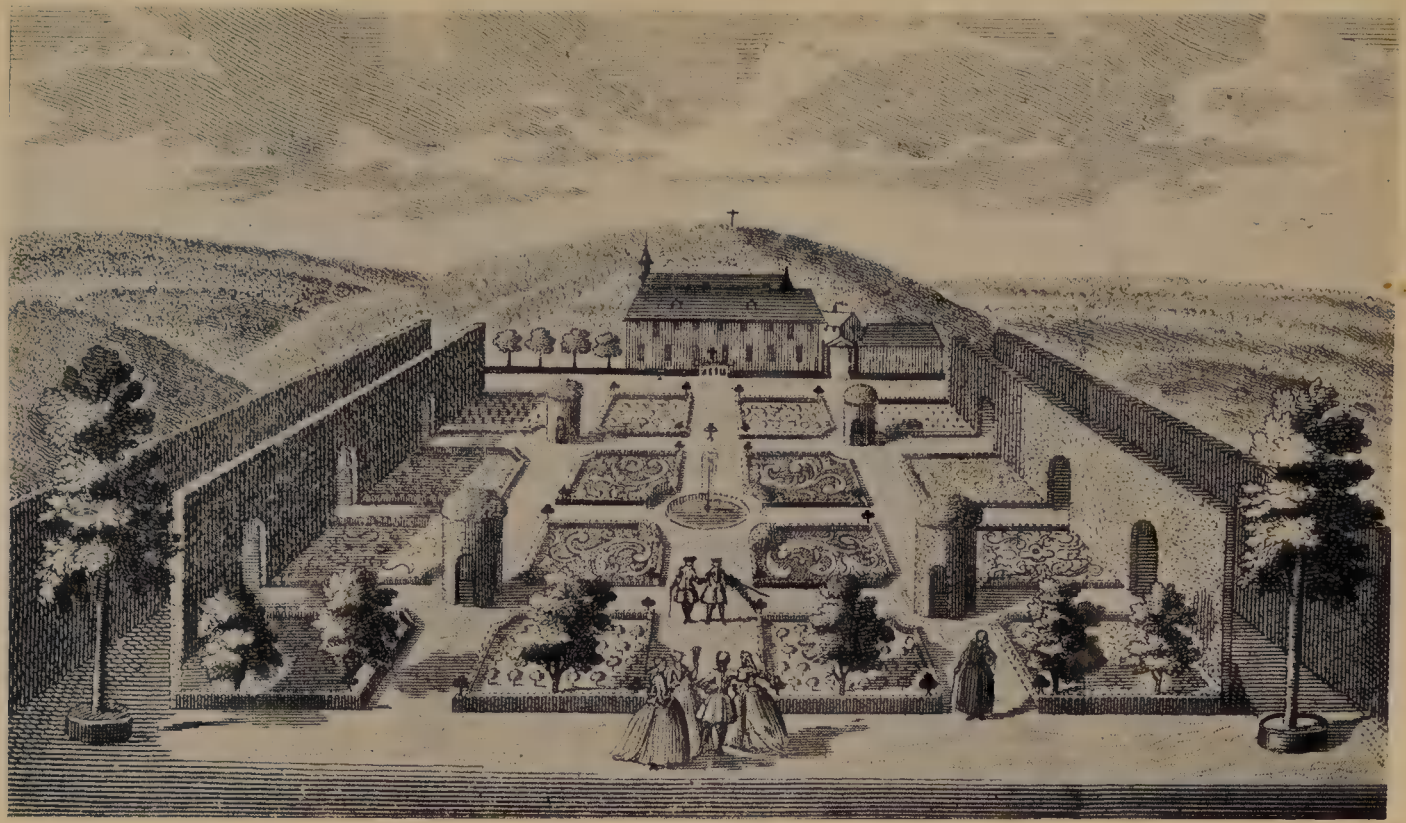
Spa Pöllnitz found pleasant enough in summer, and the inhabitants well disposed to visitors, though they made them pay for their good reception. The easy-going life, manners, and habits, the absence of the stiff constraint of courts and cities, was one of the great charms of Spa.

It was not easy to reach. Vile roads led over heaths and rocky hills whence great stones rolled down on the swaying *berlines* as they jolted on their ponderous way. Easy roads to lose, too, as Pöllnitz found to his cost on his way from Liége, when his coach stuck in the clefts and nearly upset. He suggests that it is better to employ the rough conveyances of the country.

Half an hour before reaching it one sees Spa, lying in a deep valley. It was a "terrible descent" to reach it, "impossible to remain in the coach." How much did the eighteenth-century men dislike hills!

As the visitor entered Spa he was welcomed by swarms of beggars. The *bourg* was all built of wood, only about two hundred houses, mean and old, making up about twelve hundred beds for visitors. The salient buildings were the parish church, and that of the Capuchins on the hillside. Pöllnitz thought Spa "must be truly dreadful in winter." He took up his abode at the Cours de Londres, the best, largest, and most frequented of the inns, and in about a fortnight had made up a pleasant dinner-table of about thirty covers.

Late to bed, he was awoke early by a clatter of tongues. Looking out across the market-place to the Spring, he saw people drinking the water, though it was only six o'clock in the morning. It was a charming scene. The guests were in *déshabillé*; there was an absence of swords, of full-bottomed wigs; elaborate powdered *coiffures* were replaced by half-concealing hoods. Each drinker wore a little ivory plaque hanging at his or her



SPA: THE GARDEN OF THE CAPUCHIN FATHERS

From "Les Amusemens des Eaux de Spa, par le Baron de Pöllnitz."

button-hole, on which to mark the number of glasses imbibed, up to sixteen.

As the Baron was dressing two Capuchin Fathers were ushered in, offering him the use of their convent garden, in return for a dole, which, however, as the Brethren may not receive money, was to be given via "our *Mère Syndique.*"

The Baron sallied forth to the Pouhon spring, over which is built a little edifice like the chapels on the road from Brussels, and which takes its name from *pouher*, to draw. The doctor, who is also the magistrate, approached, requesting him to leave off wearing his sword while at Spa. The order emanated from the Bishop of Liége, who is lord of Spa, as Marquis de Franchimont, and who wished to have no distinction of rank among the visitors; but the reason of it was really to avoid occasion of brawls among such a throng of idlers.

At first taste Pöllnitz thought the waters impregnated with vitriol. An English lady—the drinkers were mostly English or Flemish—offered him some sweets to put the taste out of his mouth. She was tall and stout and lively, and was evidently enjoying life. Though quite correct in manner, she was full of fun. The Baron promptly offered her his arm for a stroll, and pretending not to understand English amused himself by listening to her and her friends' talk. But there was no arcade for promenading, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, and doubtless it was tiring, in the high heels of the period, to walk in the cobbled street, which turns into a half-circle at the base of the hill, where stands in the *place* the wonder of Spa, a fountain supported on bronze frogs and bearing the arms of Liége and of the most distinguished families of Europe.

The Baron had so prosecuted his acquaintance with the English ladies—even playing a trick on the indicator of one of them and making her drink an extra glass—that he obtains permission to come and pay his respects after dinner, at the Lion d'Or. When the crowd grows less he explores the great hall near the spring,

where a large fire is kept burning for chilly drinkers; but finds only some old women and monks there. However, while deciphering the inscription in it commemorating the visit to Spa of the Czar Peter in 1717, he scrapes acquaintance with a cavalier from his own inn.

Dinner at the Cours de Londres was at first "like a refectory." Pöllnitz puts it down to English iciness. But he soon found that he was more English than the English, for, like every one else, hunger kept him silent. Tongues only loosened with the entry of the roast, when the guests—all men—began to tell stories. Dinner, which lasted three hours, wound up with the inevitable cray-fish.

One of the violent thunderstorms not uncommon at this season made all but indoor amusement impossible. Having no one to introduce him at the Assembly, the Baron turns into a café and plays billiards with a French captain. The faro-table is in full swing; the Englishmen were throwing dice. Long-sleeved sharpers, Italian and English, were hard at work. One of Pöllnitz's English companions at dinner pointed out to him, as a dangerous adventurer, a certain Baron de P——, at that moment engaged in raffling a piece of cloth of silver.

Into the mouth of the Englishman, whom he calls Lake, Pöllnitz now puts the story of this rascal—the story, distorted, garbled, and exaggerated, is Pöllnitz's own, much as we know it from his own Memoirs and from the writings of others. Moreover, it fills in too completely several gaps in Pöllnitz's life not to have much of truth in it.

"The Story of the Baron de P——"

"Too gay a life at the Court of the Prussian monarch, Frederic I, forced the Baron, deeply dipped in debt, to seek an excuse to leave it, and to betake himself to Paris. Here he hired a *hôtel garni*, set up a smart and fast turn-out, with fine liveries, even the footmen

in priceless laces, got into court circles, and dined with the Regent. Naturally he quadrupled his debts, and hied him back to Berlin, which he found in a panic over the *Affaire Clement*. Arrests were following fast on the discovery of a dark plot, and the Baron fled secretly. Going the round of the German Courts, he imposed for a time upon all their rulers, and returned to shine in Paris with the harvest he had gleaned in Germany. For a while he was in luck, with credit restored, good fortune at play and—timely borrowings. But debts again dogged him. He had nothing left to sell but his religion, and he sold that too, to Madame, the Dowager-Duchess of Orleans. Upon her persuasion he became Roman Catholic. But the Regent, deeming the sacrifice inadequate for reward, did not bestow any appointment upon him. Arrested in the Place Dauphiné while driving to the theatre in the coach of the nephew of the Prince-President, he was seized and taken to the Hôtel d'Espagne. By means of the nephew using the influence of his uncle's name, both were set at liberty.

"That evening the Baron started for England. Awhile he shone in London with the remains of his Parisian wardrobe, and tradesmen equipped him anew on account of his noble mien. He was reduced to changing his lodgings without paying his bills, to only emerging after dark, and to fishing for suppers at the Café de Smirne (*sic*) from any chance acquaintance.

"In solitude and hunger, he turned author. His first attempt was 'The Secret History of the Duchess of H——,' disguised under the name of 'Cunegunde, Princesse des Chérusques.' Through the Secretary of State he tried in vain to blackmail George II with the scandal about the latter's mother. With the court ladies he had no better success, and was reduced to turning colporteur of his own MSS. about London, and to raking in a few guineas.

"But he was recognized in the street and arrested by creditors, who have much wider powers in England than

elsewhere. He might have starved to death in the Fleet, but that Sir W—— (a relation of the relator of the story) chanced to pass by. The Baron had met him at the Café de Smyrne. Flinging himself on his knees at his feet in the middle of the street, the Baron implored Sir W——'s help. The latter doled out seventy guineas, and removed him in his coach to a hotel in privileged quarters, where writs do not run. 'Never,' W—— told his cousin, 'had he known such a mixture of wit, irreligion, feeling, and meanness of soul.' He thought to do his country a benefit by re-embarking the Prussian on the King's yacht for Holland.

"At The Hague the Baron fell in with several acquaintances whom he had known in the suite of the King of Prussia, and who, unaware of his career, were pleased to meet him. He dressed, he played, he gave fêtes, and a magnificent ball, and enrolled himself as one of the gallants on the list of the Countess of Wartenberg, ex-favourite of Frederic I, and widow of his late Minister. But she knew him of old, and that his gallantries were only a cloak for making money, and for once she was cruel. The tradesmen quartered a bailiff—a *Bode*, as he is called in the Dutch land—on him as he was getting up one morning. The Baron was forced to escape over the roofs, and to Amsterdam, clad in his dressing-gown only. Thence he sent to fetch his valet from The Hague, and made him buy a ewer and basin in Sheffield plate, on which he engraved his arms. This he sold to a confiding Jew, who imagined him a rich eccentric nobleman in a dressing-gown, for eight hundred Dutch florins!

"With this he paid his bills, got into a coat, and changed his abode. With much mystery he sells 'Cunegunde,' which he had, however, already placed in several hands, and sailed for Livorno, and thence went to Rome. Finding Cardinal de Polignac, and other French friends of the days of his splendour, he had himself presented to the Pope as a promising proselyte. Out of Cardinal Cuenfuégos he wheedled a pension which

the Congregation De Propaganda Fides bestows upon converts. With this assistance he nets an income of fifteen hundred scudos a year, takes the tonsure, and, begging for a benefice, is made Canon of the rich chapter of Cambray. But the Archduchess, governor of the Low Countries, and the chapter of Cambray, denied the right of the Pope to present, and refused to admit him. He was now at Spa, collecting, by fair means or foul, money to return to his pension at Rome."

"End of the Story of the Baron de P——"

At six o'clock Pöllnitz writes that he supped, cementing his acquaintance with the Englishman, Mr. Lake, "one of the most charming men I've ever known . . . much travelled, plenty of journeys to talk about, and made us so used to his jocularity that when he was absent from our table everything hung fire . . . a great resource on wet or dull days . . . he loved music."

After supper, a walk in the cool of the evening and then early to bed. Pöllnitz gives the austere rules of life at Spa for the water-drinkers.

1. To be up at dawn.
2. 4 a.m. in *déshabillé* to the Pouhon.
3. 5 a.m. a drive to the other springs.
4. 9. Return to the inn to dress.
5. At 10 the devout go to mass.
6. If fine, a short walk at 11; or, if wet, to the café.
7. 11.30. To dinner.
8. At 2, to pay calls, or to the Assembly with ladies.
9. At 4 to cards, or to the promenade in the grounds of the Capuchin Convent, or for a walk in a meadow just beyond the town, called (to this day) the Promenade de Quatre Heures.
10. Light supper at 6 in all the inns, of soups, *compôtes*, aniseed biscuits, crayfish, and much conversation.
11. 7. Walk in the meadow "de Sept Heures."
12. 10. The streets are deserted, and the ball only lasts till midnight.

Pöllnitz's first day at Spa ended with a concert given by Mr. Lake, because it was too wet to go to the Promenade de Sept Heures. Next morning he was duly enrolled as a Knight of the Order of the Bobelins (Buveurs) by his lively English acquaintance, headed by a "Milady," as Lake called her, and who was evidently "a person of quality." Her frank and kindly manner and speech was a new and pleasing experience to Pöllnitz, used to the stiff and stilted talk and the insincere flattery of French court life. "Her sprightliness consisted in saying pleasantly all that she wished to say without offending any one. No one but her has been able to say a civility brusquely, or a blunt thing politely. She disliked compliments, and never paid any; yet her ways charmed every one." Pöllnitz's definition of an Englishwoman's character might have been penned to-day, so true it is.

They all turned into the shops of knicknacks of painted wood, for which Spa was even then famous. The Baron bought himself a little medallion, which the ladies fastened to his button-hole, also a varnished crutch-stick with a complimentary device of Cupid roasting hearts on a spit; the motto, "I make roasts of them." This led to much bandying of wit, but Milady allowed of no serious love-making.

After that a walk in the Capuchins' garden, the only monastery precincts where ladies are allowed. The "garden" was an oblong enclosure surrounded by cloisters, with square flower-beds, a fountain in the middle, flanked with summer-houses like sentry-boxes, and having a pretty peep of the hills round Spa. Here sauntered the ladies in hoops and powder, the gallants with their crutch-sticks, in their full-skirted, braided coats. Pöllnitz was much shocked at the fountain—a figure of Christ with water spurting from his wounds—and so was Milady, the typical English Protestant of the day. A theological discussion ensued with the good Fathers, whom they found singularly ignorant regarding their own faith.

After supper, to the ball, the company mostly English, and dancing among themselves, after the manner of their kind. There was the Duchess of D——y, as proud and exclusive as she was beautiful, but who, when the Baron had been presented to her by Milady, did him the honour to dance with him. But she was languid even over the dancing, and "every one knows that the English *contredanses* are so quick as to turn the spectators giddy."

When the ball was over at eleven Pöllnitz supped with Lake. The mail came in from Liége, and by the address on a letter they found the French captain to be the Marquis de G. V——, a well-known name. He had neither put in an appearance at the promenade nor at the ball. He seemed melancholy and reserved. Milady, to whom he was presented next day, thought the same of him. One day, in the garden of the Capuchins, as they all sat in a bosky arbour by the big basin, she gradually persuaded him to tell them his story.

"Story of the Marquis de V——"

"He was a Huguenot of Southern France. His mother had been hounded to an early and horrible death by 'the booted missionaries' in the dragonnades despite his father's recantation to endeavour to save her life. The Marquis, brought up a Catholic, was put into a regiment by Madame de Maintenon, and fell in love with Emilie, his colonel's daughter. His father was killed at Malplaquet, himself made prisoner at Hochstadt. But the Peace of Utrecht brought him back to Paris, and his marriage with Emilie was arranged.

"But one day, as she comes out from mass, she is carried off by the Prince ——, one of the many abductions so common in Paris after the *débâcle* of the Mississippi Bubble. The Marquis, after much search, discovers her in a house of ill-fame, whence he rescues her most opportunely. The establishment is

broken up by the police, and its keeper and inmates whipped out of the gates of Paris. But Emilie, despite her lover's tears, retires into a convent. The Marquis, involved in a broadside which has appeared against the Prince, is sent to the Bastille for six months. The Cardinal de Noailles secures his liberty, and hurries him out of Paris. He hears that very day that Emilie has taken the veil!"

Here the Marquis is overcome by his feelings; condolences on his sorrow interrupt his narrative, and the ladies turn the conversation into other channels.

Pöllnitz's inn filled up. A boasting Brabant dandy arrived, calling himself the Comte de L——, "his face more crimson than Aurora, with symmetrical patches, his coat with paniers as wide as the ladies; he was frizzed and curled like an actor. Exhibiting his watches and charms and ornaments," he was fair game for Milady's satire. Boasting of his English and German aristocratic connections, he drank to all the great houses in Germany as his relations. "Do you visit them every year?" inquired Milady. "Then you must make the tour of Europe!"

They introduce him to the Duchess when they go to her rooms for cards. He makes love to Milady, and they cannot deal for laughing.

The next day Lake got up an excursion to the ruined castle of Franchimont. The Marquis wished to come, and an Italian, Signor Gratiani, about forty-five, and as lively as a youth of twenty. Over the glasses at five a.m. next day, Milady and her friends, seeing the gentlemen booted, invited themselves to join the party. The road was as bad as usual, and in crossing a brook first one horse fell and then another, and, lastly, the coachman. The ladies were rescued from the chaise, and Lake, in so doing, entangles himself in his spurs, and falls in too, and is obliged to change clothes with his servant.

While waiting for dinner at Franchimont, at a very

dirty inn, they climbed the steep hill to the ruins and heard from the guide the history of the feuds between Franchimont and Liége, familiar enough to modern readers in "Quentin Durward." On the way back they caught crayfish in the brook.

As regards dinner the proprietor of the inn rose to such a magnificent impromptu the like of which has not been known in the memory of man—it consisted of hard mutton, a skeleton chicken, badly cooked *bisque*, and a soup of aromatic herbs. The crayfish were served with a *compôte* of cherries, aniseed, and prunes, boiled in a hurry. When remonstrated with the indignant hostess replied that such a repast had been good enough for the Czar when he came to see Franchimont. This led the conversation on to the tragic fate of Peter's son Alexis, and brought forth a story of Signor Gratiani's connection with the latter during his stay at Naples.

The Story of Signor Gratiani

"For two long years he had wooed—and apparently won—with serenades and expensive fêtes, Justina, the beautiful niece of a German Baron placed by the Emperor high in command at Naples. But her mother's consent was necessary, and Gratiani journeyed to Vienna to procure it. Delays ensued, and, while waiting to see her, Gratiani, at a country-house, met a mysterious Pole, who was variously supposed to be the Chevalier de S. Georges, the heir of the Czar, a French Prince of the Blood, the erratic Count Charolais, or the Prince of Bavaria. On his return to Naples after five months' absence Gratiani found himself supplanted with Justina by a German.

"Presently a rumour floats about Naples of the arrest and imprisonment in the Fort of St. Elmo of a distinguished stranger, supposed to be furthering the designs of Spain upon Naples. In conversation with Justina, in the presence of the German, Gratiani tells of his meeting with the mysterious Pole, and describes his

appearance. Through Justina he learns that the prisoner at St. Elmo is Mustapha, the Sultan's heir, who has escaped to Europe to be baptized. For a while Justina wavers between Gratiani and the German. Jealousy goads the former into fighting a duel with his rival, in which he is wounded. As he lies ill in an inn he is sought out by the angry Baron, who, accusing him of having abducted his niece, has him clapped into St. Elmo.

"While Gratiani is there he receives a note with offer of help from the distinguished prisoner, whom he discovers to be his mysterious Pole. Presently the Baron arrives, weeping. He has found out that his niece, with her governess, has eloped with a Russian. Gratiani, set at liberty, meets on the terrace, just as he is leaving, the friendly Pole, who is in deep dejection. To him he tells his story, mentioning that he had spoken of him to Justina, and to the German, and, moreover, had described him.

"'Ah!' exclaims the Prince, 'I am betrayed! Your rival was spying upon me!'

"He confides in Gratiani that he is indeed the Czarevitch Alexis, flying for his life from his father, but forgives Gratiani for his inadvertent betrayal. The Baron, upon being consulted, advises Alexis to escape, and hide in Spain.

"Meanwhile, the governess is discovered dying of poison in a church. With her last breath she recounts that the German did not love Justina, but that she insisted on embarking with him.

"Suddenly two officials from the Czar, now at Spa, Tolstoi, Privy Councillor, and Romanzoff, arrive at Naples with orders to remove the Czarevitch back to Russia. 'A monk's cowl,' sighs Alexis, 'will be my happiest fate!'

"Gratiani, overcome with remorse, wishes to kill himself; but the generous Alexis begs him to accompany him to S. Petersburg. 'I shall be in time for my monastery or my funeral!'

"The Baron hears from his niece, abandoned in Paris by the perfidious Baron, and returning to her mother at Breslau. The Czarevitch and Gratiani start north. At Rome they are welcomed by the Pope, while the Russian officials deny all knowledge of the spy. Justina's mother, during the Czar's visit to Berlin, flings herself at his feet and begs in vain for justice on her daughter's betrayer. Justina dies of poison in Siberia, and, as Gratiani is suspect to the Russians, the Czarevitch sends him back to Naples, where he finds that the Baron has died of grief at his niece's fate."

"END OF THE STORY OF SIGNOR GRATIANI"

Concerts and dinners daily followed on the excursion to Franchimont, and the languid Duchess joins the Baron's little coterie. The fictitious Comte de L——, though in mourning for some German Prince supposed to be related to him, gives a ball, which, to his joy, the Duchess graces for a while, and at which he makes himself ridiculous with his light refreshments, and his sweetmeats with lovesick mottoes.

A fortnight has passed at Spa. One day, a violent thunderstorm changed the main street of the little town into a rapid torrent.

"No duller place exists than Spa in wet weather. . . . The Capuchins' garden is a sea of mud; nothing remains but to plough about in the streets, these crowded with the Bobelins, a motley crowd, many monks and nuns, with whom the Old Dutch Catholics are eager to scrape acquaintance, as there are none in Holland, and these scamps make money out of them for the season. The crowd amused Milady: 'All Europe here *en déshabillé*,' she remarked; 'it seems to me like a great stage, where it entertains me to see comedy played.' 'True,' replied Mr. Lake, 'all the characters are here, and our *Spectator* would have had a great find.'"

He and Pöllnitz and the Marquis had forgathered at Milady's, who, feeling disinclined for cards, begged the Marquis to finish his story.

"Conclusion of the Tale of the Marquis de V——"

"While he was in the Bastille his father had died, declaring that his son's misfortunes were a judgment on him for having renounced his religion. On his return to Paris from his regiment to settle his money affairs, he sees Emilie and her mother daily at her convent. One evening, as he is returning to his inn, a veiled lady appeals to him for protection. He shelters her in his rooms, only to find next morning that she has strangled herself in bed. Fearful of being arrested for murder, he takes the advice of a friend, and they hide the body in an old clavecin-case, from which they remove the works. Conveying it to Asnières to the château of the Duke of Brunswick, he hires one of those little chapels, or hermitages, which the Jansenists use as retreats, and buries her in the garden pond on the night before Palm Sunday. Next day he attends service at the Parish Church, where he hears the famous Jansenist Curé reading his reformed liturgy. The Marquis makes his acquaintance, is impressed with his high principles, and shares his frugal dinner.

"Meanwhile, he writes to Emilie and her mother for news of the unknown lady. On Easter Saturday a message is brought to him at a gallop. 'Leave your retreat, mount the horses I send, and go at once with your valet to the Porte de Neuilly. Your friends will be there. I give you one hour. Go; your head is in danger!'

"The friend puts him into the carriage of the Ambassador of ——, and, after driving him several times round the Bois de Boulogne, deposits him in the security of the Embassy. For a search had been made the night previously round all the inns and cafés. The report

ran that the Marquis had carried off a lady, whose shoe and garter had been found under his bed at his inn.

"The Marquis fled to Brussels. The mysterious lady turned out to be the daughter of a Countess, who was being forced to take the veil because her mother's lover had fallen in love with her. The Marquis went on to Holland, where, convinced that all his troubles arose from his father's change of faith, he studied the Reformed Religion under Saurin at The Hague, and turned Protestant. All his estates were confiscated at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but the Prince of Orange gave him a pension and a post at his Court."

"End of the Tale of the Marquis de V——"

Between the glasses, and the visits to the painted woodwork shops, our Bobelins discoursed with Salpeteur, the chemist, who told them of the various qualities of the several springs, and of the marvellous maladies they had cured, and of the lizard-like parasites they had caused to be ejected; of how the great earthquake of 1692 had made the waters stronger.

At one of the shops they heard a strange story of how a girl at one of the inns had been annoyed for several nights by an awful spectre. Later in the day some ladies came to stay at their inn, frightened away from their own by the apparition to their landlord's daughter. In the afternoon Gratiani gave a musical fête to some ladies from Liége on the Promenade de Quatre Heures, reached by a stony path cut in the rock—"a rock which looks something frightful, because there is a quarry . . . in some places the rocks make one shudder, because they seem hanging, and ready to fall." But the little meadow with the running brook was pretty enough, and here the little party were told the tale of the innkeeper's daughter, by a member of the Imperial Council at Brussels, who had joined their table at the inn.

The girl was awakened by lights in her room, and a fiery cross and inscriptions on the wall. While she said

her prayers, and promised pilgrimages, a gigantic spectre with many hands approached and tried to embrace her. Her screams awoke the ladies next door, and the apparition vanished. Next night the maid-servant slept with the girl: fiery cross and inscriptions, but no spectre. Great excitement in the inn; one of the visitors, a monk, says masses for the soul of the girl's mother in purgatory.

Next night, the girl is alone. The room suddenly becomes aflame. A fiery inscription exhorts her: "Do not scream." The spectre, in a sheet of fire, renews his advances. The girl rouses the house, and the father rushes in armed with holy relics, and implores the monk to come to his assistance. But he is diffident as to entering the maiden's chamber, and frightened of the spectre, whom he in vain conjures to appear. He declares it to be an Angel of Darkness transformed into an Angel of Light.

Meanwhile the girl had fainted, and her father had run for wine, and for a candle blessed by a priest, the appearance of which causes the flames to disappear. When the candle is removed the cross and the letters shine out again, on the mantel-piece: "Away from hence, profane people!" The monk declares that this refers to the good innkeeper, but he would not leave his daughter, and they all three played with the blessed candle till dawn.

Two Dutch officers, staying at the inn, sat up the next night. Cross and inscriptions, but no spectre. But they had heard of sparks being seen on the monk's robe, and that it had been discovered that, after all, the candle had never been blessed at all, but was just a common one. So they began to be suspicious.

At this juncture in the story shrewd Milady laid the blame on the monk. "She is always down on the monks!" laughed the Member of Council.

The following night one of the officers went to sleep in the room which the girl vacated, while the other officer and her father, armed with holy water, lurked in the kitchen. Two hours passed, when suddenly the

officer felt the bed-clothes removed, and saw the room aflame, crosses, etc., and the spectre vomiting fire. With a rope which he had ready to hand he lassoed the unearthly visitant, who crashed to the ground, turning out to be the most earthly monk, with sticks in his sleeves and phials of phosphorus in his concealed hands. Two of his fingers were burnt off in his fall. The girl rushed in and beat him with her shoe, and he fled to Stavelot, the nearest town. The father dared not say anything, as Spa is in the Bishop of Liége's dominions.

This story led to a discussion on phosphorus, and to other tales. The Marquis told of one Rosselli, known as "the unfortunate Neapolitan," who kept a café at The Hague, a chemist and charlatan, who dealt out medicinal secrets to dupes. The French Ambassadress having heard much of him, sent for him directly she arrived, at ten o'clock at night. While waiting in the saloon he put out all the lights, and when she appeared received her with phosphorus flames, smoke, and detonations, and pursued her about the house. The servants all fled, except the porter, who, though frightened, shouted: "Oh! M. le Diable, don't burn me yet! You'll have me soon enough!"

At supper at Milady's that night Lake explained the difference between shining phosphorus, from a metal found near Bologna, and fulgurating phosphorus, invented by Kraft, which only shines in the dark. The two Dutch officers were sent for, and they all played experiments with phosphorus, and Milady, as sceptical about spectres as they were, related a story she had heard at Lord Stair's, the British Ambassador in Paris:

"The Comte de B——, well known at the French Court, was detained on a journey by bad weather, and forced to sleep at a haunted castle, given over to the Devil, and where witches held their sabbaths. In the middle of the night a hairy spectre, dragging a chain, visits him. The Comte rushes at him with his sword: 'I kill! I kill!'

"The spectre bids him follow him, and leads across the courtyard to a tunnel, where the Comte falls down a trap, and finds himself surrounded by very living spirits. These bandage his eyes and shut him up in a cellar. He thought they must be alchemists, seeking the philosopher's stone, or false coiners. Hearing them plan to kill him, he warns them that, if he is missing, the village will be searched and punished. So they swear him to secrecy inviolable, and let him go free. Many years later a stranger in a hurry brings him a present of a fine pair of horses, with a letter thanking him for his fidelity; the fortunes of those he surprised are now made, and they release him from his oath."

These weird stories brought about a late evening, such as is forbidden to Bobelins; so the party determined to be abed next morning to make up for it. Unfortunately Pöllnitz, Lake, and the Marquis were kept awake by the return of the dandy Count, who had been escorting his Liége lady-loves home, and had been recalled by his father because of his attentions to them. Late though it was, he sat up with his valet considering his clothes, and, with a pastry-cook, discussing the light refreshments for the dance he was to give Milady on the morrow. Pöllnitz and Lake, furious, determined to pay him out.

A Canon of Liége who was at the inn helped them. He was acquainted with the gentleman's history; how he was married, having got into trouble at the University of Louvain. He had become enamoured of an actress, who had induced him to settle his property on her, and then wrote to his mother and told her what he had done. Of how the mother had paid her handsomely to quash the settlements, and then married her hopeful to a nice girl, who had been obliged to separate from him.

A plot was laid by the gentlemen and Milady and the Duchess let into the secret. They were sixty at supper, and the Comte sat between the two ladies; Milady contrived to drop some grains of opium into his

glass. Suddenly a strange footman rushed in to him, exclaiming: "M. le Comte, your wife has given birth to a fine boy, and your mother sends me with the news!"

While the company were drinking to the health of the heir, the Comte, feeling unwell, was obliged to retire. They waited for him in vain to open the ball with the Duchess. The host is found asleep in the cloak-room. The company set to and dance till eleven, when the ladies retire. The Comte is awoke with difficulty, is forced to drink some lemon-juice, then falls asleep again till morning, when, to the relief of the plotters, he awakes quite himself.

Nothing appeased, however, Lake plans another humiliation for the luckless fop. He will make him King of the Bobelins.

At the spring next morning the news was that the Baron de P—— had taken French leave, in debt to all the woodwork shops. After failing to extract a loan from the Dutchman, Jans, to whom he had written a touching letter about his predicament, he had been more successful with the Milord, though the latter was known to be far from free with his money. Altogether he had made off with six hundred livres, besides his winnings and his debts.

When our little coterie went to walk in the Capuchins' garden, after cards at the Duchess's, they found a religious procession perambulating the garden. The English ladies were anxious to follow it; but they were persuaded to view it from an arbour on account of an adventure which had happened to the Duchess of Newcastle at a Benedictine chapel at Brussels. She had been knocked down because she would not kneel at the Elevation. The Englishmen present drew their swords, and there was an uproar.

Next day they all paid a visit to the Geronstère spring, on a rough road, in horribly jolty country carts. Pöllnitz got off his horse, and went afoot, as did the Czar in 1717. They found a great procession of Bobelins, thirty chairs, besides private carriages, a hundred gentle-

men on horseback, priests and monks afoot. The Geronstère spring is sheltered by a kind of sentry-box under a pagoda ; from the terrace above is a pretty view over the hill, with the church towers of Spa below. In the hall adjoining Milady and the Duchess fall into talk with a pleasant Abbess, whom they invited to come for a turn with them in the Capuchin gardens, on their return to Spa. There the Comte de L—— rushes up to them, accusing the Abbess of having stolen his snuff-box in church. There is a scene ; the indignant lady boxes his ears twice. Later on the snuff-box is found on his table.

At the inn, in the afternoon, Lake, in a long, high-falutin manifesto, confers the title of King of the Bobelins on the Comte, who is told that he will be crowned by the Duchess. Meanwhile the others plan a practical joke on him, and, in his name, engage all the musicians in Spa.

At the chemist's they fall in with a Scotchman, who fell ill, when at the University of Oxford, of a nephretic colic. The waters of Bath proving useless, he came to Spa in the hard winter of 1709, and, after drinking at the Pouhon for four years, was cured. Milady thinks Spa in winter must be dreadful. He agrees ; nobody there but the Capuchins. The Abbess remarked that life was less free in a convent. " But the nuns have chosen it," replied Milady. The Abbess sighed deeply and added that few liked it for long.

When drinking at the Geronstère next morning a doctor from Liége gave them wise rules about diet when drinking the waters, and also showed them the little disused old Geronstère spring. " Ah ! poor spring ! " exclaimed the Abbess, " she has been sacrificed to her sister. What an emblem of my fate ! " And she wept.

The Duchess was curious to know what caused her grief, but Lake, his head full of the afternoon's proceedings, marshalled them back to Spa.

He had invited all Bobelins to the fête. Hunting-horns announced that it was beginning ; a noisy band

played in the hall ; a table was spread with confectionery for the ladies. The spring of the Pouhon was decorated, and the Comte had given ten guineas for a wreath to adorn his own head.

Gratiani had dressed up a young fellow in caricature of the Comte, had put whalebone in the skirts of his coat and cardboard in the folds of his shirt-sleeves.

Pöllnitz and the Marquis began to fear that the joke would go too far. They had difficulty in inducing Lake to stop it, " for an Englishman does not readily give up a pleasure he has planned." But it was still more difficult to make the conceited Comte see that he was being befooled. Only a lady could do that, and Milady stepped into the breach. As he advanced in the ridiculous procession through the crowd, to receive the crown from the Duchess, the lady took him aside. " Indeed, Monsieur, you must have a bad cold in your head not to see that they are all making fun of you ! " and she proceeded to lecture him on his ridiculous foppishness, his silly balls and fêtes, and general demeanour, unsuitable to a coquette, much more to a married man. Bewildered by this harangue the Comte tried to get speech of Lake ; but the latter had it cried through the crowd that the Comte was giving a concert in the meadow, and every one adjourned there. Round dances and songs followed, till eight o'clock supper. The crowd, however, would have liked the fun drawn out to the end with all the old ceremonies—the King of the Bobelins on a green throne at the Pouhon, receiving the oath from all the drinkers.

Next morning, when the Baron was up betimes making a sketch of the Geronstère, he heard tell of the barometer of the spring, which foretells rain. " It will rain in a day or two," say the women filling bottles for export, " because the spring sings " ; that is, the water whistled as they shut down the bottles.

Lake told the company of an amusing letter about the Capuchin Fathers he had written to a lady in London, a friend of Sir John H——'s, who had now left her

native city, and wished for information. It was compiled from notes of a Franciscan—the Franciscans and the Capuchins do not love each other—about their order, their appearance, and especially their dress. For their habit is a perfect labyrinth. They carry everything on their persons, and possess fifteen different pockets.

Two months previously Lake and Sir John H—— had been at Aix, and two Capuchins came to have a bath at the house where they lodged. Leaving their cloaks in the little room where people undress, they passed to the bath in their robes. Doubtless as they came along they had been to pass the time-o'-day with one of their *dévotes*, who had presented the good Father with a leg of mutton, which he had placed in the pocket called the Abyss. A dog, attracted by the smell, visited the cloak, found his breakfast ready, and, breaking through the window, fled with his prey. When the Fathers came out of the bath and found a cloak missing, they cried "Sacrilege!" Especially did the loss of the leg of mutton affect them; but they complained only of the profanation of the holy habit, threatening all the house with the thunders of the Vatican, and vowing by St. Francis that they would have justice. After a search, the rags of this precious habit were found near the stables. By means of this clue the dog was discovered, sitting upon the remains of the cloak, and gnawing the mutton-bone. The good Fathers rushed at the sacrilegious animal, who discreetly flew, and, escaping with only curses, remains anathematized. But what amused the English onlookers most was to see the Fathers picking up the débris of their toilettes from the pockets of their cloaks, which appeared innumerable.

When the Protestant Marquis heard of the letter, he remarked that he hoped Lake had made fun of the other orders also. The Abbess interposed, hoping that hers might be spared. The Marquis covered himself with apologies.

Lake now suggested to the other men to have a bath. They had never heard that such a thing was possible

at Spa. Gratiani excused himself on the score of rheumatism; bathing was too English for the Italian, the former nation, says Pöllnitz, affecting mineral baths more than any other people.

The bath was in a cellar under the mill, and there was another small bath which could be heated. To tempt them to try it, the old woman who kept it enumerated the distinguished persons who had passed through her hands, "*I* rubbed them!" she exclaimed. "I held in my hands the head of the Czar!"

The Marquis told a story of the efficacy of cold-water bathing. How in Normandy, a late-comer to a funeral, wending his way on tiptoe into the church, fell into the grave, and, hurting his leg, was cured by a priest who practised a cure prescribed by an English doctor.

After their bath the men went to the café, where there was a great game of piquet going on between an Englishman and a German. They had been playing for eight hours, and had forgotten to dine. They had now come to the conqueror, which was worth three hundred guineas. To judge by their looks, you would have thought that the fate of the universe hung on the cards. The Englishman tricked the German by a bet on the game. "One begins by being a dupe," commented the Marquis, "and one ends by being a knave"; and they left the café indignant with the Briton.

As they went to call on the ladies to tell their English friends of this *coup*, the talk turned on gambling. Lake said that the English made a robbery of it, and that young milords were often ruined by it. Gratiani added that the Italians made a science of it. Lake considered them the best players in the world, but somewhat unscrupulous. At Rome he had heard one of the prelates boast that he could put four aces or kings in the pack, and, as an excuse, allege that it was not forbidden to shuffle cards well any more than to play them well.

At supper at the inn they found a new-comer, a German gentleman, arrived by way of Treves, and who seemed very tired. He had met with an adventure

on the road, having been led astray by false guides, who had tried to murder him. He had killed two, the one in front of him, from under his cloak, while, with a fold of it he had blindfolded the other, and had escaped to the Abbey of Pruyère. Pöllnitz and his friends decided that nothing was to be said to the ladies about this adventure, for fear of frightening them. Then to bed. The amusement for the next day was "a sleeping party," suggested by Milady, because of the late hours which they had been keeping. None of them were to appear at the springs early.

The days simply flew at Spa. There seemed hardly time to write a letter. No reading was allowed, as it was not beneficial during the cure. One always felt sleepy yet one gave very little time to sleep. Almost ashamed of having been one of a "sleeping party," Pöllnitz dressed in haste next day. The Marquis went to fetch the Abbess, Mr. Lake and Pöllnitz, Milady, and all went together to quadrille at the Duchess's. But, as the Abbess was not good at cards, and hated gambling, they all went out to the Promenade de Sept Heurs, "where the world seeks cool fresh air after supper during the dog-days, when the houses are baked, and the refraction from the rocks and hills makes Spa sultry at night." "A little," says Pöllnitz, "would make this promenade, lying between the hills to the north and the brook, a fine walk." Nowadays it is a shady avenue of tall trees.

Milady chaffed the Marquis for giving his arm to the Abbess: "He thinks he is talking to his dear Emilie," which touched the Marquis on the raw. The Abbess knew nothing of his history, and when Milady, to turn the conversation, inquired the reason of the nun's sighs at the Geronstère, the Abbess replied that she would also make a mystery of her story, which, being about a convent, would not interest the English ladies.

Whereupon the Duchess, to smooth susceptibilities all round, plunged into her own life-story.

Brought up at the Court of Queen Anne, and married very young to a "milord" Duke, she was, at first,

happy, with three children. Then her health failed, and she discovered one day, at the Duchess of K——'s, that she had a rival—the gardener's daughter in her country house thirty miles away. She confronted the situation with the greatest generosity: she sent for the gardener, told him that she would marry the girl off well, and furnished rooms for her sumptuously. The Duke came down, found what his wife has done, and was penitent. Reconciliation followed; they together found a husband for the girl, and lived happy ever after.

A smart little character-study in British common sense!

The Abbess thought the Duchess's conduct most wise, and was now induced to tell her own story.

The Tale of the Abbess

"Her parents had been unhappily married, had separated, and died young. Her only sister, much younger than herself, fell in love with a young Colonel, but, dreading the snares of the world to be found in society, put herself under the wing of the Jansenist Abbé de Guet. She became acquainted with Mlle de Joncourt, imbibes Jansenist doctrines, and was taught the secret mysteries of Grace by Madame Nicole, the ladies of Rochebouet, and other *dévotes*, escaped from dissolved Port Royal.

"On Thursday she attended the devotional meetings and lectures on the Bible by the Abbé d'Asfeld in the great hall of the Curé of St. Roche, where the Jansenist ladies went regularly. She brought her sister notes of the Abbé's commentaries, and talked of nothing but the Power of Grace, the injustice of excommunication, and the abuses introduced into the Church by the Jesuits. Her study, with its comfortable *prie-Dieu*, was full of Jansenist books, and hung with engravings of Port Royal, of the Arnauds, Nicoles, Pascal, Quesnel, and other Saints. She spoke always of the Efficacy of Grace, the *môt d'ordre* of the party.

"She tried to convert her sister, taking her to dull

sermons by the Italian monk Albizy. These daily lectures on the vanity of the world, combined with the ponderings over her mother's fate, affected her deeply. Père de la Tour, half-way between a Jesuit and a Jansenist, confirmed her vocation. She went into retreat at the Abbey of ——, a Benedictine order, whose Superior was Princess ——. The sister, who went with her to the convent, was so pleased with what she saw that she, too, felt a vocation. Their relations, who would inherit their property, quite approved the step. Not so the Comte de R——, who wrote perpetually to dissuade his beloved from taking it.

"They were to assume the veil together. The speaker, as the eldest, was first to make her vow. Then, suddenly, her sister had a fainting-fit at the altar, and the ceremony was postponed for a week. Meanwhile a venerable sister died in the convent. The next night there was an alarm of fire; the Abbess was ordered to ring the bell, and in the disturbance lost sight of her sister, whose charred remains were found in her cell. Though only a postulant, she was given a beautiful funeral, the Archbishop officiating. . . ."

Here the Abbess stopped, dissolved in tears, but hinting there was more to weep for than her hearers yet knew.

Next day the little coterie is diminished by the departure of the Member of Council, the captain, and the stingy Milord. But a well-known German Count, lodging at the Cours de Londres, was introduced to the Duchess at Geronstère, and proved an addition. When they went back to Spa they bought Venetian glass, mother-of-pearl, and ivory knicknacks, and Milady told the story of the London locksmith in 1578, who made a lock of eleven different wards, the key weighing a grain of gold, and hanging on a chain composed of forty-three different chains, which hung on the neck of a flea who dragged it. The lock and the key and the flea only weighed two grains.

That night they persuaded the Abbess to go to the Assembly. It was the most decorous and well-arranged that Pöllnitz had yet seen at Spa, people dancing in better step and time. One of the charms of the Spa ball was that one danced or not, just as one felt inclined, one's health the excuse. The gentlemen invited the ladies to dance, and asked them again if they chose.

At four next morning they all started for the Sauvenière Spring, at which their new acquaintance drank only. There was only a dirty little hall for shelter, where the mass of the Bobelins used to be said; but, as that bored the visitors, it now takes place at the Capuchins'. The Count thought the hall poor, compared with the magnificence of Bath or Pyrmont; but it was impossible to improve it, as in winter thieves carried off the doors and windows for firewood.

The Sauvenière Spring is the one for gouty diseases. Our party thought the crowd of ugly faces which surrounded it most unsightly; it might, they thought, be called the Ecclesiastical Spring, for monks and clergy abounded. The Grey Friars begged, not in vain, surprised to find their benefactors were condemned heretics!

When sitting in the hall they persuaded the Abbess to finish her story.

Continuation of the Tale of the Abbess

"After three years, when she has become Abbess of her convent at twenty-nine, only five years after taking the veil, she suddenly hears that her sister is not dead, or else that some one is impersonating her. Rumour says that she had married Colonel the Comte de R——, who was now claiming her fortune.

"The Abbess sent her sister's death certificate. But the Colonel wrote that the latter was alive and well, and would come and see her. A letter from the sister followed. The relations were disturbed; they would prefer that Abbess should recant, and reclaim her fortune, than that it should pass to an adventuress. As a final proof the Abbess had her sister's coffin opened.

"But, one day, as she sat in her parlour with her chaplain and two visitors, a coach and six drove up, and the Colonel brought in a lady exactly resembling the dead sister. The latter uttered some words known only to herself, the Abbess, and her mother, and tried to kiss her through the grille. Convinced against her will, the Abbess fainted, while the Colonel and his wife fell at her knees, and craved her pardon.

"The sister had only inveigled the Abbess into taking the veil that she might get her share of the family property. She had put the dead nun in her bed, set fire to her cell, and escaped in the tumult. She had married the Colonel at Nancy, and they had one daughter. The old nun's grave was opened, and was indeed found empty.

"In vain did the Abbess endeavour to bring her sister to repentance. The Duc de Richelieu helped the latter to reclaim her property, and scandal whispered that he was rewarded by her favour, and that the Marquise d'A——, his mistress, was jealous. The Abbess tried to induce her sister to leave Paris, but an order of the King confined her to her Abbey.

"The Colonel was, to all appearance, pliable. But one night, as his wife was dressing for a masked ball, two masked servants entered her room and offered her the choice between pistol or poison. Choosing the latter, she died within the hour, bequeathing her young daughter to her sister's care.

"The Abbess mourned for her sister's soul. The Colonel was suspected of murdering his wife. The Duc, in revenge, had the *lettre de cachet* removed from the Abbess, who was now free to take her niece into her Abbey, which she was about to do when she had finished her cure at Spa."

"End of the Tale of the Abbess"

To cheer their spirits after this tragic tale, the little coterie, ladies in one chaise, maids in another, gentlemen on horseback, ascended the hill with the cross on it,

and had a fine view over the moorland, the Marquis providing refreshments and Gratiani music, in a sort of summer-house.

Next day, at the Sauvenière, they found a woman washing her feet in the spring of St. Remacle, the patron of Spa, " the foot of St. Remacle," it is called. It is sovereign for curing sterility. It is but necessary to drink nine glasses nine days running, with one foot in the water. This young woman of twenty had had four husbands and five lovers, but was childless, and her present elderly spouse declined to bequeath her his money unless she presented him with an heir.

Hard by was the oven of St. Remacle, where the saint baked his bread. From a doctor on the spot they gleaned the history of the Sauvenière, and its virtues. Pliny mentions it, and the name is derived from the Roman General Sabinus. Salpateur the chemist had old records about the spring, which they went to examine. The Abbess horrified him by asking for a cup of tea. He mixed her some with the Pouhon water to show how they disagreed, and how they might injure her.

A hot night followed, the flies so bad that the ladies were obliged to sleep in leather stockings. They all awoke covered with blotches, but had to rouse before dawn for the six hours' drive to Chaude Fontaine, near Liége. At breakfast the Canon of Liége, who had been in the hotel, reappeared. The Duchess inquires after her little cousin, the stingy Milord, who had left with him.

The Canon tells the story of the adventure which had befallen the latter at Chaude Fontaine.

Previous to going to Spa, Milord had been at Aix, where he had acquired a character for miserliness, as he would not entertain the ladies. There he paid much attention to a nice girl, who went back to Liége, and he on to Spa. Later, when he went to Liége with the Canon, he met the Belle of Aix, with two friends, in the Place de St. Paul, coming out of mass. He invited

them all to come to Chaude Fontaine, which is the promenade of Liége. Every evening a boat goes down the Visère to bring visitors back to the city. The three ladies appeared, and dined with friends, Milord carefully putting in an appearance after dinner only, and appropriating his fair charmer. She tells him that she wishes a message taken for her to Liége. Milord calls his valet, and bids her command him. She takes the valet apart, and sends him off.

They all go to the baths, and at six o'clock meet at the inn, where enter musicians, who prepare for a ball. A fine collation is duly laid. The valet returns, and the lady tells his master that he has carried out her message. A delightful entertainment follows, for which Milord receives much praise, and discovers that his valet was sent to order it. He has a great scene with the servant and the musicians, and escapes to the city for fear of having to pay.

The Duchess, delighted, vows that she will retail the story all over London.

The Canon, who was also Lord of the Manor, dined with them, and showed them round the pretty hamlet under the terraced hills, and the baths and the springs. Then he went back to Liége by boat, and they sat down to sup.

Next day they did not rise till six, and took the ladies to the baths. As Pöllnitz and the Marquis were returning, they met the Abbé with whom they had forgathered at the Sauvenière. He was full of inquiries after the ladies, especially after Milady. His eagerness caused the Marquis to think that he had fallen in love with her. The Abbé asked permission to join them at dinner, and afterwards accompanied them to a pretty wood at the foot of the hill, where they sat on the grass by the waterfall. There they persuaded the melancholy German Count to tell his tale, for the Duchess thought they had talked medicine enough for the last two days, and the Abbess was of opinion that they had been so frivolous that it would be well to be serious a while.

The Tale of the German Count

"This story, he said, is as sad as that of the Abbess. He was an Austrian, his mother a Catholic, his father a Protestant, wounded in the Turkish War, where he was away for three years. There was gossip about the wife's extravagance, and of a jaunt to the baths of Triplitz. After the husband's return, the son was born. Later, as he was alone, his mother provided him with an older lad as a companion. While he was sent with a tutor to the University of Halle, his father died, leaving him a young and impetuous lad of seventeen.

"The young man, his companion, put on mourning for the old Count, which so enraged the young one that there was nearly a duel. So high ran the feeling, and so bad his mother's treatment of him, that the Count went off to travel for three years. On his return he despatched his mother's favourite to a regiment in Flanders, and there was peace a while.

"He married, though warned against the match, a Fräulein von S. G.——, a Saxon Roman Catholic, whose mother had been a favourite of the Elector Augustus, when he was Electoral Prince. With the three women—mother, wife, and mother-in-law—in the castle the friction was so great that, when his son was born, he sent his mother-in-law away. Then his tutor died suddenly of poison, and his suspicion fell on his mother.

"After a while his wife's friendship with a neighbour, the Bailiff of P——, made him jealous. His mother died at Venice. Returning from her funeral, he was waylaid in a wood by an assassin, whom he killed, only to discover him to be the Bailiff. His wife's grief, and his fear of the deed being laid to his door, caused him to escape to Saxony to an aunt.

"The young fellow brought up with him, abetted by the Bailiff's relations, demanded, as the old Count's son, born during marriage indeed, but on his mother's mysterious journey to Triplitz, during her husband's

absence, to be recognized as the lawful Count, and head of the family and owner of the estates. He took the title of Count von C——, the best title in the family.

"Some ten years of lawsuit followed, the Count denying the pretender's legitimacy. His own wife became mistress of the Bishop of C——, his son was sent to a Jesuit College. To avoid arrest by the Count von C——, on account of not having paid the costs of the suit he has lost, he was obliged to live out of his own country, in Saxony, where a rich aunt provided for him. The son escaped from the Jesuits, and the Count was now on his way to Cologne to meet him, and to retire to live in England."

"End of the Tale of the German Count"

Mr. Lake is so struck with the sad story that he begs the Count and his son to come and stay with him in London. The Count does not accept, but will do himself the honour of renewing his acquaintance, and that of the Duchess and Milady.

The Abbé, on the other hand, says he will be delighted to go to London; if any one asks him, he would not require much pressing.

"'But what should we do with you in London?' asks Milady. 'We've enough "clerical collars" without you.'

"'I would go away, Madame, if it displeased you.'

"'And after that?'

"The Abbé, disconcerted by her expression, began hastily: 'I—I—I. . . .'

"Milady, laughing heartily, imitated him. 'I . . . I . . . I . . . I think, M. l'Abbé, that you are in love. I . . . I . . . I . . . tell you that you've behaved very stupidly. I . . . I . . . I . . . would advise you rather to read your Breviary than to think about love.'"

This little scene amused every one so much, that even the poor Count himself could not help laughing.

On returning to the inn they found the genial Canon back again. As he could not entertain them himself by a ball, he brought a nephew to do the honours, and they danced well into the night. Next day the nephew gave a dinner with music, and in the afternoon they all drove back to Spa.

The little town was full of new arrivals, mostly English, of good family, and there were card-parties at Milady's half the night. They took the new arrivals the round of the springs. At the Geronstère they were pointed out a man, in apparent good health, who drank forty glasses a day, all round the springs, in an eight-days' stay at Spa during twenty years.

At the Tonnelet, an icy, sulphurous spring in a marshy meadow, the Abbé galloped into the swamp, and had to be extricated, horse and man, by the other gentlemen. After that they sat and rested in the meadow, in a pretty situation, and the Abbé, who had a fine voice "and knew more of operas than of psalms," sang to them. A cadet of good family, he had been obliged to take orders, and was brought up at the College Plessis, and the Seminary of S. Hilaire, where the discipline is very strict. He discoursed on the "silly society of the Jansenists, who think everything wrong," and told a story of a Jansenist Superior who had disguised himself as a woman, because he was wild to go to the theatre, and how all Paris had rung with a song on him, the refrain: "Shall we say Mademoiselle, or Monsieur de Montenpuyo?"

The Marquis, on the other side, described the saintly Curé of Asnières and his church, so simple, built by a Protestant landowner. There was no reservation of the Blessed Sacraments, but adoration at the Elevation. The Curé was very strict as to morals, and turned the Marquise de P——, mistress of the Duc de R—— (Richelieu?), out of church. R—— supported him, and, one day, when he wished to be out of Paris in secrecy, to avoid being pestered with petitions for the release of the Comte de Horne, he spent the afternoon

with the Curé, discussing theology and sharing his frugal dinner. The Marquis further described the ceremonies on Holy Thursday, and the washing of the feet of poor parishioners, and the sitting at table with them.

The Abbess, however, was of opinion that the Curé was a great mixture, and neither Protestant nor Catholic, and that the prayer which the Jansenists said at the Elevation was nicknamed the "Creed of Bedlam." Lake agreed with her: that they had no head, no Pope, no Bishop; that they wished to bring the English into the Infallible Church, while recognizing Anglican orders. Were they not persecuted themselves, they would persecute. While holding the dogma of Grace and Predestination with the Anglicans, they laugh at monks, vows, pilgrimages, and dreams of purgatory.

Milady considered the Jansenists narrow; that they went too far for a good Catholic, and not far enough for a good Protestant. The Marquis, however, continued to defend them, thought them laudable in tenets and in conduct; and all agreed with him, except the Abbé and the Abbess; but the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of letters, for it was mail-day.

Departures were now in the air. Pöllnitz had passed a month at Spa, and had not spent one dull day. The Duchess's husband was to fetch her at the end of August. The Comte de T—— had heard his son was *en route*. The Abbess was threatening to leave, and only waiting for her horses. Every one was buying presents at the shops to take home, for Spa has a fair every day, and the shops are always open, Sundays and fête days. The Duchess had ordered a Chinese lacquer-work toilet-set—Chinese lacquer was the fashionable craze in decoration; Milady one in lapis lazuli, with landscapes in cameos, and her initials as arms on the front of each box.

The crowd of drinkers at the Pouhon had increased, for in August the peasants come and drink. The Abbess went off to mass. Lake dissuaded the ladies from accompanying her. "The Venerable is at the

SPA: THE SPRING OF THE TONNELET.

From "Les Amusemens des Eaux de Spa, par le Baron de Pöllnitz."

altar, and he will make you laugh, and you will not conform to the ceremonies, and will not be able to get out of the church."

At the Geronstère, next morning, the Abbess described the sermon, which she said had not edified her. The text was Jeremiah i. 6: "'Ah! Ah! Ah! The Blessed Virgin is caught up into heaven. "Ah! it is my Daughter!" cries the Eternal Father. "Ah! it's my Mother!" cries the Son. "Ah!" cries the Holy Ghost, "it's my Temple!"'" The Abbess said it was as well that the ladies had not attended, for three charming and distinguished Dutch women had been insulted. They had attempted to leave before the Elevation, but had been forced to kneel by a rough fellow in the crowd, and there had been a scene.

Every one of the little coterie felt sad at leaving; even the languid Duchess said that she was sorry to go. Salpeteur, the chemist, who overheard them, told them on no account to leave Spa without making an excursion to the Cascade de Coo, and that, if they went and drank at the Barisart spring, they could then say that they had tasted every water in Spa.

It is not far from the town, much deserted; they only found the Capuchins there, studying their sermons. But Milady was in too depressed spirits to attempt to explore their pockets.!

Sitting on the grass and discussing their various journeys, they tried to persuade Count T—— to join the English party at Brussels. But he drew from his pocket a letter, which, he said, related to a misfortune which had befallen a friend of his, and which might detain him at Cologne longer than he expected. On being pressed he told them a "story, so terrible that it frightened them."

We must remember that Diabolism, or Manichæism, was rife all through the eighteenth century, up to the Revolution; an inevitable consequent of the decay of religious faith and the degradation of society was the increase of credulity and superstition. Shortly before

the time when Pöllnitz was writing, Guiburg and Baccarelli had been votaries of devil-worship; a few years later Maria Sanger, the notorious Satanist, was executed, and shortly after her Anna Bayerin, convicted of defiling the Host in the Manichæan ceremonies, met with a like fate. But these were only isolated examples of a numerous sect which had members in every European country except England. This may explain the terror with which the Count's narrative was received—a narrative which only makes us moderns smile.

Count T——'s friend, a German nobleman, was accused of joining with another, who was well known at the Court of Vienna, in sacrificing to the devil, in order to obtain the clue to hidden treasure. One, duped by gipsies, bought from them for five hundred and sixty pounds a Black Book of Magic, which they said they had bought from the Lapps, who, it is known, teach magic publicly, and bequeath charms to their children. This science is only a mass of superstitious and idolatrous ceremonies; but the vulgar thought that the devil obeyed the incantations.

This noble was accused of having sacrificed one of his servants in a wood by moonlight. Count T—— did not believe it of his friend, who was very devout; and the Abbess thought it impossible to be at the same time a believer and a Satanist, as everything in the Roman Catholic ritual makes for the exorcising, and not for the raising, of the devil. However, the Count said that his friend has been dismissed from Court.

Signor Gratiani here put in that, in Italy, he would have been burnt at the stake by the Inquisition. Mr. Lake thought that the Satanists should be exterminated as public pests; that they were more mad than bad; that they found out certain natural secrets, and used them, and should be punished for sacrilege rather than for dealings in magic.

Gratiani now tells a story of what had happened in Tuscany a quarter of a century before. It was a plot against the Kings of France and Spain, who were to be

made to languish away by means of magic. It was discovered and reported by Cardinal de Jansen. Planned by the Consul of a great European Power, it was carried out by a priest, Gustiani, of Madonna di Montevero, a subject of the Grand-duke of Tuscany, and a Genoese Councillor of the Grand-duke, and officer of his galleys; The Consul at Livorno lent his house, and took into the plot an Englishman, his Vice-consul. Fifteen days were they hatching it, using all the Black Books, such as the "Book of Cornelius Agrippa," the "Chronicle of Solomon," with all the ritual; one acting as Abbé, and using candles of special wax for the figures of their Very Christian and Catholic Majesties, with special incense and burners, as the Consul paid for everything.

But a certain Maret, a Provençal, suspected the priest. He goes to confess to him, leads him to believe that he may be useful to him, by tempting him with a story of hidden treasure in a mountain he designated. Maret was sworn to secrecy, and did not appear afraid when told that His Satanic Majesty was in the plot. He dined with the Consul and the priest, who drank too much, and talked too much, and then, alarmed, put a pistol to his head. Maret agreed to be in with them, and was taken into their entire confidence.

With which he went and confessed to a good priest, who took him to the French Consul. The Grand-duke, Cardinal Medici, the Inquisitor of Pisa, and the Governor of Livorno, are all informed. But it was necessary to catch the conspirators *in flagrante delicto*, otherwise they could only be dealt with by the Power whose arms the Consul bore.

Maret informed them that the Consul had hired two rooms in a tower, with east and west windows, no view of the Madonna di Loretto, nor of any image of Christ. He had orders to prepare the room for a Saturday night's meeting. The difficulty was to make arrests in a room, where four armed men might defy four hundred. It was approached by a trap-door. The Prosecutor of

the Holy Office surrounded the tower and placed spies in all the houses around. Maret, afraid lest any alarm might lead to the burning of the books, and the rolling of the figures into a ball, hurried on the signal, and, leaving the trap-door open and the ladder standing, escaped. The Inquisitor seized the priest with his alb on, his wand, his black book open, waiting for Maret to return and pierce the crowned and sceptred figures, dressed with real hair, in a box addressed to the Consul. A prayer was found to His Satanic Majesty the Devil, signed in blood, in which the petitioner gave himself into his power for ever, provided the genii always helped him.

The Consul was thrown into the cells. No one knows what became of him; he was probably executed with a crowd of others.

Milady remarked that only in Roman Catholic countries would such doings be possible, because there the most sacred things are employed to exorcise the devil. The frequent convictions show the inefficiency of sacred things to drive him away. Magicians are only found in Roman Catholic countries, or among pagans, and not in England, since the Reformation.

The Abbé, though quite incredulous, told of a recent bewitching at Chaude Fontaine, which nearly led to friction between the Bishop and the States-General. The Abbess quoted Scripture as to demons, but denied belief in magicians, whom she thought only mad, subject to hallucinations, such as seeing the devil, and rubbing themselves with soporific ointments, which produce ecstasy. To attribute so much power to the devil was to divide the world between the Creator and His rebel angel, which was the Manichæan heresy.

The last morning at the springs, tipping the women who dipped the glasses, Pöllnitz gives a table of expenses at Spa. For himself and servant's board and lodgings 8*s.* 2*d.* a day, which included hire of carriages. It seemed to him little, as the country produces nothing, and all provisions have to be imported. No *Kur-taxe*

was levied, as to-day, the superstition being that it would cause the springs to dry up.

The last walk on the promenade, and the last ball, which, however, was shadowed by a secret trouble. M. B——, an English "Knight Baronet," had to hurry away surreptitiously for fear of arrest by the Prince-Bishop of Liége. To reach safety was not difficult, as the ecclesiastical dominions are so surrounded by other States. M. B——'s wife and sister went out to say good-bye to him. Scarcely had he left when troops surrounded their rooms. They kept the soldiers in play to gain time, and let them ransack all their belongings. A fearful outcry arose both from townspeople and from the visitors at such an outrage on a stranger.

It all arose out of a dog-fight. On the way to the Cascade of Coo B——'s dog was bitten by one belonging to a peasant, which was shot by B——. The angry peasant seizes B——'s bridle. B—— draws his hunting knife and scratches the peasant, who lays a complaint before the Bishop. B——, remarks Pöllnitz, should have compensated the man for the dog. "But that is the fault of the English, not to know when to spend money judiciously, whereas on a thousand useless occasions they are prodigal of it."

Next day B——'s ladies left, the Abbess with them, escorted out of Liége territory by the whole force of the English contingent.

At four next morning, what was left of the coterie—Count T——had gone towards Cologne—set out for the Cascade of Coo, "by the most solitary, rough, and dull road out of Spa," it being necessary to walk the last half-league because of the "precipices." Quite in the style of his period is Pöllnitz's description of the waterfall, which causes "a certain quite pardonable alarm—by reason of its noise and its spray. . . . Moreover, I do not understand the foolhardiness of those who dare to pass over the rickety bridge, which crosses it, in a carriage." The miller moves some stones, the flow is increased, from the bridge a dog is thrown in, and

finally, to the alarm of the spectators, the miller's man jumps in himself; "but he has been performing ever since he was seven years old."

None of the ladies had ever seen a waterfall, except Milady, who had seen that at St. Cloud, which she thought inferior to this natural cascade. "I admit that I was not of her opinion, which seemed to me *outré*. But that is the English character—extreme in everything."

The talk fell on cascades. Lake describes that at Schaffhausen, "so majestic he could not tire of admiring it. But what is unpleasant about them is the horrible noise they made." Gratiani had seen the falls at "Tévérone and Frascati" (*sic*), but was more struck by the majesty of the Rhine. The Duchess considered that "art had much embellished nature in the Italian falls." (!) Gratiani replied: "It has married air and water." In the Hall of Apollo, the draught, compressed by the water, makes an organ play. Cicero describes this charming spot. Lake recalls the cascade at Cassell, only one-third finished by the Landgrave. "But I prefer that at Tivoli in the Campagna; it is more simple and natural, and I find something grander in its simplicity than in the magnificent adornments of the others. . . . The Italians always enhance the marvels and antiquities of their country, as is the case in the Hall of the Sibyls close by." He mentioned the falls at Marmora near Turin, a hundred feet high, with eternal mist rising to twice its height.

Milady describes the falls of the Nile near its source, discovered by a Jesuit missionary in Abyssinia, with its rainbow and arch of water.

The party went on to dine at Stavalot, a dull little town. At the great Abbey of St. Benoit, with its Prince-Abbot, the bones of St. Remacle were kept in a gold altar-table, now hidden, for fear of thieves roaming this wild country. Some dozen of the said thieves they saw gibbeted on the opposite hill for stealing abbatial plate. For dinner, fish—a pleasant change, as there is none at Spa.

Then, suddenly, towards the inn, comes a melancholy crowd of people, on horseback, in vehicles, driving horses, sheep, pigs. On inquiry it appeared that they were from the neighbourhood of Cologne, returning from a pilgrimage to the Abbey of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, as they had all been bitten by mad dogs, and the relics there are specific against both hydrophobia and rats.

"*Rage* and rats," suggests Milady; "the coincidence of the words accounts for the commotion." The curiosity of the party was aroused.

"We added to it by interrogating this crowd, which we first pitied, and then whose misfortunes we exaggerated in order to insinuate ourselves into their minds and to gain their confidence. Otherwise it would not have been safe for us to joke over their simplicity. The obsession they had about the miracle which had been performed would have made us fear to arouse against us Heretics a *rage* even more deadly than that of which they believed themselves to be cured."

A horrible description followed of the ghastly results of a mad dog running through their village the month before, of a cock which went mad a week later, and scratched several persons, of a girl who had already begun to bark, and to dread water. They nearly all took the "respite" from those who had been already lanced at St. Hubert's, and then decided to go to the Abbey.

One young man refused the "respite," after being bitten by a pet dog. It was forced upon him as he lay ill. No one dared approach him but those who had been inoculated by the Holy Stole. He was carried in a cart, but, as the party entered the Abbey, he was seized with convulsions and died next day.

Nothing is amiss to Pöllnitz; all is grist that comes to his mill. He gives an elaborate account of the forty days' "respite," and the programme of the nine days' curing, "the Neuvaine de Saint-Hubert," a superstitious

hotchpotch of religious, and sanitary, ceremonies. The miracle consists in that the Holy Stole—sent by the Blessed Virgin to a sportsman saint during his consecration as a Bishop, " as a sign of his perpetual power over demons and venomous beasts "—after being snipped for generations, applied to the incisions cut in the bitten folk, does not grow less. St. Peter added the gift of a gold key to brand animals against madness.

The Duchess inquired what a stole might be! What a comment on the churchmanship of the Anglican aristocracy of the period!

Back to Spa. At dinner discussions on the various forms of " madness "; the conclusion, that they all arose from imagination. The little Abbé met the party as they alighted from their carriages; he was somewhat subdued by the snubbing Milady had given him, and more than a little sad at not having gone with them. He was quite incredulous over the cure of St. Hubert.

One last excursion. To the Nivèze spring, near the Tonnelet. While waiting for their chaises, at the door of the café they saw a well-dressed French gentleman, who had hitherto wandered solitary, ill-dressed, and sad, lodging by himself. His changed appearance whetted their curiosity. Lake, undertaking to accost him, found out that he had been cured of an illness by the Pouhon. Milady, scenting some unhappy love-affair, suggested to him that his heart may have been as much affected as his liver. The Duchess joined in, telling him how they had all told their stories, and with a little discreet pressing he consented, with a sigh, to confide his own to them. So they carried M. de Riancourt off with them to the Nivèze, and sat down in the meadow in a circle round him to listen.

" The Tale of M. de Riancourt "

" His father had died young, embarrassed by a lawsuit. Riancourt was in love with his cousin Leonora, but her father forbade marriage till the suit was settled.

So the lover went to Paris to see to the business, and finds every one stock-jobbing. He pretends to be in love with a coquettish widow who makes out she can help him in the law-courts. One day, at her reception, she tells him she has been robbed of a large bundle of shares. He offers to help her when he wins his suit. She replies she does not want his money, but his heart. Happily, the sudden delivery to her of a mysterious note causes her to hurriedly dismiss all her visitors and obviates any further declaration on his part. Riancourt leaves the house with a Mousquetaire officer, and the two discuss the incident, fancying that it may have something to do with the absence at the widow's reception of a certain Marquis whom she is supposed to favour. They further talk about the fate of Count Horne, the search for his accomplices, and also for a crowd of ne'er-do-wells which the speculating mania has drawn to Paris, and decide that the Marquis has fled.

"Riancourt, duped by the widow, hands over to her his bonds that she may further his case. When she again insinuates her affection for him, and he tells her that he is already betrothed, she faints and there is a scene. Riancourt flies from the house, but the widow retains his bonds, and he loses his suit because he cannot produce them. Moreover, he has a narrow escape one night from four assassins she has hired to waylay him and the Mousquetaire. To crown all, Leonora's father decides to marry her to another. Riancourt falls ill, and comes to Spa. Just as the waters have effected the cure, comes a letter from Leonora to say that her father has died, and that she is his."

"End of the Tale of M. de Riancourt"

Though the happy ending of this story somewhat saddens the poor Marquis, Riancourt's joy is infectious. The Abbé sings cheery songs, and they return to Spa in high spirits. The Marquis invites Riancourt to dine with him, Lake sends for music, the Abbé sings songs. The

Capuchin Fathers come in to wish them a happy journey, and to thank them for little presents ; the other English had sent them some herrings and salt cod.

Then, the last walk with the ladies, the tipping the doctor, the farewell to the chemist, who is full of hints about an after-cure and of warnings against late hours. On the Promenade de Sept Heures, good-bye to the assembled Bobelins, and a concert by Gratiani, ends the last evening at Spa.

CHAPTER III

THE year after his success with the "Amusemens de Spa," Pöllnitz launched a sequel, "Les Amusemens des Eaux d'Aix-la-Chapelle. Par L'Auteur des 'Amusemens des Eaux de Spa,'" published in 1736 by Mortier of Amsterdam. Though anonymous, it was easily recognized as by Pöllnitz, and attributed to him. Like most sequels, it was not a success—a pallid reflection of its brilliant predecessor—not so lively, nor as good a piece of work, and does not appear to have been so much in demand.

The ancient city, with its Imperial and ecclesiastical associations, is, nevertheless, more interesting than the tiny townlet in the Ardennes. But Pöllnitz's lack of seriousness and want of wider historical or antiquarian tastes, make him far less interested in the new stage on which he presents his fresh set of puppets, and the local colour lacks vividness. Aix, on the whole, appeals to us less than does Spa.

In his Preface Pöllnitz tells us that his new work is—

"Both the fruit of, and the remedy for, the idleness inseparable from the régime of a watering-place. The term 'amusements' does not always convey the idea of something cheerful. It is true that all that pleases us amuses us, but it does not follow, from that, that all that amuses us pleases us. I understand by amusements a series of distractions which we enjoy because they divert our thoughts, independently of the sad or joyful impressions which they leave on our hearts or minds. This idea seems to me logical, because very often the enjoyment of a quiet and serious amusement is superior

to that of the most keen pleasures. Besides, there are amusements of all kinds. People differ; each one has his own, and, because it is impossible to combine them all in writing, the name of Amusement seemed to me the most unassuming."

During Pöllnitz's stay at Aix he collected the "stories, confidences, adventures, singular diseases, descriptions, natural curiosities, conversations, physical or critical, which occupied my leisure."

As to the historical stories and investigations, "I have not shown as much faith in their relics as the inhabitants have." Pöllnitz speaks as a Protestant, which he was at that time. Similarly, he mentions that, in 1717, the Czar Peter went to visit the churches "out of idle curiosity." With regard to his account of the waters, he says it has been revised by many doctors.

He concludes his Preface by quoting from the author of "Les Amusemens sérieux et comiques." "These amusements will be serious or comical, according to the mood that I was in when I wrote about them, and, according to the humour that you will be in when you read them, will they amuse or bore you."

It was much easier to make acquaintance with strangers in larger Aix than in little Spa. There was plenty of fun and plenty of dancing. Though we know that he once made the cure on account of his injured leg, he writes that he did not go for health, but to throw off his worries, and took neither baths nor waters.

There was a smell of sulphur everywhere. He put up at the "Golden Dragon," at Florentin's, in the corner of the square where the springs are, and in the midst of baths, waters, cafés, galleries, esplanade, and ball-room; with no smell, but the best wine.

He arrived on May 18th, at the time of the Exhibition of the Great Relics, which only takes place once every seven years, and pilgrims flock from even as far as Bohemia or Hungary. There were but few people at

the "Dragon"—a paralysed Abbé, a Baronne d'A——, who is dumb, and with whom only an officer, M. d'A——, converses; a Spaniard, Don Mugnez, a silent philosopher. But the Café de Gascon, where he played billiards, was full of every nationality—a Knight of Malta, suffering from sunstroke, with whom, and with a German Count, he discussed the origin of Aix, founded by the "great Roman Granus," who was exiled here by Nero; where King Pepin held his Court, and Charlemagne also, leaving his mark in the city.

Pöllnitz was careful as to whom he became acquainted with, and associated chiefly with the Knight—a Breton—the German Count Wol——, d'Art——, and the Baronne. To suppress two young prattling bores from Paris, he has musicians sent for, and, under cover of the music, the Baronne is heard to speak! Mugnez tells the story of the coronation of Charles V, and the squabble as to whether the Bishops should retain or remove their hats. Here Pöllnitz introduces one of his little padding-tales, that of Count Wol—— and his Freulyn (*sic*) at Aix ten years before—a story of treachery, duels, and abduction.

Dinner was over by half-past three, and every one paid calls, or gathered at the Assembly. An English milord alighted at the hotel, and they went to the reception of the Countess of Goldstein "wearing their orders and equipped for society." Plenty of people to be noticed, especially a young Marquise. Home to sup off Spa biscuits, aniseed steeped in wine, and lobsters. It is quite evident that Pöllnitz was not taking the waters or following a régime!

Many wounded officers were to be seen at the springs at six in the morning—sad fruits of the long wars which had till recently racked Europe—Prussians in little narrow green surtouts, English in red, with little pointed black caps, Swedes in fur coats—in May! Pöllnitz thought the water "very nasty; it tasted of sulphur and rotten eggs."

The balls were held at Bougy's, open to all who could

pay, and the bourgeois flocked to "this little Paris of the Netherlands." The rule was not to dance twice with the same person, which sounds as if the company were somewhat mixed and a certain stiffness desirable, especially as, after midnight, *contredanses* came on, such as *La Jalousie*, and *Chasse-chasse*, which were of a more lively nature than the gavottes and minuets of the period.

Pöllnitz describes the doctor's orders for the water-drinkers, which are much the same as at the present day. He laments that there are no pretty walks or excursions in the country round, as at Spa, only the Prairie de Borset, with its tepid pond full of crayfish, tench, and carp, which grow to an immense size. The streams around, which are fed from the mineral springs, emit flames at night. He gives a plan of Aix, describing the principal square, with its clipped trees and the cloister round the bath-house—all very dull.

To enliven the reader, is now thrown in the story of the French Abbé, paralysed from being poisoned by a jealous superior, and shut up in a burial-vault.

Returning to Aix, he describes the behaviour of the two Parisian "bounders," their offensive stories at dinner, and their unwelcome attentions to the dumb Baronne. Finally M. d'Art——, unable to endure them any longer, has a duel with one in his room, and leaves him for dead, escaping out of window, and taking to flight.

But, lo and behold! at the ball a ghost suddenly makes its appearance. It is the dead Parisian, who has only fainted after all. The shock of this apparition, and of the news of d'Art——'s flight, is so great that the Baronne suddenly recovers her powers of speech.

Anecdotes follow of similar marvellous cures, among others of the Spanish girl who had no tongue, but who could yet talk. Pöllnitz interpolates an epigram:

"Que sans langue une femme a parlé clairement,
Le fait est curieux, et n'est pas ordinaire,
Mais qu'avec une langue une femme ait pu se taire,
C'est un prodige événement."

They all return to the ball, except the Baronne, to whom they all wish a cure, which will last longer than the Parisian's death. *Contredanses* were in full swing when enter the Prince, Aix's most distinguished visitor, and minuets are struck up again. The paralysed Abbé, passing by in his chair, hobbles in to recount that he has overheard that the Baronne's dumbness is but assumed, in order to cover her identity during her little trip to the waters with M. d'Art——.

Dancing till two in the morning, at cards all the afternoon and night, Pöllnitz was yet scrupulous to maintain his Protestant attitude. Unable to worship in the most ecclesiastical of cities, he has to cross the border to Vilos, to attend " sermon."

After some more interpolations of stories told by his cosmopolitan acquaintance—Pöllnitz is careful to give the correct national colour to each—he describes the springs at Borset, the Prince's fête, the dancing in the meadow, and adds stories of St. Willibrod and other anecdotes of a religious nature.

On August 15th, the Fête-Dieu, the procession of the relics takes place, followed in the great heat by a throng of hot and dusty pilgrims from beyond the Danube. Pöllnitz and his friends view, first from a house, and then from the Cathedral, these relics of the Venerable, as Charlemagne is called. But the poorer pilgrims only see from afar off. Here, as an interlude of more serious tone, comes in the tale of the Protestant Countess Oxenstiern, and of nunneries.

Then life goes on as before, late and gay, supper with too much wine drunk, excursions to other springs, dances on the green, and surprise suppers. Each of the company, including the Knight of Malta, contributes his life-story, there are dissertations on the properties of the waters by doctors, a visit down a coal-mine near, and purchases of little articles of Aix varnish-work.

There are jealousies between a Dutchman and the Parisians, who box his ears, but he fails to put in an appearance at the duelling-place behind the Capuchin

convent, and refuses to fight. We are told of symphony orchestras and Italian cantatas, of the new dance, the quadrilles at the balls Milord gives with his English magnificence, and of how Don Mugnez the melancholy, after he has related his sad tale, becomes cheerful on receiving a letter which tells him his troubles are over.

Then the party breaks up. The different members leave Aix for east, and west, and north, and south, with jovial send-offs. One last love-story of the Frenchman, and Pöllnitz brings the book to a close with medical details and a long list of the cures effected at Aix.

In his next literary work the Baron, ostensibly abandoning fiction, returned to his earlier form. Nothing appeals like truth, or what purports to be such.

The year after the "Amusemens of Aix" appeared the "Nouveaux Mémoires du Baron de Pöllnitz, contenant l'histoire de sa vie, et les relations de ses premiers voyages." It was published in French at Amsterdam, in 1737, in 1738 in French at Frankfort, and at the same place in 1739 in German. Another edition was published in 1763. In 1775 another special edition was published at Frankfort and Leipzig, to which was added Pöllnitz's Confession of Faith, which he signed in Paris, and also in Rome.

In 1740 an English edition appeared in London, called a "second edition," printed for Daniel Brown at the "Black Swan" without Temple Bar, and John Brindley at the "King's Arms" in New Bond Street. It seems to have been the third or fourth volume of the collected works of Pöllnitz, bearing the title: "The Memoirs of Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, being the observations he made in his travels from Prussia, through Poland, Italy, France, Spain, Flanders, Holland, England, etc., discovering not only the present state of the chief cities and towns; but the character of the principal persons at the several courts." In 1741 another edition, called the fourth, was published in French by John Nourse at London, with the sub-title "Les observations qu'il a faites dans ses voyages, et

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

le caractère qui composent les principales cours de l'Europe," and contained an index.

In a "foreword" by the publisher we are informed that the earlier Memoirs which he printed (those that appeared at Liége in 1734) should have followed and not preceded these. He says that the author sold the MS. of the New Memoirs to some one in Paris, who did not print them when he heard that the Amsterdam publisher was already bringing out the Baron's Memoirs. It was only a year or two later that, on comparing the MS. in his possession with the Amsterdam book, that he discovered that his MS. was quite different; that it contained the story of his life, some fresh matter, new travels—in Spain, among others. He then arranged with Charguion to publish the latter at the same time as a third edition of the first work. This, the first-published work, was now to be called "Lettres et Mémoires" in order to distinguish the two books, and in the English edition of 1741 the words, "Letters to a friend," were further added to the sub-title.

These new Memoirs are more interesting than the first. Partly biographical, they are less of a guide-book. From internal evidence they were probably written anterior to 1730, not from memory, but worked up from note-books. They are full of humorous personal touches, and some good stories, some against himself. Pöllnitz could now afford to do that, for he was firmly established at the Prussian Court as Chamberlain to Frederic William. "Most copious is the account of the Prussian Court from 1680 to 1700. It fills nearly the first half of the first volume, and contains court stories which no one had as yet read, though they might have been retailed in gossip." However, King Frederic William was not displeased at these revelations. Nor, apparently, was the Prince Royal. But, in later years, when offended with Pöllnitz on other scores, he characterizes some of Pöllnitz's remarks "as defiling the tombs of my ancestors."

After this second book of Memoirs Pöllnitz, trading on his literary reputation, produced what must really be called a succession of "pot-boilers." Anonymous were the "Lettres Saxonnes, ou aventures d'un officier"; Amsterdam, 1737. Then he turned to account his various visits to other baths, in Germany and in Switzerland. The "Amusemens des Eaux de Schwalbach, des bains de Wiesbaden, et de Schlangenbach," was published at Liége in 1736. He had much enjoyed himself at Schwalbach, "the town in the mountains belonging to the Landgrave of Hesse-Rheinfels," with waters like Spa.

"If Schwalbach was but lucky enough to have two or three English people of position come and drink, the place would make its fortune among people of that nation, and cut out Spa. The mode of drinking is the same, the same régime, but one amuses oneself more. There is a large hall, a mixed Assembly, one plays all sorts of games, is surrounded by shops. There are balls, a German theatre . . . not so pleasant . . . and a big dinner, where each one pays for himself. But usually some princes are taking the waters, and that provides entertainings for the nobility. . . . Schlangenbach is a league off, with two large houses, one belonging to the Elector of Mainz, and the other to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. There are hot baths for nerves and stone."

In 1739 "Les Amusemens des Bains de Bade en Suisse, de Schinznach et de Pfeffers," also anonymous, came out in London, and was attributed to Pöllnitz.

But Pöllnitz was flying at higher game. "After the Silesian War, Prussia had suddenly risen to the rank of one of the Great Powers in Europe, and the Baron intended to fill a gap in her history." The result was the "Mémoires Historiques."

We have seen how, in his second Memoirs, Pöllnitz amplified his account of the Courts of Prussia. During

his visits to Bayreuth he had probably gleaned much information respecting her family from the Margravine herself. A copy of her own Memoirs may also have come into his hands. Moreover, it is not impossible that he emulated the example of a fellow-guest, the Duchess of Wurtemberg—who sat up all night at Bayreuth making a copy of Voltaire's "Pucelle"—and extracted many notes almost *verbatim*. But it is quite as likely that, as he stated at his trial in 1744, that one of the mysterious sealed packets deposited with Manteuffel was a copy of the Margravine's Memoirs, which she had lent him when he stayed at Bayreuth in the spring, to make use of.

In any case, the historical work was well under way in 1743. At his trial Pöllnitz stated that he had offered the MS. to an Amsterdam publisher, Lohnen. The King, he further stated, had read the MS. and criticized it. In his opinion, it lacked plan and cohesion, and he disapproved of the form. He demurred to the praise of the French, and to the remarks about Dankelmann and Colbert. "If one were to compare the High President with M. Colbert, the mere comparison, I think, would be sufficient praise. The French Minister has not been replaced in France; and I am not aware if M. de Dankelmann has been so here."

In 1745 Pöllnitz presented to the Queen-Mother a richly bound copy of the "Mémoires Historiques du Baron de Pöllnitz, Chamberlain de Sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse, et membre honoraire de l'Académie des Sciences et des Belles Lettres de Berlin; contenant les observations qu'il a faites dans les différentes cours de l'Europe, écrit par lui-même. Tome Premier, 1745."

The dedication was as follows:

"Your Majesty will find in the first Volume special anecdotes of the Reign of the Elector Frederic William, and of that of King Frederic the First. These two Princes shared between them the titles of the Great and the Wise, which you, Madame, see so gloriously

united in the Person of the King Your Son. If Your Majesty deigns to approve of the first volume, I shall have the honour of subsequently presenting Her with a second volume, which will contain the Reign of the late King, and the last four years of that of the King. As I have written only for Your Majesty, and as my intention is certainly not that this book should become public property, I thought I need not disguise the truth."

This MS. is now in the Royal Archives at Berlin. The first part, says Droysen, contains four letters to M. de ——, of the period of the Great Elector and Frederic I. The contents are an amplification of what is told in the Memoirs of 1737, and are the groundwork of the enlarged continuation, only printed long after Pöllnitz's death, and entitled "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des quatre derniers souverains de la Maison de Brandenburg."

Frederic read the MS., and, as desired, sent Pöllnitz his criticism thereof:

"I have read your work, my dear Baron, with much attention, and, as I know that you do not wish to be flattered, I will give you my opinion of it very frankly. It appears to me that you have not known your own mind when you began to write; for you must be aware that what you have sent me is the history of the life of my grandfather, of which there has never been a history written in epistolary style, and you do not even follow that entirely. Letters should contain liberties and reflections more familiar than the style of history requires, which demands seriousness. Therefore, if you wish to write the history of the last three reigns, reduce it all into chapters; with reference to what concerns state affairs, obtain more information from the archives, shorten the descriptions, the ceremonies, which smack of journalism; do not mention more than once twenty-four trumpets, and two kettle-drummers;

enlarge upon great affairs; and discard all trifles; only insert anecdotes of a kind which show the manner of thought of the Court or the Sovereign, and add to them, from time to time, reflections in epigrammatic style. If you wish to write letters, adopt a more serious manner, speak more about yourself, and follow the style of your old Memoirs, which appear to me lighter and more amusing than these. It seems to me, as to this work as a whole, that you should not always be comparing the ministers of my grandfather and those of Louis XIV, especially Dankelmann with Colbert; there is a sort of affectation in those comparisons, all drawn from the Court of France, which will not make a good impression. Further, you say of Meinders that he had *finesse*, which would be unusual in a German, and, here and there, you have become diffuse over matters of ceremonial, and about details of small private individuals which interest no one, and I have taken the liberty to write on the margin with a pencil that you may rub it out. Finally, write seriously, and put more stuff into your work, or keep to the anecdotes, which you can adorn by your style, which is humorous and playful. In any case, do not be biased by my opinions, and consult your friends, who will tell you what they think.

"Adieu, Baron, I wish you health, and a long life, and all the rest will be easy to correct, and to carry out."

A comparison of the printed work and of the MS. shows that Pöllnitz altered facts in order to make the book more interesting, and to improve the form. The Preface to the MS. is more modest than that of the printed copy:

"I leave to History the task of reporting in detail all the memorable actions of these Princes; I will content myself with telling you all the most curious anecdotes of their reigns of which I have been able to gain information, having had the honour to see the

three last, and to have associated with many courtiers of the Elector Frederic William, from whom I have had much private information, which enables me to respond to your wishes."

Pöllnitz was probably incited to work up his historical reminiscences by the reading of Frederic's Memoirs in the Berlin Academy in 1746 to 1748, and the discussions which took place upon them; they were published in 1751. Pöllnitz plagiarized their title.

After the preparation of the first volume, or the presentation copy of the MS. to the Queen-Mother, he was constantly working it up and making many alterations. In the continuation he abandoned, as Frederic had suggested, the letter form, and continued what we may call a picture-history of Frederic William, and enlarged the history of the Great Elector into a continuous tale. Though not allowed access to the Brandenburg archives, he had, as his Preface shows, plenty of sources of information, both in his own memory as page, and then Chamberlain under the Great Elector's son, grandson, and great-grandson, and could speak as an eye-witness. "It is; therefore, of what I have heard from persons worthy of credence, or of what I have seen for myself, that I propose to write with some frankness." He candidly gives his authorities—the Margravine, Grumbkow, his cousin, Count Ouvverkerke, Countess Wartenberg, Gotter, the Landgrave of Hesse, etc. But, with the exception of Montecuculi's Memoirs, he never mentions what are extracts from other works. He pilfers unabashed from Mauvillon, but Mauvillon steals from him. As to chronology, Pöllnitz is somewhat incorrect. There are many discrepancies and alterations of date between the MS. of 1745 and the published History.

Pöllnitz's book bears verbal traces of resemblance to the Margravine of Bayreuth's Memoirs, and those of the King; her brother. Pöllnitz is verbose where Frederic is crisp and incisive; praises where Frederic

blames, and vice versa. Sometimes, however, both his facts and his criticisms are right, and those of Frederic wrong. Pöllnitz lauds Frederic I, whom his grandson pillories in all his meanness and vanity. Pöllnitz rakes up stories against the Great Elector and his second wife, saying in his Preface that he "has learnt many details of the reign of this Prince, which flattery or fear caused historians to suppress."

Pöllnitz was no serious historian, and probably never intended to be such. The opposite of a Dryasdust, he—

"Chatters light, pleasant, lively impressions, in approximate sequence. His manner of introducing Greatness and Magnificence with some Ifs and Buts, makes his descriptions all the more convincing, especially as he says in his Preface: 'I write only for my own satisfaction; and it would be ridiculous to use deceit, and more ridiculous to try and deceive myself.'"

"But the secret spite, and the poisoned darts, which lurk beneath the witty chatter of the ever-smiling courtier must not remain unnoticed. He gives his stories the seasoning they require. This is his 'satisfaction.' In revenge for the moral humiliation and contempt he so often had to put up with, he speaks evil of those who forgive him and help him most. 'Slander,' says Droysen, 'is his *virtuosité*'; and Frederic writes:

> "How goes it with our old infirm satyr?
> The good and restless Chamberlain,
> Who proves himself such an agreeable liar,
> About each man he gets his knife in."

In 1753 or 1754 the enlarged MS., brought down to the death of Frederic William, was finished, and was being circulated very privately. Early in February of the former year Count Lehndorf, of the Queen's household, writes:

"I called on Baron Pöllnitz, who gave me a few sheets of his History to read, which extends from the Peace of Westphalia to our own time. It is, to judge by the

little I have read, prettily written, but of less value than of interest, it would appear. Pöllnitz has lived under three Kings; he has therefore been an eye-witness of the countless incidents which escape the ordinary historian."

In May—

"Pöllnitz came to me and showed me his new Memoirs of the last four rulers of our house. It contains many noteworthy stories."

The MS. was lent to the King's brother, Prince Henry, who read it eagerly that autumn, for Lehndorf writes: "In the afternoon I read the History of the four last rulers of our house, by Pöllnitz, and, indeed, in the Prince's room."

In the Secret State Archives of Berlin lie forty-six closely written pages in Pöllnitz's hand. They are the remains of a larger MS. The first fifteen pages state a quantity of unknown and mostly striking facts about Frederic. Then there is a new beginning: notes, plans for future work, and so on. From Droysen we glean that this is part of the original MS. of which Pöllnitz made a fair copy in January 1754 for Prince Henry. In 1756 he made another copy, improved, altered, and containing insertions. Then there was a new copy, with the date of 1756 unaltered. This is the copy which Droysen found, the only copy extant. It was in that part of the Joachimthal Gymnasium Library which was sent there after the death of Princess Amelia, Prince Henry's sister, who survived him. It was in two quarto volumes, similar to the copy of 1754, but with no dedication, and without ornamental bindings, so it could not have been given by Pöllnitz to the Prince. It also bore the date 1754.

The writing is almost like printing, and there are not more than a couple of mistakes.

Two years later Pöllnitz made a second clean copy,

in which there was at least one minor alteration. It still retained the date of 1754.

Pöllnitz's History was never printed in his life-time. Only in 1791 was it published by Professor Brunn at Berlin, from the two MSS., both of which, he says, bore the date of 1754. He adds :

"They say that M. de Pöllnitz has also written 'Memoirs to serve for the History of Frederick II,' from the commencement of his reign to the death of the author, which occurred in 1775. It is said that a Prince of the Blood has them in his library."

Thiébault, who, for a time, had the charge of Pöllnitz's latest MS., tells us that—

"What the Baron de Pöllnitz treasured more than anything were his manuscripts, or rather his Memoirs of the first three reigns of the Kingdom of Prussia. They formed three volumes in folio, rather thick, the writing very clear, one volume for each reign.

"These Memoirs are not a consecutive history; they concern chiefly the Court or the Royal Family; they are selected stories, suitable for giving a correct notion of the personages. Although they are nearly in chronological order, they do not always follow it: often one feature recalls another which happened in other times; in short, the Memoirs are only somewhat of souvenirs which concern the first three sovereigns and their surroundings. The Baron could not possibly put them into any better order, as he only wrote them in advanced years, and at different intervals, as he had leisure, and according as his memory recalled to him what had interested him most.

"This work was to be most secret; one can well imagine that the Baron had laid down that rule for himself; but he kept to his resolve as faithfully as one usually does in such a case. Little by little the number of the confidants grew, as circumstances altered; and,

in the end, all who had had intimate relations with him knew more about it than he had intended. He usually had these three volumes on a little table before him, and if a sudden burst of confidence seized him towards people visiting him, he read them different passages upon the subject of their conversation; especially in *tête-à-têtes*. When he perceived that a high value was set upon them, or that he had some motive to gain the affection of whoever was with him, he did not fail to promise to make them over to them before he died.

"'They are yours,' he said; 'you shall have them before I expire; I only ask of you to keep them very secretly, and to have them printed in my name when you can do so without compromising yourself. Nevertheless, I shall still retain them, because I must look them over, and fill up some missing passages.'

"In this manner he had promised them, once upon a time, to M. de César, and, at a subsequent period, he made such a simulated gift to my colleague Borrelly and to myself. I am he to whom the Baron was most trustful, for I had them in my house for more than six weeks. This is how it occurred.

"A few years before his death the Baron had a somewhat serious illness; he was about eighty. His age, his sufferings, and his frailness convinced him that he was about to die; and it was in consequence of this idea that he pressed me to take his three reigns—so he called them—and to carry them off to my house, on condition that, if he recovered, I should return them to him.

"I promised to come to him when night had fallen, and begged him to have no servant in his rooms who could see me enter and go out. All went off as we had planned; he sent off his two servants with messages to remote parts of the town. I arrived enveloped in a riding-coat. I found the *porte-cochère* unlocked, as well as the rooms of the Baron, who lodged on the first floor. He gave me over the three volumes, well tied up with string, and sealed everywhere where the string

was knotted. I carried them off without meeting any one.

"When the three volumes were in my study I considered how to secrete them, and for that I took my wife into my confidence. I had a room which I had made into my library, and in which there was a large chimney-piece on which for the last hundred years had hung a large picture, representing the Rape of Proserpine. We two, no one seeing us, took out the screws which fixed the picture, and we placed the three volumes in the hollow which the slope of the chimney-piece made behind; after which we put back everything in its usual place. As soon as the Baron was well again I carried him back his works, taking the same precautions, and as secretly as when I had received them.

"A few years after this semi-possession we were very surprised, one evening, when we were invited to sup with him, with the Du Troussel, their company and ourselves, to hear him say: 'You fancy, you people, that I am a poor devil who can't afford to give you any supper! And which among you has as much money as I have? See, if you don't believe me; look, and count it!'

"Upon which he drew from his pockets several handfuls of *Frédérics d'or*, and of ducats. It was the price of his Memoirs, which he had just sold, as I afterwards discovered, to the Prince of Prussia, who was later King under the name of Frederick William. I was very sorry about it, being quite convinced that they were henceforth lost to the public. However, a part of them has since been printed; maybe that some favourite stole them from the Prince, maybe that the latter permitted a partial publication."

What the Baron did with the price of his cherished MSS. we shall see later.

PART IV

THE PROSELYTE

"Conscience, avaunt!"

COLLEY CIBBER.

CHAPTER I

THE story of Pöllnitz would be incomplete without some examination of one of the most extraordinary facets of his many-sided character, namely, his religious view. It is not difficult, for he by no means keeps his opinions to himself. He has a jibe at all and every form of faith, yet, though broad-minded, he was neither sufficiently the scholar nor the philosopher to be, in those days, quite the sceptic.

His age was one of flux. It ebbed and flowed from absolute infidelity—through varying movements of dogmatic reform, of mysticism, of miracle-mongering, of the strictest Roman orthodoxy—to the most audacious devil-worship ; between the extremes of scepticism and credulity.

Pöllnitz's impressionable mind was influenced by, and reflected, everything with which he came in contact, except Mysticism and Satanism. He was never superstitious.

Of his companions in the freethinking Court of Frederic II, d'Argens would not sit thirteen at table. De la Méttrie, apostle of universal materialism, made the sign of the cross when it thundered. Maupertuis, President of the Academy, and who did not believe in God, said his prayers, kneeling regularly every evening, " when he was alone." Frederic's sister, Amelia, drew divinations from cards during the Seven Years War, and sent the oracles to the King. Von Kleist, Canon of Brandenburg, and many distinguished nobles, formed a secret association, and spent large sums, in trying to raise the devil, in order to find out hidden treasure. Half Frederic's Court believed in the apparition of the White Lady of Hohenzollern.

Pöllnitz came of a Roman Catholic family; his grandfather, serving in Holland, and marrying a Dutch wife, became a Protestant. But Protestant Germany was acutely divided between Lutherans and Calvinists. Pöllnitz's mother was a Lutheran; Frederic I, a staunch adherent of the Geneva school, had the fatherless boy brought up in his sect.

At Paris, at the end of the reign of Louis XIV, the lad came under the influence of converts to Romanism, and, a little later, of that of Jansenist reformers. He joined the Church of Rome in 1717.

Twenty years afterwards he was back again at the Prussian Court for good, a Protestant. "With tears in his eyes," he told Manteuffel that the only reward that he had gained by it was a present of the so-called Jews' Privileges; that is to say, leave to sell licences to Jews to live in Berlin, "which, at the outside, would not bring him in eight hundred thalers a year."

But it did not suit Pöllnitz that this rumour should reach Paris and Vienna, where his recantation would have been disapproved of. So, when his new Memoirs came out in 1737, he had his "Confession of the Roman Catholic Faith" appended to it. Translated from the Italian, it was probably a second Confession, made during his second long stay in Rome, and not that which he made after his conversion by the Jansenist Abbé d'Asfeldt. Though probably his own instigation, he, in the Preface, makes his Dutch and English publishers responsible for the addition. The Baron, says the latter—

"Will doubtless be grateful because this declaration is quite adapted to dispel malicious insinuations of which he complains in his Memoirs, and shows that, if he does not take the good side, at least he took trouble to examine it. On the other hand, the publication of this writing will show Catholics that one does not fear in Protestant countries to state openly the reasons they use against Christians of other communions."

This Confession of Faith is a lengthy document. Article by article, Pöllnitz takes the Apostles' Creed, and testifies his belief in it. He does the same with each of the Seven Sacraments, and with the other tenets of the Church of Rome, including the Supremacy of the Pope, and at the same time repudiates all kinds of heretical doctrines, and gives chapter and verse for such of the dogmas as he can adduce from Scripture.

But ten years subsequently, disgrace at Court and the lure of a rich marriage, send him swinging openly to Romanism. The marriage scheme failing, he, after a brief trial of monastic life, publicly professes Protestantism.

In 1760 for the third time he embraces the Roman faith, and a few years after, must have still continued it, as the edition of the Memoirs of 1763 still contains the Confession of Faith.

But Pöllnitz was never bigoted. He listens to the Anglican "chaplains" in London, to the Reformed preachers at Amsterdam; "Alstein, a German, of exemplary character, and not bitter, who preaches Christian morality, and who had been minister of the Potsdam garrison before he was called to Amsterdam by the German colony, by whom he is much beloved." He likewise hears the French minister preach, and wishes "all ecclesiastics (our priests will permit me to include them) would instruct their congregation on morals, which pertain to all religions, being founded on virtue and piety."

The mutual tolerance of the faiths at Utrecht pleased him. It was the see of the Jansenist Bishop, Wuytriers; there were there two monasteries of Carthusians, where controversial works were being written which were published in France.

"The Protestants like them, and deem them not far off their own communion. Will they think otherwise now they have made a saint of Sieur Pâris? The favourites of the celestial courts are not of much account

in this country, especially on account of those who augment them. However, inquirers testify that the conduct of the Carthusians is good."

Pöllnitz was, on the other hand, disgusted with the intolerance of the Lutherans at Hamburg. "Though the Roman Catholic residents have their chapels, the Calvinists are obliged to cross the water to Altona for their services." He had noticed the same bigotry in the other Free City, Frankfort. Verily there is no tyranny like that of the people!

Even the Jews were allowed their synagogues.

"Strange things in Christianity, contrary to charity, and even to common sense, and which must make the Turks laugh. We allow synagogues to Jews, enemies of Christ, who would crucify Him again, had they not done so already, and we refuse churches and chapels to those who hope, as we do, in Jesus Christ! No, even if you think me a thousand times heretical, I say live in Holland, where their principle is not to force consciences, and where they think it contradictory to receive into citizenship people whom they will not allow to worship God in their own way."

In Protestant Saxony, when at the Court of her Catholic Kings, Pöllnitz inveighs against the preachers—

"Who declaim against abuses, luxury and fashion, but allow their wives and daughters to be the first to enhance their charms by new fashions. These preachers, ranking high in the opinion of the people, fancy themselves as good as Bishops, and pour anathemas against every one that is not Lutheran or Reformed, calling them Papists and Calvinists; all Christians of a contrary opinion to their own these charitable ecclesiastics denounce without mercy. Yet, to see these severe Judges, you would imagine that they heralded only Peace and Paradise. They look so gentle, humble, modest, timid, that you would say they were saints. . . .

"One day I was calling on a Lutheran lady, who passed as a great *dévote*. The large company was augmented by a Minister who was also a Doctor, and therefore a personage of great importance. He was received by the mistress of the house, who said to me directly he appeared, 'Now you are going to see a Saint!'

"The Saint entered the room with downcast eyes, making deep bows, and prostrating himself as if to say: 'Domine non sum dignus.' After a great many compliments he sat down, was silent for a few moments, and then spoke. His words were those of a saint, a sage spoke by his mouth. God was blessed for everything. He was listened to as an Oracle.

"At first I did as the others did. Then I thought it better worth while to converse with a young and pretty lady, who was sitting by me. The Doctor, shocked by the little attention I was paying to what he said, asked the lady of the house who I was. She told him my name, and said that I had been a Calvinist, but had now become a Papist.

"What a thunderbolt for the Doctor! He fell back in his arm-chair, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, sighed deeply, and exclaimed: 'God have mercy upon us!'

"Then, carried away by his zeal, he began to speak to me, to question me on the motives of my change of Religion, which he described as Idolatry. I replied that I did not think that my conversion had much interest for him, because, according to his views, I was as much damned as a Calvinist as a Catholic.

"'That is not quite the same,' replied the Minister. 'To worship Baal! To become the disciple of the Antichrist! Ah! it is better to be damned as a Calvinist!'

"I confess that I had some trouble not to laugh at the Minister's impertinent zeal. But I had the discretion to restrain myself; I was curious to see how far his holy foolishness would carry him. He enunciated much. As I made no reply he thought that he had

convinced, and, perhaps, touched me. He congratulated himself when I told him that he must not conclude from my silence that he had converted me; that it was not my way to argue over religion, and that I let every one think as they pleased.

" ' What blindness ! ' exclaimed the Doctor. ' What a Papistical fanatic you are ! If you will not be of our communion, return to the Religion you have left; there is at least some hope that God will pardon you ! '

" This fanatical Doctor ended these exclamations by a prayer, in which he asked God to preserve all good Lutheran souls from the errors of Papistry, and then departed, leaving the company more scandalized than edified by his zeal.

" Formerly the preachers had the pleasure of venting their bile in the pulpit; but the King, by a wise ordinance, which might well be imitated in all countries, has restricted them to preaching the Gospel; and not allowed them to be more controversial than is necessary for the instruction of the people.

" Those who did not obey were dispossessed. The Saxon Lutherans only just tolerate Catholics. They are not allowed to hold any legal appointments, or to have any money in the funds; but they cannot deprive them of posts at Court, in the army, or in the Ministry, which attracts proselytes from the nobility."

We have seen Pöllnitz, even at Rome and at Madrid, as unsparing in his criticism of the Roman Church, especially of the clergy and the religious orders; as he is of the Jansenist miracles. To his friend the Margravine, as tolerant and broad-minded as himself, he indites a delicious little hagiological satire.

" . . . Your Royal Highness makes fun of me, and says that she will call me Saint Pöllnitz. That is not so improbable, and I strive for it with all my zeal. With faith and with prayer and with perseverance, one may well reach Heaven. Perhaps Your Royal Highness is

not so much convinced of this as I am. Your hour is not yet come, but it will come, and it will be my boast to have brought it about. Directly I have attained the Heavenly Zion, my prayers for you shall never cease. Already I seem to hear all the Saints fall in with my suggestion, and exclaim unanimously, 'She has too many virtues not to be a Catholic!'

"Then I saw, Madame, Grace, like a sunbeam, light upon you and His Highness the Margrave also share it, I hear you both say: 'Holy Pöllnitz, pray for us!' till you both, weary of life, enter Heaven to the sound of flutes and cymbals, and the holy shouts of the angels. Till then may you both live in unity and love, happy and faithful, and the days of 'Philemon and Baucis' be renewed in your vicinity."

Pöllnitz never misses the opportunity of a thrust at the Roman clerics, though he had some very good friends among the highest dignitaries. But it is at the monks and friars that he loves best to tilt. Apropos of the Capuchin Fathers at Spa, he launches out into a description of the Order.

"The Capuchin is an animal almost human in form, and is of the ordinary height of a man, but it is bearded, starving, proud, and goes bare-foot. . . . The Founder required only three qualifications—a large appetite, good legs, and broad shoulders. This last condition seemed to him indispensable, because the shoulders were to be the natural seat of the Holy Wallet, which was to contain the archives of his monastery, and his rights to public or private property. The fundamental maxim of his State was that the brethren gave up everything, even property. . . . He compensated his subjects against the severity of this law by the licence to beg daily with impunity; and they use this signal privilege rigorously, even to this day. . . . The Colony grew . . . the Court of Rome recognized in it the spirit of the Apostles. I believe indeed that

the Capuchins resemble these latter quite as closely as do the Roman Cardinals and Prelatés. . . . Every one admired them; only the barbers, perhaps, protested against this Institution. . . . There are in France, alone, now twenty-five thousand Capuchins.

"Hood, cloak, robe, and sandals, that is the Capuchin habit, they wear neither shirt nor breeches . . . their robe is of coarse stuff worn over their skin. It descends to the heels, is tight at the throat, but open at the neck that the hands may be conveniently passed into it in order to make, from time to time, a movement known only to the dirtiest and most wretched beggars. The robe has wide sleeves, which allow white arms to be seen. It is surmounted by the Sacred Hood, which is a sort of Dragoon's cap, a yard long . . . the Venerables put it on usually like a sugar-loaf when they are in meditation, or having a siesta. Generally all wear it falling down the back, like a funnel to filter liqueurs; but the foppish Capuchins make it look like a Hussar's cap by means of a lead-weight attached to the point, which gives it a gallant and sprightly set. . . .

"From the thick white girdle hangs a great wooden chaplet with Death's-heads, cross and medals, and such-like nunnery fancy-work, the cloak comes to the knees, and is only used for visits or travelling. The stockings are of the same stuff as their shirts—that is to say, they leave their legs bare; their only foot-gear is thick soles of leather, tied on with straps. . . . The robe is of thick fustian, red or tan in tone, impenetrable to the heat of the sun, and rain-proof, yet soft enough to imbibe the capuchinical sweat, and to retain it for years. . . . The good Fathers have only one habit at a time, and only change it when they cast off the first. They do so with regret, because they find its smell sweet; and so, to perfume the new one, they attach, contrary to the precept of the Gospel, an old piece to the new. . . . By this means the traveller's nose is warned from afar off that he is about to meet a Capuchin, or that there is a Capuchin convent within half a league.

"Every Capuchin is obliged to place this piece of stuff so as to designate where his favourite vice is situated . . . so that, with a little scrutiny, the defects of a Capuchin may be noticed directly he is seen. . . .

"They may not use any vehicles . . . nor walk more than four leagues a day . . . they never carry any money, or touch it, or pay for anything. They have the right to enter inns, and to sit at table with the guests—at the latter's expense.

"Their habit is a little world, or, at least, a sort of castle or palace, with its inhabitants, its guards, its assembly-rooms, its galleries, its cellars, its resorts of pleasure, of study. . . . He carries everything on him . . . he has sixteen pockets round him, all separate, and each imperceptible, and each with its name.

"I. The Gallery.—A great piece of stuff sewn all round the edge of the cloak, with an opening on either side, where they place their Breviary, Prayer-book, sermons—in all, twenty-two discourses.

"II. The See-Saw.—A little bag fastened to the cloak under the right arm, to put a couple of bottles in, which they carefully fill in all the best houses they pass, as a precaution against the needs of a poor shelter.

"III. The Abyss.—Under the left shoulder, reaching to the Gallery; called the Abyss, for large provisions—hams, shoulders, turkeys—for long marches, destitute of good inns.

"IV. The Cook.—A little leather satchel, under the See-Saw, for spices with which to make nice *ragoûts* at the inns.

"V. The Dainty.—On one edge of the cloak; the retreat of biscuits, cakes, and dainties, to be slipped in at a well-found table. Some pop in little flasks of liqueur.

"VI. The Precious, in the same position on the left side, contains toilet and shaving utensils, musk, and other perfumes, to keep up the odour of sanctity. This pocket is only used by coquette Capuchins.

"VII. The Necessary, a little above, with some ointments and drugs.

"VIII. The Housewife, opposite on the other side, only used for long journeys, to mend their shoes and clothes.

"IX. The Armenian, on the right side of the bottom of the cloak, at the end of the Gallery, for coffee, the little mill, tea-box, sugar, to regale the Sisters of the Third Order with. This is only allowed to Father Confessors.

"X. At the other end of the Gallery, the Indian, with all smoking apparatus and snuff.

"Now for the pockets in the robe itself.

"XI. The Gallant is under the right arm-hole, and is made in waxed cloth. It is used for special tobacco, love-letters of their *Dévotes*, lists of Deaths and Marriages to converse about on visits to People of Quality.

"XII. Proprette, in the fold of the elbow, for a white handkerchief, which is only used in good company.

"XIII. The fold of the left sleeve forms naturally a third pocket, the Bourgeois, for snuff, handkerchiefs, and common tobacco.

"XIV. Devout is much cleaner than the others. It is under the folds of the robe and on the chest, for relics and holy images, etc., note-book, with the journeys entered, and sacred things to edify and stir up charity in devout souls towards this Order.

"XV. Discreet is only used by the bigwigs, at the bottom of the Sacred Hood. Under pain of excommunication, only those qualified may wear it; it is used to bring back to the convent money for masses, restitutions, wills, etc.

"XVI. Libertine, between the two leathers of the sandal. It is for money given secretly to Capuchins by their families. It is contraband, and is only used on the sly. As it is forbidden to *carry* money, they say they only tread it under their feet.

"Besides all these there is the Holy Wallet, of white canvas, borne by the friars who go begging in the towns

for the convent. They go out two by two, but not into the villages, and preach between services, when the food at the convent has run short. The Roman Catholics call those sermons 'Capuchinades.' They take sacred names and names of Saints, and add that of their town. One friar, to rise superior to his brethren, called himself Reverend Father Eli Lamasabacthany of Sabuot."

CHAPTER II

Pöllnitz was a denizen of Paris during the most stirring times of the war which raged between the Jesuits and the Jansenists. Louis, in his last years, supported the former, the Parliament the latter. When the Regent came to power he too, at first, sided with the Jansenists, with "hundreds of thousands of fair-minded men, because the bigotry and the intolerance of the Jesuits and the higher clergy had become intolerable."

The Gallican Church was at its lowest ebb. The "Cardinals and Bishops were sensualists, friars and curates bigots, and the laity had become unbelievers." With Jansenism a whiff of purer moral atmosphere, of spirituality, blew through the Church. Men forgot the scholastic quibbles which were the original *raison d'être* of the feud; comprehending neither efficacious, nor co-operative, nor preventing grace, they adopted the cause of the Jansenists because they were a persecuted minority, and from indignation against their persecutors.

The Jansenists were "the alchemists of religion," and Jansenism a phase rather than a sect. Though fighting for dogmas, it was undogmatic; a flock with many leaders, but without a head; for Baius and Quesnel, whose writings had started the pen warfare, had been dead years before it reached its height. At a very impressionable moment we have seen Pöllnitz come under the influence of one of the most saintly of the leaders. He is always fair and sympathetic to Jansenism, though one cannot imagine him either as a controversial penman or a recluse at Port-Royal. He thus writes of the latter period of the movement:

"However ridiculous Jansenism may be on certain points, their morals are respectable, and much more worthy of the Christian religion than the loose feelings of the Molinist doctors . . . the Curé of Asnières is certainly a man of much merit . . . Abbés Bidel and Asfeld, people very polite in their dealings. These are those who do their party the greatest honour, and their zeal for their doctrines has caused them all to be sent into exile.

"The Curé of Asnières, M. Jubé, was brought up by the learned Baillet, who has written so much on the old authors, and who has unravelled so many superstitions, which the credulity of monks have interwoven with the legends of the Saints. This work, in which he had the assistance of Jubé, has procured him the name, like Doctor de Launoy, of the Discoverer of Saints. It can easily be imagined that a man brought up in that school would have freed himself from popular superstitions. Indeed, directly he was appointed he endeavoured to turn his gift to account by reforming his parish.

"When he was made Curé of Asnières he found a little church quite full of images of saints, mostly disfigured by time. Among others was a figure of the Virgin which was dressed every Saturday with much ceremony by a devout old lady who had taken charge of her toilette. This superstition displeased him much, but, as he was prudent, he did not at first dare to find fault with it publicly. Gradually he removed the little disfigured saints; he neglected the others, and, when it was remarked upon, said that he thought of rebuilding the church. He indeed intended to do so, but the difficulty was to induce the landowners of Asnières to contribute. . . . The parish was divided into two parts: one belonged to the Abbé Lemoine, a celebrated Molinist, and consequently devoted to all the knicknacks of the smallest devotional ceremonies; the other belonged to a rich Protestant, who would certainly not have liked to give his money to make images which, in his religion, it was thought wrong to worship.

"The Curé made the best of both. He gave the Protestant landlord to understand that he proposed to build a church in the old style, without ridiculous ornaments; and, as the Curé had often talked sincerely about the superstitions of the Roman Church with this nobleman, who esteemed him, he extracted from him a donation as a contribution to the building, on condition that it contained no image.

"He then sought out the Abbé Lemoine, telling him that, in order to induce the Protestant landlord to contribute, it was necessary to abstain from placing any images in the church for some time; and by this means both the landowners agreed to restore the church from top to bottom, and a very pretty, simple, clean church was the result, almost on the model of a Temple Reformé.

"During the time that the church was rebuilding the Curé instructed his parishioners, and prepared them for the reforms which he meditated. He distributed Psalters and New Testaments in French; and in less than three years he had transformed his flock. He was beloved by them, though he was very strict, for he put sinners to open penance. A girl who had lost her honour, for instance, he kept three months in the church porch, without allowing her to enter, and, before he admitted her, he took advice of the most serious of his parishioners. As he had won their hearts by large alms, and had prepared their minds to submission by the reading of Holy Scripture, his strictness did not revolt them, and although at the gates of Paris, and under the eyes of Jesuits, his peculiarities were for a long time ignored.

"But the most noticeable of all was the construction of two benches into pulpits, which he had placed opposite each other in his church. On one he had all the books of the Bible, in French, on the other, the Lives of the Saints, written by Baillet, and on Festivals and Sundays every one was permitted to come in during the intervals of the service and read . . . a vine-dresser

was to be seen reading the Bible, and those round the table were listening with a touching piety. . . . The church was without an image; only one cross, and that not even upon the Altar, apparently to mean that they did not wish to have it worshipped.

"The Altar was a marble table without cloth, candles, or ornaments. It was covered with a white cloth at the time of saying the Liturgy. Then two candles were lighted which hung against the wall, and the lights were only incensed at the morning and evening offices. When the Curé said mass he only approached the Altar at the moment of blessing the symbols. He remained seated by the side to read all the prayers, to which all the congregation, and women and children, answered 'Amen,' till the prayers which the Roman rubric calls secret, but which were not so at Asnières, for not only did the Curé read them out aloud, but all who could read had them written in French.

"He was aided in his duties by an old clergyman who was only a deacon, and who had refused priest's Orders, that he might give the church a still more primitive style. In order not to go contrary to the order required by the Roman Church, they say the Epistles and Gospels in Latin, but immediately afterwards the deacon, turning to the people, read them in French, and, after having asked the Curé's blessing, explained them in a homily. On Saints' Days, like the Conception, the Curé did not amuse himself by a mere panegyric, or the telling of the fables with which these stories have been embellished. Often, in his exhortation, he said a few words only to refute such, and, if the Saint in question had exhibited some striking and well-authenticated virtue, he described this example to his people and asked them to thank God for the grace He had given to His faithful servant.

"These festivals were kept by him much after the Liturgy of the Anglican Church. Pilgrimages were unknown in this parish, and although Argenteuil, which is a celebrated shrine, was only distant half a league,

the inhabitants of Asnières did not fatigue themselves by going to see the Sacred Robe which is kept there. The Sacrament was never exposed with ceremony upon the Altar. It was reserved for the sick, in a silver-gilt dove, which hung over the Altar, and, when it was taken down for some public ceremony, I never saw that great care was taken to adore it. But I know that the Communion was always received kneeling. . . . In spite of the Perpetual Adoration at Port-Royal, it is not certain that they believe in the Real Presence any more than the Protestants. They agree with the Lutherans in this, and, if they believe in it, it is only at the moment of consecration. . . . In their Prayer-book, famous as the 'Hours of Port-Royal,' there is a prayer marked for the moment of the Elevation of the Host at mass in which there are these words: 'I adore Thee, O Jesus! seated at the right hand of the Eternal Father.'

"The Jansenist creed may be called the Profession of Faith of Bedlam. . . . There is more safety in the Protestant religion, because, at least, they keep to the principles, whereas the Jansenists are never in agreement with each other.

"The parish of Asnières became the rendezvous of the Jansenists. Every Sunday they rushed there from all sides to see the simplicity of ceremonies with which the Curé celebrated service. Jansenists found asylum in his house, such as the brother of the famous Petitpied, whose recall the Curé had obtained from the Regent. . . .

"On the Thursday before Easter, when at Rome the Institution of the Eucharist is celebrated, the Curé gathered the poor of the parish together in the evening and washed their feet. After this ceremony he made them sit at table with him, and, after having blessed bread, gave to all a piece, saying these words, 'This, my brother, is how the Lord instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist,' and then gave to all the congregation, who ate it. He performed the same ceremony with the Chalice, filling it with wine, and presenting it to all, after blessing it, and saying to each: 'Drink you all,

for it is thus that the Lord instituted the Eucharist'; while the Deacon read in French the History of the Passion of our Lord.

"In all this there is an indefinable mixture of contradictory feelings and practices. . . . They are enlightened, agreeing about the abuses of their Church, and yet retaining several. They only allow infallibility to certain Councils, which suit them . . . they want to convert the Protestants, and bring them back to their Church, the infallibility of which they boast without being able to determine in what it resides. They clamour against the tyranny of the Bishops, and one knows how little they think of the Pope, whom they respect much less than his throne, to which they profess to be attached, while they overwhelm the Holy Father by appeals.

"Their feelings about grace and predestination are never consistent; they laugh as we do, under their breath, at the dream of purgatory, and do not like monks, vows, or pilgrimages. The most distinguished among them agree as to the validity of Anglican Orders; they pride themselves on being Appealers, and call the others Protestants, which is the same thing; yet they are offended when their adversaries reprove them with being half Calvinists, and, if they were not persecuted, they would persecute. . . . There is no calumny in taxing the Jansenists with insincerity. For instance, what means this quarrel over the Formulary, and their submission to the Church? Their appeal to Councils, their devotion to the Pope? Their opposition to the Bull Unigenitus, their zeal in promoting that which condemned Chinese worship? Their pretended severity over monastic vows, and their following the Carthusians who had taken refuge at Utrecht? Their devotion to Saints, their repudiation of their images? . . . They cry out against scapularies, rosaries, miracles of certain Saints of these latter days; but now they canonize their Blessed Pâris, who was the meanest Saint in the world, and attribute to him extravagant miracles. . . .

"I should find the argument of a Jesuit infinitely more efficacious against me than that of a Jansenist appellant. . . . Jesuits would at least give me an example of submission; their system would appear consistent; but a Jansenist would stultify himself in preaching the Truths of which he wished to persuade me. The Religion of the Jesuits is safer—it follows Roman principles; but that of the Jansenists appears to me nobler and higher-toned, for they have some very estimable qualities . . . a sincere love of truth, as the austerity of their morals proves; if it was not carried to such excess, it would be very praiseworthy. They go too far for the Protestants, and not far enough for the Catholics."

Pöllnitz tells a story of the attitude of the Regent d'Orleans towards the Jansenists. The Jesuits left the good Curé in peace, because he was protected by the Regent, who had made his acquaintance when he came to see the Marquise de Parabière, who had a house at Asnières. Previously, to satisfy the Jesuits, he had sent some one to investigate the state of things in the parish; but, from a spirit of mischief, he gave the Abbé Dubois the job, and the matter of the ritual of the mass was not the latter's strong point. However, he assisted incognito at the Curé's services, and it might have been either from ignorance, or from indolence, that he made a good report to His Royal Highness, and the Curé was left in peace.

The latter, however, had a little skirmish with the Marquise. This lady's public gallantries with the Duc de Richelieu and her undue secret intercourse with the Marquis de B—— did not edify the parish of Asnières, which served as a rendezvous. The Curé, declining to listen to any arguments on the subject, begged her not to come to church, because, by the old canons, he was forbidden to celebrate the Holy Mysteries in the presence of open sinners. The lady took the compliment as an excess of zeal. She should have known her Curé better. Nevertheless, she came to church on one solemn day;

the Curé spied her, and sent and had the same message repeated in her ears. She laughed at it.

M. Jubé retired into the sacristy, and would not begin the service. The lady was obstinate, and sent her lackey to know when he was going to say mass. . . . "Directly she has gone out, *mon ami*; and assure your mistress that I would rather go home than appear at the Altar in her presence."

The Marquise left in a rage, and the moment after the Curé began the service.

In the afternoon the lady went to Paris and demanded justice of the Duke-Regent for this affront. But the Prince, far from taking up her quarrel, replied: "Why did you lay yourself open to it? He does his duty, and you should have expected it; and, if he threatened me in this same manner, I should heed it."

The Regent was so much impressed by the Curé that, the day of the execution of Count Horn, when he left Paris secretly in order to avoid the petitions for his reprieve, he went off alone, without a guard, in a grey coach, to Asnières, straight to the Marquise's house. She was away, but the Curé passed by. The Duke called to him, unlocked the door, and they spent the afternoon together, discussing ecclesiastical matters, which the Prince quite understood. He was so pleased with the Curé's conversation that he offered him an Abbey and a pension, which the cleric declined. The Regent even invited him to his reception, in order to discountenance his enemies. Finally, feeling hungry, they looked for eggs in the kitchen. After eating, the Duke slapped the Curé on the shoulder: "Judge, by this repast, how much I respect you! I would not eat like this with your enemies. I must, indeed, have confidence in your sincerity to hand myself over alone to you!"

Pöllnitz's story of the Abbé Petitpied and his brother throws light upon the persecutions which the Jansenists underwent. The Abbé was exiled to Holland, then recalled, and, after that, considered by his party as a

Confessor. The Bishop of Bayeux was very fond of him, and attached him to himself. He was the only Jansenist that the Court allowed near the aged Prelate, who died in his arms. Directly he had closed his eyes the Abbé returned to his brother, who had a cure in Paris. Hardly had he arrived than a police-officer came with a coach to tell him that he had a *lettre de cachet*, which consigned him to the Bastille. Though very taken aback, the Abbé concealed it, and begged for leave to call his brother, and bid him farewell. The brother came in and was very civil to Rappin, the police-officer, who regretted having to carry out those orders. The Abbé, seeing him so polite, asked for leave to take away his Breviary and some books to occupy him. Rappin, more indulgent than usual, allowed it, on condition that the books were all passed by the Governor of the Bastille. So the Abbé passed into his study, and the brother remained to keep the police-officer company.

The latter, while waiting, amused himself by playing with the cat. It was the prettiest cat in the world; it knew little tricks, it jumped a stick, passed and repassed through a hoop, and, in a word, knew everything that a well-brought-up cat of good family ought to know. This amusement made the police-officer forget that he had a Prisoner of State to guard, and it was a long quarter of an hour since the Abbé left him.

At last Rappin grew uneasy. The brother soothed him by suggesting the choice of books which the Abbé was probably making; with the aid of the cat, the police-officer kept his patience for another quarter of an hour. At last he lost it, jumped up, and called the Abbé. The Abbé did not answer.

Rappin opened the door into the study, and was surprised to see that what he thought was only a closet was a sort of cupboard with a secret door which opened into the courtyard below. Petitpied, for a long time accustomed to have *lettres de cachet* rained upon him, had this secret exit constructed, with the permission of his neighbour; it now came in handy.

Rappin, in despair at having missed his prey, called his myrmidons, and made them search the neighbouring houses. They went up into the garrets, down into the cellars, and ransacked every nook and corner, to find no one. He posted his men at the top of all the thoroughfares which led to this quarter, running like a madman himself from street to street, and stopping every one that he saw in the shape of a priest and asking them if they were Petitpied. But it was too late. Petitpied was in safety, and left shortly for Holland, where he still lived at the time that Pöllnitz wrote.

The adventure made Rappin ridiculous; the Lieutenant of Police jeered at him. The next day all Paris sang the praises of the little Jansenist cat.

"Rappin, toi qui comme un vauteur
Fonds sur le Janseniste,
En vain tu devances le jour
Pour le suivre à la piste.
Petitpied, sur ton complement
Déloge sans trompette,
Et te laisse, fort poliment,
Son chat pour amusette."

"One day," adds Pöllnitz, "a statue will be raised to this celebrated cat . . . for the event is already noted in the Almanac of the Constitution printed at Utrecht. A little woodcut has been engraved to keep its memory green. It is a sort of hieroglyph, very ingenious, if it were not so impudent—a big cat dancing round a lark shut up in a cage. The cat, by dint of tricks, manages to open the door with his paw, and, at the moment when he is grabbing his prey, the bird flies away, while, in the distance, one sees an Abbé escaping from the hands of a police-officer, who is pursuing him, and to whom he presents a streamer, on which is written: 'Petitpieds ne sont pas pour toi, gros matou!'

"If I were a Jansenist, I would have a cat in any case. But without cats they know how to get out of difficulties. The good Curé of Asnières knew how to return to

asylums without other assistance than that of parishioners. When the Regent and the Jesuits clamoured against him, under the new Ministry, he was warned that a *lettre de cachet* was out against him. But it could not be served upon him, for he put in a vicar to serve the parish, and did not appear himself. The Jesuits hoped that, by means of his absence, which was prolonged beyond the legal term, they could deprive him of his cure; but the love of his parishioners for their pastor enabled him for many years to elude their artifices. They arranged some ceremony, official or legal, such as a baptism, a marriage, or a burial, which he came and performed incognito, and which was signed and registered by reliable witnesses. He then vanished again, and his enemies were four years before they could prove his absence. But now, apparently weary of being of no use to the Church, he is at St. Petersburg, under the name of M. de la Cour, taking charge of the education of young nobles."

But Pöllnitz would not be himself did he not also take the other side, and show up the Jansenists from their enemies' point of view. His frivolous Abbé, "a priest only by chance . . . because a cadet of his family," whom we have seen at Spa, making love to Milady, tells his story.

"Perhaps I should have been less awake had I been less severely brought up. But, as I came from a Jansenist diocese, I was obliged to bury myself at Paris for five years in the Collège du Plessis, and in the Community of St. Hilaire, where they made a crime of the most innocent things, which ill-judged austerity only ends in making hypocrites. I, nevertheless, came out pretty well; but, when I found myself free, I tried to make up for lost time. The Jansenists are the most ridiculous and dangerous criminals that I know of. Just at the time when the Dutch ambassadors were to make a splendid entry into Paris, a young man of my

age wanted to go with me to see it. I went to call for him; he lived with his uncle, a celebrated man, clever and most estimable, but an outrageous Jansenist. Unluckily, it was a day when the heads of the party had forgathered at his house. There were the Du Guets, the Ravechets, Witnesse, des Essarts, and certain pious ladies he entertained with coffee, which is the favourite beverage of these devout devotees. My young friend, who was already considered an adept, was admitted to these mysteries, and they did him the honour of making him read to the company all the libels and satires on the Jesuits and the Constitution. He was thus occupied when he was told that I was waiting for him. He wished to make his bow and join me; but, before he obtained leave to do so, he was obliged to explain where he was going. He said so quite naturally. Do you imagine that they would let him go? Not at all. They examined the offence in the Sanhedrim; they weighed all the consequences in the balance of the Sanhedrim. The oldest of the company, Des Essarts (an old scamp turned out of a church in Normandy) gravely asked him what motive led him to wish to see this ceremony; was it the love of God? The young man replied that he was going out of pure curiosity, and that he did not see that any harm could come of it. They exclaimed that this was blasphemy, as all actions should have an aim, and that there are only two aims, the love of God, or cupidity. Therefore, if he went to see this ceremony from cupidity, as there was no doubt that he would, he would commit an enormous crime, because the action was not being done out of charity. This doctrine was supported by a quantity of passages from St. Augustine, and it was unanimously concluded that he was not to be allowed to see the entry of the Dutch ambassadors. He dared not say a word. They would have sent him to the Abbey of Hyvermaux in Brie, which was the prison of the elect of the Jansenists, rebels to the Holy Doctrines. He was sent there once for a week, for having yawned over the dull story of the

Captivity of Mère Angèlique at Port-Royal, which his uncle made him read at meals. This austere relative thought it criminal in his nephew to wish to have a dancing-master, though he gave him a music-master, that he might learn to sing the little complements which were daily composed against the Constitution and the Molinists. Bishop —— gave him, as a New Year's present, a vignette cut by a nun of Port-Royal, and gummed on to a little piece of red satin which had edged the episcopal gloves of the Bishop of Angers. Round it was written in gold letters: 'Relic of the Holy Bishop Arnaud.'"

In concluding this glance at Pöllnitz's religious views, it is not uninteresting to note Frederic the Great's strictures upon "the chameleon" of sixty, who had offered to change his faith yet once more, in order that he might receive one of the Commanderies—benefices attached to certain Catholic military and religious Orders, and which were at the King's disposal.

"POTSDAM,
"*February 28th*, 1748.

"You have written to me with so much sincerity and frankness that you deserve that I reply not less truthfully. Will you not agree, without being offended, that you cannot be accused of being too wise? Did you, indeed, think that I ever spoke seriously about your change of religion, and is it suitable, at sixty years of age, to be occupied with such chimerical plans subject to such toils and inconveniences? For, indeed, and even if you had submitted yourself once again to the yoke of Rome, and if I should be inclined to give you some *commanderies*, could I do so before there were any vacant? All the commanders in Silesia are younger than yourself, and, moreover, could you hold them without a lordly expenditure, or, if you adhered to the statutes of the Order, without running about on long journeys, and acting as a novice knight? What a

career for a greybeard! The pleasure of succeeding, is it worth the trouble of trying, and can you still hope to overcome the obstacles? Undeceive yourself; ridicule would, perhaps, be the least of the worries you would have to undergo. I have never spoken to Rothemburg to give you a pension of four hundred crowns, and you have doubtless misunderstood him. There are none vacant for Catholics in Silesia, and if you have the commandery of Reichenbach in view, you must not think of it any more; I have disposed of it in favour of Count Falkenhayn. Be yourself again. I leave you to your reflections, and, upon the question of religion, leave you entirely your own master. But I wish you to be convinced that I never spoke about it except in joking. I never should have imagined that you would take the matter seriously, and that you wished to add to the romance of your life such a peculiar episode."

Thiébault tells the story of the conversation which led up to this letter.

"One day Pöllnitz was talking to the King of his poverty and his needs, a subject upon which he was sometimes very eloquent.

"'I would willingly help you,' replied his master, 'but how can I? You know that I cannot manage everything except by dint of economy, the country is so poor! If you were still a Catholic, I could give you some canonry; from time to time I have some rather good ones in my nomination, and you can understand that I would rather give one to you than to many others. But you are now Reformed Protestant—that is to say, attached to the faith which is, unfortunately, the poorest of all; it offers no possibility of being beneficial to you. It is a great pity, and I assure you that I am truly sorry for it.'

"The Baron was deceived by the good-natured manner with which Frederic said all this to him; he thought he could do no better than renounce the greatest

prize, and to return to that which is of most benefit. That very evening he went and abjured; and, as the King had told him that a rich canonry was vacant at that moment, he thought that he had not a moment to lose, and came next morning to announce that, in consequence of His Majesty's advice, he had become Catholic again, and that he hoped that such a great monarch would do something to carry into effect the hopes which he had authorized an old servant of the Royal Family to conceive.

"'I am really dreadfully sorry,' replied the King; 'but this morning I gave away the canonry which I spoke to you about. This is a cruel contretemps! But how could I guess that you were so ready to change your religion yet again? What can I do?—Ah! I remember that I have still a Rabbi's post to give away. Have yourself made a Jew, and I will promise it to you.'"

PART V

THE KINGS' JESTER

"Faites bavarder Pöllnitz"

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

CHAPTER I

"*Le fameux Pöllnitz*, arrived from Vienna, was present at the Tabagie," notes Seckendorf in his "Journal Secret" on February 2nd, 1735. He arrived armed with a recommendation from the Empress, and with strict orders to return at once if the King did not take him into favour in four or five days. According to the Margravine of Bayreuth, it was Pollnitz's literary merits that had won for him Frederic William's forgiveness and favour, and paved the way for his return to his native land.

"This man," she writes, "has made enough noise in the world for me to say a word or two about him. He is the author of the 'Memoirs' which have appeared in his name. The King had them read to him. The descriptions he found in them of the Court of Berlin pleased him so much that he wished once more to see Pöllnitz, who was at that time in Vienna, when he subsisted on the Empress's favours. He went to Berlin, and so insinuated himself into the King's mind that he gave him a pension of fifteen hundred crowns. I had known him well in my youth. This man has an immense deal of wit and information, and his conversation is most pleasant. At heart he is not bad, but knows neither how to behave, nor has he any judgment, and sins for the most part by his frivolity."

Pöllnitz was a delightful addition to the group of Frederic William's cronies, which collected every evening at his Tobacco Parliament. This was held in the

summer-house at the bottom of the castle garden on the banks of the sullen Spree. But it had also a *locus* at Potsdam, when the King moved thither, while at his hunting-box of Wüsterhausen the Tabagie is preserved intact to this day, with its benches and beakers and the portrait of the best of the court fools.

The King came in about seven or eight o'clock, found those he allowed to come already collected, and stayed till eleven or twelve. They drank beer, smoked, and told the news of the day. At his first introduction to the rough symposium Pöllnitz, who hated tobacco, even more than he disliked drinking, was somewhat alarmed; but, when he perceived that even the favourite Count Seckendorf was permitted to sit and puff at an empty pipe, his fears were allayed. The talk was most familiar and discursive; practical jokes and rough horse-play not unknown. The company sat round a pine-wood table, on either side of which were bare benches; at one end a rough arm-chair for the King, at the other a similar one, ornamented on the back with two hare's ears, the German symbol for the worthlessness or frivolity of people. This seat was reserved for the favourite buffoon. Its present occupant, succeeding to Fassmann, killed by drink, was one Graben zum Stein, nicknamed Graf von Stein, an unfrocked Tyrolese friar, a frail-looking creature, erudite withal, but often subjected to the same cruel joking as his predecessor.

Among Frederic William's cronies who forgathered nightly with him at the Tabagie was, first and foremost, his cousin and comrade-in-arms in the Marlborough days in Flanders, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, General-Field-Marshal, tall, bony, with cloudy brow, vigilant, swift eyes, and "of a bluish tint of skin, as if gunpowder had stuck to him." A born soldier, of a cheerful, bright face, hard and inured; brave to rashness, only equalled by Charles XII. "A warm and constant friend, an implacable enemy to those he thinks have deceived him," writes Pöllnitz, who had tested him.

"Proud with his equals, polite and well-bred to his inferiors. Liked wine and women in his youth, but neither deterred him when it was a question of the pursuit of glory. Scrupulous in keeping his word, and only gave it after mature consideration. The enemy of pomp and of the restraint of grand folk; economical, perhaps always more than was suitable to his rank; absolute master in his family and his State; with poor, but submissive subjects, with finances in good order."

Dessau's rival in the King's affections was General Grumbkow, his favourite Minister, "who leads the monarch as on a string"; a soldier who had shown the white feather at Malplaquet and Stralsund; purring like a sly old tom-cat; with charming manners, satirical and amusing.

A new-comer to the Tabagie since Pöllnitz was last in Berlin was snuffling General Count Seckendorf, "the Emperor's man, as like his ally Grumbkow in mind and body as two peas"; "square-cut, shortish, steel-grey gentleman of military cut, getting on into the sixties."

These three men headed the three parties at Court, who fought for influence over Frederic William. They represented respectively the interests of Prussia, of Austria, and France, for Grumbkow was a chameleon, and in the pay of either, or both the latter Powers.

Frederic William's health was failing after a serious illness he had had the year before, and he suffered from gout, sleeplessness, and deafness. His temper had not improved; much the reverse. Frederic William wanted cheering and amusing; his cronies were growing old, like himself. He was more partial to Pöllnitz than ever before. Seckendorf notes that the King had not sent for Pöllnitz, but, in any case, only a few days after his arrival Frederic William bestowed upon him a salary of two hundred and fifty thalers, and signed the commission appointing him Chamberlain.

Pöllnitz, though his main object was to keep in

Frederic William's favour, was ever all things to all men. He speedily insinuated himself into that of the Prince Royal, whose temperament and tastes were far more congenial to him than those of the King; he was soon made free of Frederic's "platonic Republic of Rheinsberg." This delightful country-house in the beech-woods by the lake was but a long day's drive, over the sandy plains of the Mark, from Berlin, and distances and driving were, as we know, nothing to Pöllnitz. Rheinsberg was the only oasis in Prussia of advanced art, culture, and philosophy. There was a cosmopolitan tone about the Prince Royal's circle, in which French predominated, both in language, taste, and literature. This suited Pöllnitz admirably, and he suited Rheinsberg.

With Keyserling, the Kurlander—Cæsarion, Frederic called him, and Swan of Mittau—musician, philosopher, poet, mathematician, and author, Pöllnitz could talk of Paris, where Keyserling had spent many years. He could appreciate old Beausobre, and Jordan, the French Huguenot preachers, the latter now Frederic's learned reader and *chargé d'affaires;* also Chazot, the *beau sabreur* from Normandy; and the Marquis de la Chétardie, French ambassador at Berlin, Frederic's "ami particulier." Pöllnitz had probably known him in Paris. With frigid, odd Lord Baltimore, when he visited Berlin, the Baron could discuss the coffee-shops of St. James's Street. In the new Chamberlain, young Algarotti, Frederic's "Swan of Padua," clever and charming beyond his years, met one who knew and loved his native Venice well. Pöllnitz, as we have seen, had an eye for architecture, and found much to learn from Knobbelsdorf, Frederic's captain in his Cüstrin days, now a builder, and the designer of Rheinsberg.

On the other hand, the Baron, witty and sparkling, and chameleon-like in his religious views, made a contrast to the religious-philosophical element in the "Republic," composed of such as Manteufel—the "Junker von Kummerfrei," an admirer of Leibnitz

and Wolf, and yet a life-long Christian; or the Wolfist, Suhm—"Diaphane" was his nickname—or Beausobre and Reinbeck, "who love truth," said Frederic, "who are philosophers"; or the old soldier Senning, faithful to Church, faith, and German tone.

Rheinsberg was not wholly given up to the 'ologies. Pöllnitz would not have been happy without feminine society, and of such a kind as would appeal to one who had been used to the women of the Regency. He found that also at Rheinsberg in those days. The Princess Royal, young and pretty; her ladies, Frau von Brandt, "with intrigues," Frau von Morien, "witty, well-preserved, and with a past"—"Le Tourbillon," Frederic called her—"who spoke of the Queen at table in such unreserved language that the men blushed," the giddy sisters von Tetow, and Frederic's former *consolatrice* in dark days, Frau von Wrech. Somewhat of a relief, doubtless, to Pöllnitz, from the bourgeois respectability of the King and Queen's circle. It was a case, at Rheinsberg, of the swing of the pendulum.

In fact, it was Rheinsberg—when he had time and leisure to frequent it—that made existence at the Schloss and at Potsdam endurable to Pöllnitz during the last few years of Frederic William's reign. Without Rheinsberg, it would have been impossible, after the independent life he had led, to put up with the monotony, the tyranny, the violent outbursts of temper of his master.

Not that Pöllnitz was the intimate friend of Frederic, the Prince Royal, any more than he was to be of Frederic, the King; Pöllnitz's want of principle, of balance, made that impossible. But, as a delightful companion, sympathetic, clever, amusing, he was very welcome at "Remusberg," though we find no mention of his ever having been admitted into the innermost circle of the "Order of Bayard."

Pöllnitz made himself useful at Rheinsberg, too. Surreptitiously worshipping the rising sun, he kept Frederic faithfully informed of all that went on in the King's immediate environment. This was very im-

portant to Frederic, who was now on better terms with his father, and was anxious to remain so. Too astute to remain content with his present security, Pöllnitz had an eye to the future.

"From Pöllnitz Frederic received continuous reports of the King's intimate circle, with apparent satisfaction, so that, from 1736, up to his accession to the throne, he was informed to an hair'sbreadth of the mind of the old Court; but the false, double-tongued courtier did not penetrate into Frederic's confidence, and the traitor was not to fathom Frederic's real character."

It is not improbable that there were also underground wires at work which had drawn Pöllnitz to his native land. The Emperor was beginning a fresh campaign in Italy against France, and possibly required yet another confederate at Berlin, who, by his subtile agreeableness, and his French culture, could win over the Prince Royal to the *entente* from which his stern father held obstinately aloof. Prince Lichtenfeld had recently come to Berlin to reinforce the Austrian party, and, at first, no one noticed how Pöllnitz insinuated himself between him and Seckendorf, between Grumbkow, Anhalt, and Manteufel. "Prince Anhalt wishes to use him as a sort of spy," wrote the latter, a few weeks after Pöllnitz's arrival. In May Seckendorf noted that he talks to him as little as possible, "well knowing Pöllnitz to be a double spy." "After Manteufel," he continued, "like many honest people, had laboured in vain to undermine Pöllnitz's position at Berlin, the Dresden Court sought to win and use him. Brühl (the chief Minister) secured for him secretly an appointment as Chamberlain at Dresden, and occasionally, on one pretext or another, let him have considerable sums."

This may sound much to the Baron's discredit, but we must remember that both Frederic himself and his sister Wilhelmina, in the worst days of their father's tyranny, were thankful to receive money from the

WILHELMINA, MARGRAVINE OF BAYREUTH.
From a bust in the Hohenzollern Museum.

Emperor through Grumbkow. We must not be unnecessarily hard on Pöllnitz.

In May died George Frederic Charles, Margrave of Bayreuth, and Wilhelmina of Prussia's husband succeeded his father in the Margravate. A month later Frederic William despatched Pöllnitz to the Bayreuth Court with his congratulations to his daughter on her accession.

Probably the monotonous life at Berlin was palling a little upon Pöllnitz, and he may himself have suggested the little trip. In any case Wilhelmina was delighted to see again the old acquaintance of her girlhood; who, with his lively gossip of all the Courts and health-resorts of Europe, "was a great resource to us, and amused us very much" in the dull days of mourning.

Wilhelmina and the "old Baron," as she called him, were sympathetic souls. The cultivated young Margravine was a good linguist, well-read, a dabbler in philosophy, an admirer of French literature, and fond of art, architecture, and music. Life had been decidedly dull at Bayreuth during the life-time of her impecunious, stingy, narrow father-in-law, and Pöllnitz's visit brought a whiff of the outside world, and, above all, the most recent news of her beloved brother.

The day after Pöllnitz's arrival the Margravine carried him off on a little jaunt to see the Russian troops on the way to join the Emperor's forces on the Rhine. Accompanied by Pöllnitz, the Margravial couple drove thirty or forty miles to the little old town of Vilseck, on the Vils, in the Upper Palatinate, spending the night at a monastery. In command of the troops was General James Keith, the Irishman, as the Margravine erroneously calls him, for he was the son of the Earl-Marshal of Scotland. Though then in the Russian service, Keith subsequently became, as did his brother, one of Frederic the Great's field-marshals, and fell leading his van at Hochkirch.

The Margravine drove out to inspect the troops, "finding herself," as her brother writes jocularly to

her, "surrounded by what is most barbarous on the earth," and he hopes "that they will not much longer be able to boast of possessing the most precious treasure in Germany." Very different to the smart Prussian soldiers were "these barbarians who ate toadstools and drank muddy water," notes the Margravine. Two deserters were led up to her carriage, to be reprieved at her intercession. "The poor wretches knelt on the ground and rubbed their heads against it as a sign of gratitude." Their commander she found "a very polite man, used to good society." Thus did Pöllnitz make acquaintance with one who, some eight years later, was to be one of his brethren in Frederic's "Abbaye" of Sans Souci—a kindred spirit, much travelled, and who had fought in many lands, "conversing in nine languages, and able to read the Greek authors. He had visited all the Courts of Europe, great and small, from that of the Vice-Legate of Avignon to the residence of the Tartar Khan, and had everywhere succeeded in making himself popular."

After this little visit, and the intercourse with intellectual and cultured people, it must have been hard for Pöllnitz to return to the "galley," as Frederic dubbed his father's Court; to the eternal drilling and reviewings only diversified by hunting at dull Wüsterhausen, to the drinking bouts, the plain, coarse, royal fare, the gentlemen's balls, and the long, dull Sundays (any one out after nine would be punished by the police) with their compulsory morning and afternoon services, with long sermons. Any life more antipathetic to Pöllnitz cannot well be imagined.

Yet it was worth his while to put up with it. Frederic William, with interludes of gouty torment, was immersed, in his dour, duty-doing way, in his financial and departmental reforms, and worried with ecclesiastics at home and diplomats abroad. He wanted amusing during his scanty leisure. To Gündling, the court fool, buried in a beer-barrel, had succeeded, as the butt of the Tabagie company, Stein, a runaway friar, who, accord-

ing to Pöllnitz, was a secret spy of Seckendorf's, introduced by him to the King. Stein was baited as Gündling had been, and so was his supplanter, the comical-looking pedagogue who had tickled the King's fancy.

But, as Frederic William grew too unwieldy and infirm for any active amusement, he began to be more distracted by the "cheerful chatter" of Pöllnitz, the comrade of his boyhood. The latter could give the King much unofficial information, too, of the world which was beginning to take such notice of the little kingdom with the huge army, and to intrigue for his influence and alliance.

Frederic William gave Pöllnitz good presents, in addition to his salary. On Christmas Day he was wont to send him six thousand reisdallers (£3,200).

"I give you according to my means," Frederic William said to him, one day. "I know it is not enough for your requirements. It would be necessary for you to have a sovereign much richer than I to make your fortune; also I am not sure if it could ever be managed, for custom, and your character, have made you so extravagant; but, as you please me otherwise, I do what I can for thee."

"'Listen,' he said, another time, when on the same subject. How much income would you require to spend as you like?'

"'Sire, at least four hundred thousand crowns, and that would not suffice me.'

"'So you would wish to have an army?'

"'No, Sire, I should not even have a guard.'

"'Ha! I'm anxious to know how you would spend such a large sum?'

"And then His Majesty took a pen and a large sheet of paper, and orders his Chamberlain to give details of the expenses of his household, which he will write down exactly, and add up at the end. The Baron obeyed,

and began by calculating what he would require annually for cards, for his wardrobe, his alms, and some presents to give at certain assemblies. The statement was found satisfactory, and it was added up without difficulty. Then they set up a town house, and a country house, and what was included in double rent, double furniture, and double upkeep, inside, and in the gardens.

" All the details seemed based upon a proper estimate, and were carried over to the first item. Then, under the third head, they made out the question of servants and of carriages, number of persons and their keep, as well as their wages ; number of carriages and horses.

" ' Very well,' the King said to him, ' I believe that a rich gentleman who wishes to live *au grand seigneur* must have all that.'

" And it was all carried on to the great sheet.

" Under the fourth head they calculated expenses of kitchen, cellar, and pantry. Frederic William, who was *gourmand*, made no difficulty about these items.

" Finally, the Baron asked him what he would allow him for hunting, fishing, private entertaining, and other amusements of a nobleman. Here, though the King was much less ready to allow for, or to prize these amusements, the chase always excepted, he was obliged to admit that they often had to be tolerated, and even, under the actual circumstances, one must arrange the means to provide them for one's guests.

" ' But, at least,' he said, ' I hope that is everything, and that the demon which possesses you will suggest no more to your imagination, which is as wild as it is brilliant.'

" ' Well, Sire, see what the total of these first items amounts to ? '

" Frederic William added up the sum, and found that it came to about four hundred thousand reisdallers.

" ' Yet,' said the Baron, ' I have put down nothing for any accidental expenses. What details have I not

forgotten! I have not asked anything for night-watchmen to keep robbers away from my house, to keep the fish I have in my ponds, and to quiet with sticks the frogs in them that disturb my slumbers, and those of my guests, so disagreeably.'

"'Get along with you and your *châteaux en Espagne*, you lunatic! go and seek a King rich enough to provide for your extravagance!'

"'Sire, permit me not to seek anything. I am too comfortably off with Your Majesty; but, since you have allowed it, I wished to prove to you that it would be quite possible to use legitimately an even extraordinary income.'"

But, in spite of all his partiality for Pöllnitz, the King did not hesitate to reprimand him sharply. One day, at the Tabagie, Count Stollberg made a remark about Seckendorf which was reported to the latter, and almost led to a duel. The matter came to the ears of the King, who threatened to have the tale-bearer—supposed to be Pöllnitz—whipped by the public hangman.

"The Tabagie became a hotbed of intrigue, into the secrets of which the King was not initiated. Each member of the circle tried to monopolize his favour. Pöllnitz was the most formidable at this game, as he was the cleverest and the most eager. A story is told of the undercurrent of plots. One smoker announced that he had made a good bargain by buying a property at such and such a price. Pöllnitz maintained that it was a bad bargain, and would ruin him; the details were then discussed. Pöllnitz remarked that, if the purchaser could have paid up in full, it would have been a good bargain, but, as ten thousand crowns remained owing, what with other expenses, and interest, the profits would all be absorbed. Frederic William, who was usually the arbitrator between the disputants, listened to it all, but said nothing. A quarter of an hour later, the conversation having taken another turn, Frederic

William went out, and was away for about two hours. Every one was much embarrassed as to what to do. Usually, when he withdrew for good, he said good-night. He had gone out without saying anything, so that they feared either that he might return and find no one there, or else that they would sit all night foolishly awaiting him. At last, at half an hour after midnight, he came back with four servants loaded with two sacks of money, and gave them to him who had purchased the estate, with the remark:

"'As Pöllnitz is of opinion that you would have made a good bargain, if you could have paid money down, and, as you are an honest and good citizen, I give you ten thousand crowns for luck, because I do not wish you to risk being ruined for lack of this help.'

"As the Baron had thought out this little plot, one can well imagine that he had his share in the gift, especially as, in such circumstances, he usually stipulated in advance what he was to receive in case of success."

Thiébault, Professor of Belles Lettres at the Berlin Academy, relates another spiteful story of Pöllnitz's using the King for his own ends. Vernesobre had been a cashier under Law in Paris, who had escaped to Berlin before the slump with five million francs. Pöllnitz attempted, without success, to borrow money of him, and, on being refused, determined to revenge himself. When driving one day with the King in a chaise, down the newly built Wilhelmstrasse, Pöllnitz suggested that the street would look well finished off with some kind of palace at the end, like that of Versailles. Frederic William sighed. With all his passion for building, such an erection was beyond his means. Pöllnitz hastened to explain that he had not meant that the King should build, but some such man as Vernesobre, for instance, who was so rich, and who might do so out of gratitude to the King for having refused to surrender him and his fortune to France when requested. So Vernesobre was commanded to build the palace, which, with the

gardens, cost him two millions, the furniture and decorations four hundred thousand more. The Princess Amelia subsequently bought it from him for fifty thousand francs. Thus, to Pöllnitz, indirectly, do the Berliners owe one of the best features of their second finest thoroughfare.

He also takes credit for further improvements.

"I took the liberty of suggesting to the King to join Friedrichstadt with the rest of the town by wide bridges, to demolish the gate to the Neustadt, or Dorotheenstadt, and that of Leipzig, to raze the ramparts, and to widen all the bridges of the city. He approved of my project, and assigned sixty thousand crowns to carry it out."

Another story about Pöllnitz, from Thiébault, shows him in a more kindly light.

One evening, at the Tabagie, Frederic William remarked that, to his amazement, he had found two girls wandering about the private gardens of the palace at Charlottenburg, adding that they were "*charmant*, though I do not like the ugly French word." As no respectable girls would have been out alone, he had had them sent to Spandau as disreputable characters.

Pöllnitz, however, defended the girls. Frederic William listened, while Pöllnitz discussed the report they had given of themselves, which was that they were staying in the Werderstrasse, and belonged to an under-officer's family, adding that it was not too late to find out who they really were. Frederic William went out for a few moments, then returned, talked of other things, and said good-night.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, when his Chamberlain went to the King's *Levée* for orders, he was surprised to find two girls standing weeping in a corner of the anteroom. Presently the King, half-dressed, sent for them. They entered, trembling. The King explained, and apologized to them, asking anxiously if the guard

had been civil to them, and finally presenting each with two thousand francs.

The girls, quite overcome, fell at his feet, and tried to kiss them. Pöllnitz, however, who knew that Frederic William would hate nothing more, said to them: "'Take what the King gives you, and do as he says, and follow his good advice.'"

It transpired that Frederic William had followed that of Pöllnitz the evening before, and had found out that the two young women were married, one to an under-officer, and the other to a peasant, and the latter had come to town and been taken by her friend to see the gardens.

Pöllnitz and others often talked to the King of the magnificence and luxury of the French capital. They boasted of the number of coaches, each better horsed and more elegant than the other, which on certain days, at special hours, paraded in parallel lines along the length of the boulevards. To parody this at his courtiers' expense, Frederic William collected one day at Potsdam a quantity of all kinds of country market-carts, with corn and wood and vegetables, and made them drive slowly four times round the palace square, the King using half the garrison to keep order. When the parade was in full swing, he went with all his Court to admire the show, and said, with a cunning smile: "'Here are my boulevards! Admire the elegance and the richness of the coaches! See, what order is observed! What is Paris in comparison with this!'"

Manteufel, retired Saxon Prime Minister, who had settled in Berlin as an unofficial agent for Augustus, gives a description of Pöllnitz as he seemed to him some six months after the Baron's return to Berlin, and which shows the position Pöllnitz had made for himself at Court. He writes to Brühl, the Prime Minister at Dresden:

"Pöllnitz is exactly the same as you have guessed—the Author of the 'Amusemens de Spa' has drawn a

VOLTAIRE.

From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

very good portrait of him. . . . As he is, moreover, a man with brains, bold and dangerous, and very well qualified to make all sorts of insinuations, bad and good, I set myself to make a sort of friend of him, and I think I have succeeded fairly well, by means of some little presents, and by praising his work and his behaviour—which, indeed, is no longer so giddy as it used to be. It is true that he is an ecclesiastic, being a Canon of Cambray; but I do not know if he has ever worn the habit. As he has seen and read much, and as he expresses himself well, and has a remarkable gift for making certain fellow-creatures he does not like appear ridiculous, all Berlin tries to be on good terms with him, some in order to get amusement, others in order to adapt themselves to the trend of affairs, others from fear. This is candidly his character, and the footing upon which he is here."

When, in the summer of 1737, Pöllnitz went to drink the waters at Ems, he found the Margravine "in that very disagreeable spot. A hole quite surrounded by rocks, not a tree nor a green thing to be seen," she writes; "very bored with a small and dull society."

Wilhelmina welcomed her old Baron with delight.

"He had changed his religion since his return to Berlin, and had become Protestant again. He told me much gossip about Berlin. He was very much in the King's favour, and knew all about state affairs. He said that people pitied me very much, and that the King said that hanging was too good for the Margrave after the reports he had heard of him; that he had mistresses, and that he behaved very badly to me. Calumny had never invented anything more false. I implored Pöllnitz to undeceive the King, which he did, on his return."

Pöllnitz enjoyed life at Ems, if not the place itself.

"We sometimes went for a walk," writes the Margravine, "or rather to flounder through the mud. The fine promenade consisted of an avenue of lime-trees, which had been planted along the river-bank. One was never alone there; the pigs, accompanied by other domestic animals, kept each of us faithful company, so much so that one was obliged to drive them off with a cane each turn one took."

The recall of Seckendorf to Venice, to assume command of the Austrian army after the death of Prince Eugene, left open a space in Frederic William's favour which Pöllnitz was not slow to occupy.

King Stanislaus, late of Poland, passed through Berlin on his way to take possession of his newly acquired Duchy of Lorraine. His visit enlivened the Court somewhat. There was a banquet at the Marquis de la Chétardie's, "very long, very magnificent, and less dull than these official entertainments generally are," comments Pöllnitz, who was present.

It was when staying at Wüsterhausen for shooting that Frederic William received the news of the fall of Seckendorf.

"Six months before," writes Pöllnitz, "I had foreseen the event. I had been at Vienna, and it was not difficult for me to perceive how the Count was envied and hated there. The King, much in favour of the Marshal, replied eagerly: 'Seckendorf will hold his own in spite of you and his enemies, on his own merit.'

"I knew him as the most ambitious, most self-seeking, most presumptuous man in the world, and I concluded from that that his enemies would find occasion to ruin him. The King, who believed him to be capable of replacing Prince Eugene, said my prophecy was an hallucination. He did me the honour to make me reparation when he heard of the Count's disgrace. He was going out hunting, and I, with all those who were to accompany him, were awaiting him in the courtyard of the castle. When he saw me he exclaimed:

"'You are in league with the devil, or you have the gift of second sight; all you predicted about poor Seckendorf has happened to him!'

"He added that he was sorry not to have believed me, or he would have given advice which would have been useful to him."

Seckendorf was court-martialled and clapped into Spielberg. "His conduct when commanding the armies of Charles VI fully justified the proceeding of Charles VII with regard to him."

In the summer Frederic William went to Cleves to present a bold front with reference to the succession to the adjoining Duchies of Julich and Berg, on which he had set his heart, and which was now being settled against him. He paid a visit at the Loo to the Prince and Princess of Orange, was very well received by the Gelderland nobles, and flattered them by telling them that he had always loved the United Provinces. Pöllnitz—

"Ventures to think that this was not sincere feeling on the part of the King. I have heard him say that he had a Dutch heart, and that, in his youth, he had always been led to hope that he might one day be elected Stadtholder, adding that it would have pleased him, that he would always have governed according to the laws, and that he was really a Republican. One day, when he honoured me by talking to me like this, I took the liberty of telling him that I did not believe that, accustomed as he was to act as an absolute ruler, he could bear the thwarting that arose under a free government. He replied that any reasonable contradiction did not displease him, adding: 'William III did not govern England as he governed Holland. I should do likewise.' I do not think that Frederic William quite knew what he was saying at that moment."

Internal troubles in his Kingdom, squabbles with

the Powers over his kidnapping of tall recruits, disappointment over Julich and Berg, worried the King all the year 1739. He developed dropsy.

He had, moreover, fallen out with his old favourite, Grumbkow. The latter, on his sick-bed, told Pöllnitz that he was afraid of being arrested. The Chamberlain and the Marshal had never been great friends, but on the day before the latter's death Pöllnitz received an urgent message to come to him. He slipped off from Potsdam secretly, after dining with the King, only to find that Grumbkow could see no one; but his wife begged Pöllnitz to come next morning, at nine o'clock, and have a chat with him. At dawn, however, one of his servants awoke him to say that Marshal Grumbkow was dead. He went back to Berlin, to the widow, whom he found in great distress. On returning to Potsdam he saw the King, who came straight towards him.

"Have you no news? Well, I have. Marshal Grumbkow is dead!"

Pöllnitz pretended to be surprised at the suddenness.

"Such is human life," remarked the King. "It will happen to you, and to me, as it has happened to him. God grant that it may be for our salvation," he added, with much feeling.

At the Tabagie nothing was discussed but the late Marshal, and opinion was against him. The King said that, had he lived another ten days, he would have had him arrested, as he had sold himself to every Power that would bribe him. Pöllnitz, "the only one," he says, "not to throw a stone at the dead," took his part, remarking that he had not left money enough behind him for this to be the case. Yet Pöllnitz had a grudge against Grumbkow. The latter wished to draw him into the cabal for making mischief between the King and the Prince Royal. Pöllnitz declined, and then Grumbkow, as Pöllnitz discovered after his death, wrote against him to the Prince.

Frederic hated Grumbkow, though he had made use of

him in his days of dire distress. He never forgave him for thwarting the English double marriage scheme for himself and Wilhelmina. To the latter he wrote, on the day of the Marshal's death, that "his memory was generally execrated, and we shall now breathe again after a storm," enclosing verses, "of the heart rather than of the mind."

> "Ci gît un maréschal, un ministre, et de plus,
> Un grand financier, un ecclésiastique,
> Passants, qui connaissez sa fourbe politique,
> Laissez dans l'oubli confondu
> Et ses vices et ses vertus."

The King's last journey was to review his army in Prussia and Lithuania, where "he was often ill, and often displeased with the state of the troops." On his return to Berlin violent attacks of gout confined him to his bed or his wheel-chair. One of his last kindnesses to Pöllnitz was the granting him the monopoly of licensing the new hackney-coaches, which began to ply for hire in the streets of Berlin at the end of 1739. To promote the scheme, Frederic William had twelve coaches built, which he presented as rewards to those who were quickest in sending vehicles on to the rank.

The idea had emanated from Pöllnitz's fertile brain. He had proved the convenience of hackney carriages in London and Paris, and the monopoly brought him in something. A year or two later, in his "Élégie de la ville de Berlin, adressée à M. le Baron de Pöllnitz," Frederic immortalized Pöllnitz's benefit to the city. He makes the lamenting city, abandoned by her lover, Pöllnitz, recall "ces beaux jours, où mes fiacres, régis par la sagesse de mon amant, me réjouissaient par chaque secousse qu'ils donnaient à mon pavé, prenant ces secousses pour des agaceries de mon infidèle."

Followed by his servants, his household, his Queen, and his family, the ill and irritable old King had himself dragged about all over the palace in his wheel-chair. Pöllnitz was of the cortège.

"During the eight months his illness lasted, I had the honour of spending ten to twelve hours a day in his room, generally sitting opposite his bed, making conversation. Sometimes the King slept, but we went on talking all the same; he woke up directly we stopped. When he did not sleep he played at solitaire, or, to have some exercise, he made wooden boxes of lime-wood; for that he used sculptors' tools. He did this in bed with a table passed over him. He worked by night, as well as by day, and made such a noise that the hammering was heard in the street on to which his windows looked, which was not favourable for conversation."

With all his sufferings he was still autocratic, and was jealous of any attention shown to his son, so soon to be his successor, and made scenes and upset himself about it; which aggravated his health. Pastor Roth was called in, who examined and exhorted him. The King, sitting in his bed, made an act of contrition, Pöllnitz and the others kneeling and repeating the prayers. After that he begged the pastor to come every evening.

The spring of 1740 was a particularly cold and severe one. In spite of the weather, the King had himself moved to Potsdam in April. Here he worried over the dearth in Berlin, and by the end of May was much worse. The Queen sent to warn the Prince Royal at Rheinsberg, and a touching meeting took place in the garden, where the Prince found the King in his wheel-chair. That day he had his coffin which he had had made brought in for him to see, and said to Pöllnitz and the others: "In that bed I shall sleep quietly." Then he dictated to his son directions about his funeral.

In the beautiful early dawn of a May morning his First Chamberlain was sent for hurriedly at 4 o'clock. The King had roused out of a lethargy, and, fully dressed in uniform, boots, scarf, sword and cap, had had himself placed in his chair, in which he had ordered the servants to drag him to the Queen's apartments. He recognized his Chamberlain, the companion of his

boyhood, and of his old age. Pöllnitz approached him respectfully. The King held out his hand, and, as the Baron pressed it, the King said to him: "My friend, all is over. I am going to leave you!" He died that afternoon.

The Prince Royal returned to Berlin, and sent for Pöllnitz to come and speak to him next day. The Baron arrived at the palace in the Linden at eight in the morning, and the new King told him that he had called him to direct all the funeral arrangements.

"'I can confide them,' he added, 'to no one more capable than you of carrying them out. You will note my instructions that all is done with dignity and ceremonial. Spare nothing that is necessary to give suitable solemnity. Go to the shopkeepers, buy all the black necessary for the hangings. You will present me with your bill, and I will pay.'"

He added a gift of six hundred thalers to pay debts.

The grateful Baron went out, but, as he was going down the stairs, Frederic, still unbooted, and in his slippers, followed him to the head of the stairs, shouting: "Mind, no peculation, I beg you; no thieving or cheating; I will not pardon it, I warn you!"—words which rankled still in Pöllnitz's memory forty years later.

They were characteristic of the relations which were to last between them till death. Frederic could neither do with, nor without, Pöllnitz.

As to the funeral arrangements, Frederic found himself in a difficulty. He did not wish to ignore his father's wishes about them; but, if he carried them out with the extreme simplicity which the old King had enjoined, people, remembering the tension there had been between them, would have made strictures. The First Chamberlain, the great authority at Court, from his wide experience in other capitals of all ceremonial, suggested a compromise.

Quietly, without salvoes of muskets or cannon, the body of Frederic William was borne by night by eight captains to his tomb in the Garrison Church. A few days later Pöllnitz, assisted by Knobbelsdorf, the architect, in matters of decoration, and by Graun, the composer and choir-master—now placed for life in charge of the royal band—carried out a lying-in-state and obsequies "with as much magnificence as the time I had had to prepare them would allow me."

THE OLD PALACE AT POTSDAM.

From a contemporary engraving.

CHAPTER II

As will be gathered from Frederic's first words to Pöllnitz after the old King's death, he was a changed man. "À présent je suis Roi!" he said to one of his "Remusberg" friends. He broke old ties; yet all those he valued were placed or promoted. Pöllnitz was appointed First Chamberlain and Master of the Ceremonies.

But this was no time for play. Frederic had state business on hand. However, the first two months after his accession were a whirl of journeyings through his dominions; no coronation, but no less than three "oath-takings," notabilities and officials in Brandenburg, Prussia, and Westphalia all doing homage. Of these functions after his own heart Pöllnitz wrote voluminous and brilliant descriptions to his friends, with which they were pleased. Baron Bielefeld, now Envoy to the Hanoverian Court, wrote gratefully for these echoes.

"So the King is back from Königsberg. I thank you heartily for everything that you write to me about it. I shared your letter with several persons, who read it with the greatest pleasure. This letter, my dear Baron, is like a continuation of your Memoirs, which were received by the great world with so much interest."

But yet, amid the press of court ceremonial, of inaugurating drastic legal reforms, of resuscitating the Academy of Sciences, Frederic found time to betroth his brother to his Queen's sister, for a twenty-four hours'

incognito on French soil at Strasburg, for the longed-for meeting with Voltaire at Wesel, and a flying visit to his "dearest sister" at Bayreuth.

Tired out and ill, the King had a brief breathing-space at Rheinsburg in August, Wilhelmina paying her return visit, and all his best friends collected to meet her.

Then the Emperor died suddenly. All became mystery and suspense. Would Frederic support the Pragmatic Sanction, and respect Maria Theresa's rights? He shut himself up with his War Minister and his Commander-in-Chief, and Europe simmered with apprehension.

Then, at last, came Voltaire—to Pöllnitz an old acquaintance—on the long-promised visit! Was it purely platonic, or the instigation of Fleury, that he might spy out how the land lay?

A golden time followed, the zenith of the "days of Remusberg." The King "works all day with an assiduity which is unique, and then, in the evening, abandons himself to the pleasures of society with a vivacity of mind, and a sprightly humour, which make the evening gatherings charming." There were concerts in the large saloon overlooking the lake, the King performing on the flute, dancing in the Shell-room below, with its quaint frieze, French plays in the theatre, among others Voltaire's *Mort de César*; "the after-supper time devoted to poetry and science . . . not over till four in the morning. Voltaire at his best, speaking with new brilliancy." "Nothing can be more frivolous than the life we lead here," writes the King.

Six days only was Frederic's circle complete. Then Voltaire left, and the Court came back to Berlin. The mourning was over, Pöllnitz, as Grand Master of the Ceremonies, was carrying out a round of grand carnival gaieties—the Carnival begins in Prussia before Christmas. They were rudely interrupted. Suddenly, after a masked ball at the Schloss, the King left very early in the morning to put himself at the head of his army and hurl it into Silesia.

Pöllnitz was no warrior; his soldiering days had ended at Oudenarde, over thirty years before. Unlike Maupertuis, the newly appointed President of the Academy, the Arctic traveller, he did not bestride a war-horse nor accompany the King on the campaign. Though several of Frederic's intimates went with him, Algarotti was sent on a mission to Turin, Manteufel received a hint to return to Saxony, and the correspondence with La Chétardie came to an end. Frederic, however, found time to write letters to his friends, and to send messages, to Pöllnitz among others. From the camp at Grottkaw came a letter to Jordan, who had been sent back to Berlin, as more useful there: "Pöllnitz wrote to me; he sends me news. As for me, I will write and tell him that I send him money. I have not received any poetry in his letter, so he will not receive any money in mine."

During the ten months' lull after the capitulation of Brieg, Jordan wrote from Berlin to his master in the camp at Strehlen, where the gathering of the envoys gave Frederic hopes of peace: "Pöllnitz yesterday was at loggerheads with the Hanoverian [envoy], the letter said: 'The King, my master, will soon appear in all his glory!' The Baron, with a caustic air, replies: 'It will apparently be when he goes to the other world, to judge the dead.'"

Later comes a message via Jordan—Pöllnitz desires to be made a freemason. Will the King grant him permission? Doubtless he did so, for had not Frederic himself joined the brotherhood when in Holland, but secretly, for fear of his father's disapproval?

Amid the worry of negotiations and of new military plans, Frederic wanted Pöllnitz to amuse him with news and gossip, and begs for letters. "Make Pöllnitz chatter," he asks Jordan from his camp at Nauendorf in September.

Breslau was gay that autumn. "One might have imagined oneself in Paris"; Frederic installing himself as ruler of Silesia. Then the triumphant conqueror

returned to winter quarters in Berlin for three weeks during Carnival-time. The Master of the Ceremonies had his hands full. There was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new opera-house by Prince Henry, the marriage of Prince Augustus William, the heir, Graun's new opera, *Rodelinde*, at the Schloss theatre. Frederic gathered his friends round him at Charlottenburg, where the newly acquired collection of antiquities of Cardinal Polignac was now housed by Knobbelsdorf, and where Pesne was busy painting the ceilings with frescoes.

When Frederic, breaking the truce, suddenly left for Olmütz, Pöllnitz took the opportunity of slipping off to Bayreuth on a visit to the Margravine, the official pretext being the announcement to her of the marriage of her brother. At the Margravial Court he found the Dowager-Duchess of Würtemberg scheming a marriage for her son with the Margrave's only child. "She is," writes her hostess, "a woman so notorious that she is spoken of as a Lais. . . . She has wit and speaks well . . . in a loud, squeaky voice. . . . Her manners are very engaging to those whom she wishes to attract, and very free with men."

The Emperor, Charles VII, had just passed through Bayreuth on his way to be crowned at Frankfort, and Wilhelmina was seized with the desire to see the great ceremony, incognito, of course. Dorothea von Marwitz, her lively lady-in-waiting, admired by the Margrave, abetted the scheme. Pöllnitz could not resist the temptation to follow in the train of his "adorable Margravine," who was not unwilling to have him as cicerone, as he had already seen one Imperial Coronation.

It was a merry party—the Margrave, Margravine, the sisters von Marwitz, Pöllnitz and two gentlemen —which started off, travelling night and day, despite terrible roads and the Main in flood, and reaching Frankfort in two days, only to find the coronation postponed for a fortnight. To keep up the incognito, they put up at a little village outside the city.

"My wardrobe," writes Wilhelmina, "was not well furnished. My ladies and I had only one black *andrienne* apiece, which I invented, to lessen the luggage. The gentlemen had only their uniforms, and, to disguise themselves they had to blacken their eyebrows, which matched very well the big black wigs in which they got themselves up. I thought that I should have died of laughing when I saw them thus adorned. Berghofen, the Imperial envoy, considered us so unrecognizable that he suggested that we should go to the French play. As may well be imagined, we jumped at it, and went and perched ourselves up in the second tier of boxes. Next day we saw the entry of the Emperor—*des plus superbes*. The same evening I had the fun of going to a masked ball, where, not being known by any one, I amused myself very much by teasing the masks."

To avoid being recognized during the long wait, the party took up their quarters at a little cottage in the outskirts, "where it was exceedingly cold." The two Marwitzes, demoralized by the flighty Duchess, behaved badly to the Margravine, giving themselves airs, flirting with the Margrave. "They laughed and jeered at every one—tore them to pieces, not excluding the present company"; and she was glad when they were able to leave their close quarters and go on to Frankfort, where she did "not miss a play or a ball. One evening at the theatre my hood became disarranged. The Prince of Cassell, happening to turn his eyes in my direction, recognized me. He told the Prince of Orange, who was near him; instantly they came running into my box."

After that, good-bye to incognito. Fine clothes were hurriedly sent for, and callers came—the wife of Marshal Belleisle, "looking like a waiting-maid," but the soul of all the gaieties, and the maker of Emperors. Finally, after much difficulty over etiquette, in which she had the help of Pöllnitz's experience, the Margravine went to visit the Empress. The poor Kaiser was too ill to be present, and on the very day that he was crowned

with all customary splendour, the Austrian troops, Hussars, Croats, Pandours, swept into Bavaria, and seized his capital.

But poor Pöllnitz paid dearly for this delightful little jaunt. Frederic was very angry with him. As one of his officials, Pöllnitz had no right to leave Prussia without permission. The King was very strict on this point, as even Voltaire discovered later, and he had only given his Chamberlain permission to go to Bayreuth. When he heard that Pöllnitz had taken French leave, he wrote to Jordan: "I do not know what whim has seized Pöllnitz to go to Frankfurt without asking my leave. That fellow has nothing but wit; not a shred of decent behaviour." Adding:

"Comment à cinquante ans être encore hanneton ?
L'omphlate vouteux, hypocondre et cynique,
Du ponant jusqu'au sud étendre sa critique ?
Dieu ! dans quel âge enfin lui viendra la raison ? "

The Baron humbly implored forgiveness. Following the King into Bohemia, he wrote to him from his camp at Chrudin.

"Sire,—It is with regret that I beseech Your Majesty for the confirmation of the two favours which He has been pleased to grant me since last year; that is to say, that the salary which He has had the goodness to secure for me on the Academy of Liegnitz was paid to me from January 1st when Your Majesty conquered that town, and that I was exempted from paying the *caisse des recrues*. Count Münchow, President of the two Chambers of Silesia, not having received any orders from Your Majesty on this subject, refuses to pay me, so that I do not enjoy the favour which Your Majesty has been pleased to grant me. I beg Him very humbly to order the said Count to allow me to enjoy the advantage which I owe entirely to the generosity of Your Majesty.

"I am, with most profound respect," etc., etc.

"Order Münchow to pay him," was written almost

contemptuously on the back of this letter, at the headquarters at Chrudin, not many days before the clever victory of Czaslau.

The next month peace was signed at Breslau. After recuperating himself physically by the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, and mentally by meeting Voltaire there, the King returned to Rheinsberg for the autumn, and then went to Potsdam, planning Sans Souci. The season at Berlin was gay, the new opera-house open, and the Academy of Science and Art, of which Pöllnitz was an honorary member, in the full swing of its meetings.

The following summer Voltaire came again to Berlin, this time openly as an agent of France, asking the King to take sides in the war of the Austrian Succession. But Frederic only laughed at him, suggesting what was a far more congenial employment, namely, a joint visit to Bayreuth, where Voltaire could show the Margravine the manuscript of his new play *La Pucelle*, very precious and secret, and, as yet, unknown.

Voltaire's society always inspired Frederic's muse and burnished his wit. He sent Jordan a pungent poem on Pöllnitz:

"Que fait notre infirme satyre
Ce bon et fiévreux chamberlain,
Qui sait si plaisamment médire
De tout homme qu'il entreprend ?
Depuis qu'il n'est plus courtisan,
Qu'il est auteur, qu'il doit écrire,
Qu'il est enrôlé par d'Argens,
Et même à titre de génie,
Devant son savoir prudemment
Mon ignorance s'humilie,
Car vous savez assurément
À quel point l'on est ignorant
Quand on n'est pas reçu dans votre Académie.
Mais pourquoi cette compagnie
N'a-t-elle pas très-sagement
À quelque médecin savant
Ordonné que la maladie
Evacuît le corps souffrant ?
Sur le *status morbi* on ferait deux volumes ;
Dieu ! l'on verrait briller quelque savante plume.
Tandis que l'on raisonnera,
Que le pouls on lui tâtera,

Que sur sa pédantesque enclume
Des remèdes on forgera
Tout doucement dans l'autre monde,
Faisant réverence profonde
Le vieux satyre s'en ira."

"Gare que je ne prophétise, car je crains pour le cacochyme Pöllnitz. Ce serait dommage pour nous, et ce serait une banqueroute pour les anges, car, selon les saints, son âme sera dévolue aux griffes de Messire Satanas."

("Forbid it that I should prophesy, because I fear for the eccentric Pöllnitz. It would be a pity for us, and it would be bankruptcy for the angels, for, according to the saints, his soul would devolve to the claws of Master Satanas.")

The King took with him a large suite, including his brothers Augustus William and Ferdinand, and, of course, Pöllnitz. The amusing Dowager-Duchess was invited to meet him.

Imagine Wilhelmina's delighted expectancy! Voltaire had warbled:

"Oh! Bayreuth! Bayreuth! Quand serais-je assez heureux pour voir ses fêtes!"

Not such an experienced traveller as Pöllnitz, Voltaire —though curious to find out what, besides the pleasure of his favourite sister's society, was taking Frederic to Franconia—thought the journey thither very unpleasant.

"Les pélerins s'en vont en leurs voyages,
Courir les saints et gagner des pardons;
Plus dévot qu'eux, je fais mes stations
Chez les héros, des belles, et des sages.
Voilà les saints en qui j'ai de la foi
Et l'Évangile où tout esprit doit croire.
Bayreuth, Berlin, sont des temples pour moi,
Et c'est toujours le temple de la gloire."

But, alas! he added:

". . . des chemins maudits
Que le Diable a forgé sans doute
Pour m'ôter votre paradis
Et me damner sur votre route."

Most delightful was the fortnight that Pöllnitz spent in such company at the little capital among the Franconian hills.

"Bayreuth," wrote Voltaire, "is a delicious retreat where one enjoys all that is pleasant in a Court, without the inconveniences of grandeur. . . . I have seen a Court where all the pleasures of society and the tastes of the mind are gathered together. We have had operas, plays, hunts, delicious suppers."

He was "in the best of humour."

Frederic had brought Porporino, the wonderful soprano, whom he had had trained all the winter at Berlin. The Margravine and Voltaire acted together at the castle theatre in Racine's *Bajaret*. The clever but unscrupulous Duchess borrowed the poet's *Pucelle*, and spent the nights copying it surreptitiously, to Voltaire's indignation, when he subsequently discovered it. There is also a theory that one of the copies of Wilhelmina's Memoirs is due to the Duchess's nefarious proclivities on this occasion. It would seem that Pöllnitz also had access to the Memoirs, with what result has been already shown.

Frederic's attempt to form a Neutrality Alliance among the South German Princes in support of the Emperor having failed—Bayreuth and Anspach were inclined towards Austria—he returned to Berlin, convinced that peace would not last long between him and the Queen of Hungary, and hurried on quiet preparations. As usual, when harassed, he needed Pöllnitz to amuse him: "Faites mes plaisanteries au *satyre boiteux*," he wrote to Jordan, alluding to Pöllnitz's lame leg, and sent him an ironical poem.

ÉPÎTRE AU VIEUX BARON PHILOSOPHE

PÖLLNITZ, pourquoi vous en défendre ?
Avouez plutôt sans façon
Que chez Socrate et chez Platon
Vous avez en secret su prendre

De mœurs une docte leçon.
Exemple d'un vieux philosophe,
Pourquoi craindre qu'un Aladin
Ou que le courtisan malin
D'un vil moqueur vous apostrophe
Et jette son âpre venin
Sur vos beaux jours en leur declin ?
Croyez-moi, toutes vos finesses
N'offusquent point l'œil du voisin.
Il vous prend pour stoïcien
Quand il résume vos largesses,
Et qu'il vous voit fouler aux pieds
L'orgueil, le faste, les richesses,
Et ces grandeurs enchantresses
Dont nous sommes émerveillés ;
Quand il connaît l'antipathie
Qu'a pris votre philosophie
Pour tout ce qui ressemble à l'or ;
Qu'il voit que, par un noble effort,
Les deux tonneaux des Danaïdes
Ne se sont pas trouvés plus vides
Que ne l'est votre coffre fort.
À tous ces faux biens de la vie
Vous préférez la pauvreté ;
Votre cœur craint d'être infecté
Des vices de votre patrie.
Vous fuyez la terre avilie
Dans un siècle d'iniquité,
Où l'extravagante folie
Excite la cupidité,
Raffine sur la volupté,
Inondant du luxe de l'Asie
La germanique loyauté ;
Où la riche stupidité
S'élève au-dessus du génie ;
Où tout faquin fait le seigneur
Lorsque sa bourse est bien garnie,
Et d'un air arrogant renie
Tout noble qui vit sans splendeur.
Enfin dans ce siècle d'erreur,
Baron, vous êtes le vrai sage,
Que Diogène en vain chercha,
Caton, qui toujours s'attacha
A la vertu du premier âge,
Fut un farouche personnage
Qui jamais de vous n'approcha.
Ce Sénèque qui nous prêcha
De nous réduire à l'abstinence
Passait ses jours dans l'abondance,
À la cour faisait des jalous,
Et se moquait d'eux et de nous,
Dans ses écrits pleins d'arrogance.

Mais chez vous rien n'est contrefait ;
Philosophe dans le pratique
Au-dessus de toute critique,
Dans Pöllnitz tout l'homme paraît ;
Sans l'embarras de l'intérêt,
Sans bien, content de peu de chose,
Dans l'univers rien ne s'oppose
Aux vœux de votre cœur discret.
Qu'à vos désirs je porte envie,
Ô sage, ô fortuné Baron !
Sans fardeau d'un trop grand nom,
Vous passez en paix votre vie ;
La fausseté n'a point le front
De pavaner sa face impie
Pour tromper votre bonhomie
Au milieu de votre salon ;
Au lieu qu'un roi, à l'ordinaire,
Les matins lorsqu'il se fait voir,
Dans ces vains respects de devoir
Qui lui rend sa cour mercenaire
Il peut croire sans penser noir,
Que dans lui l'intérêt vénère,
Et la fortune, et son pouvoir.
Heureux votre rustique gîte !
C'est l'effet de l'amitié ;
Et si vous dînez en ermite,
Jamais vous n'êtes ennuyé
Par les propos d'un parasite,
Adulateur d'un Sybarite,
À ses dépens rassasié.
Vous ignorez quelle est la peine
D'arrondir un ample domaine
Pour favoriser de ce lot
Quelque parent ingrat ou sot ;
Et quand la fièvre et la migraine
Minent votre tempérament,
Vous ne redoutez point le gène
De dicter, en agonisant,
Un volumineux testament.
Avec tant de philosophie,
Ce qui me paraît étonnant
C'est cette rare modestie,
Qu'on ne voit guère en compagnie
D'un philosophe ou d'un savant.
Je me flatte de vous connaitre ;
Loin des mœurs qu'on voit aujourd'hui,
Vieux Baron, vous paraissez être
Le philosophe malgré lui.

Austria was very anxious to find out how the land lay at Berlin, and there is good reason to suppose that,

during that autumn, Pöllnitz was occasionally not averse to furnishing her with information. It would appear that, about this time, he again became Roman Catholic. The probable reason for his new change was that, while, to Frederic, all religions were the same, "to Maria Theresa converts were always dear."

Under pretext of conveying to his sister a picture of his new opera-house at Berlin, which she had begged for, Frederic now despatched Pöllnitz back again to Bayreuth to knit Wilhelmina closer to Prussia. The Franconian Margravates were veering more and more to Austria, and Pöllnitz, as a *persona grata*, was to keep his eyes and ears open to inform Frederic as to the Margrave's politics.

On this occasion the Baron's weakness for feminine society played him false. Giddy Dorothea von Marwitz, whose relations with the Margrave were becoming more than dubious, and her sister, acting perhaps at the Margrave's instigation, fooled the old Baron by means of his perpetual lack of money.

There was a certain rich young heiress of Nuremberg, who, it was reported, was not disinclined to ally herself with a nobleman of good family and position, provided that he were a Roman Catholic, and even though he should be well turned fifty.

Pöllnitz knew his Nuremberg, and had thus written of the wealthiest and most powerful Free Town after Hamburg, its district including seven other towns and nearly five hundred villages. But he had found it the dullest place to stay in. Probably he thought that a good reason why the young lady in question might prefer to reside in Berlin. As regards her fortune, he had long ago estimated the financial position of the patricians of Nuremberg.

"They swallow up all the money; the bourgeois are poor. . . . The patricians hold the first rank; are like the Venetian nobles. The Government is like that of the Republic; they have a sort of Doge. They imitate

the frogs in the fable aping the bull. Among the patricians some are very rich, but so shy that they hardly meet, even among themselves. Why call them Patricians? But they are gentlemen. There are some patrician families old enough to hold their own with the nobility, who used to be received in the Chapter. But they are not much thought of; people say that they lower themselves by taking appointments as magistrates. Such is German pride: things which are held in honour elsewhere are considered by us derogatory—the Court, the sword, the Church, are all that a gentleman can aspire to. Should he have no ability in these lines, or luck be against him, it would be better that he should starve than take an appointment as a magistrate, or go into trade."

As to marrying beneath him, and for money, Pöllnitz had seen examples of that among ministers and courtiers at Berlin. His own mother had shown him the way, she, an Eulenberg, taking, as second husband, the minister Meinders, of no birth. Then there was Kniphausen, "idle, clever, loving good living, who had spent so much money at the embassies at which he was posted that he married the daughter of Ilgen," the brilliant, hard-working Foreign Minister under Frederic William, but a Westphalian of no family—"his own brains had raised him." Thus once had Kniphausen spoken about his wife to Pöllnitz:

"I knew that she was not of a position equal to my own, and I may be blamed for having married her. But I can reply, as did a Comte de Lude, tutor to Gaston d'Orléans, who, being ruined, married a girl of a commercial family: 'Could I do better? Pursued night and day by my creditors, I escaped into a shop in order not to be dragged into an almshouse!'"

His visits to Nuremberg had given the Baron a favourable impression of the people.

"Never in my life have I met such folk for compliments. I could not set foot in a shop without master, mistress, children, and assistants accompanying me to the street and thanking me for the honour done to them. My landlord, even, who saw me go in and out thirty times a day, always received me with great ceremony and asked me how I did. When I went out he begged me not to leave his humble abode long without honouring it with my presence."

Thus it came about that Pöllnitz lent a willing ear to the scheme of Wilhelmina—always a match-maker—and her young ladies. But, alas! when it came to the point, "Barkis was *not* willing," and declined the honour of becoming the Freiinn von Pöllnitz!

The poor Baron's pride and vanity were so hurt by this rebuff that he became quite ill. Wilhelmina wrote to her brother, towards the end of January 1744, that Pöllnitz was still very ill. Hard-heartedly Frederic only laughed. "If possible," he wrote immediately to his sister, "get me Pöllnitz's will; one could make a good scene in a play out of it!"

This sneer wounded Pöllnitz yet more deeply. He wrote to the King from the palace at Erlangen, where the Margravine was staying, nursing her newly founded University there.

"Sire,—As I do not obtain all the relief that I should wish from the doctors here, I intend to have myself taken to Bamberg in two or three days' time, in order to consult the Bishop's doctor, who is said to be a very clever man. It is not that I have any faith in hopes of my recovery, but, in order not to have anything to blame myself about, for, as for myself, Sire, I look upon myself as so moribund that I know that I am no longer worth anything in Your Majesty's service, and that I have no other course to take than to retire completely from the world. It is for that that I very humbly beg Your Majesty's permission. A very modest annuity, which

is all that is left to me of my patrimony, will suffice for my subsistence.

"I very humbly beseech Your Majesty to rest assured of the stringent reasons which have caused me to take the course of preferring retreat to the honour of serving Him. Entirely devoted to Your Majesty, where could I be happier than with Him? Therefore I venture to protest to Him that, after Your Majesty, I will not serve any more. I seek only repose and tranquillity; I most respectfully implore Your Majesty to consent to my enjoying it. Though retired from His Court, I shall never falter in the affection and the deepest respect which I owe Your Majesty, and I will live or die, Sire, Your Majesty's," etc., etc.

Frederic wrote back at once, sharp, but kindly:

"POTSDAM,
"*March* 11, 1744.

"I have just received the letter you wrote to me of the date of the third of this month, with reference to which I will tell you, in reply, that you should reflect like a wise and reasonable man upon the step that you meditate taking, and which would only ruin you in honour and in reputation. There is no one who should be better acquainted than yourself with the profession that you seem to wish to embrace, and that is why I advise you strongly to think for more than one day before exposing yourself to regrets which, sooner or later, would infallibly be overwhelming for you."

In the King's own hand was added:

"I am rational enough to pity you; but I must tell you, at the same time, that I do not advise you to rush into a decision. You are of too restless a temperament ever to live in peace anywhere, and if you could not endure to be with me, where you were with a master who wished you well, and who ever gave you proofs of

it, how could you bear yourself in the monastery where you wish to board yourself out? I am sure it is the shame of the marriage which Mlle de Marwitz had contrived for you, which, added to the debts you have contracted by your journey, prevents your returning here. But, if you had been sensible, you would have made a resolution, and not have added the second foolishness to the first. After all, you are your own master, to do what seems good to you; go even to Rome, if you like, get yourself made a canon of Liége, etc. I am convinced you will repay all your benefactors with the same ingratitude with which you pay me, and which your restless spirit will arouse in you just the same in any place where you find yourself. I take leave of you, and I abandon you to the extravagant adventures which your wandering star has in store for you."

Thus scornfully dismissed, Pöllnitz betook himself in deep dejection, to the monastery on the hill at Bamberg, hard by the cathedral, to die in peace. But, naturally, monastic life soon palled. He saw that he had made a mistake from every point of view, and in a week or two he was back again at Bayreuth with his sympathetic Margravine. Kind-hearted Wilhelmina thus pleads with her brother for their foolish old friend:

"Pöllnitz came here a few days ago. He surprised me very much by telling me that he had asked for his dismissal. I scolded him like a dog, but he replied that he was not good for anything any more at Court, that he should not live very long, and that his wit and his temperament were no longer fit to amuse you. He is scarcely recognizable, hardly speaks, and is always complaining. He seems to feel very much the rumour at Berlin that he had retired into a monastery, and says he came back here expressly to take the Communion publicly, in order to show how false the rumour is. I do not know whither he will wander."

THE SCHLOSS, BERLIN.

From a contemporary engraving.

Frederic never really took Pöllnitz seriously; he knew him too well. The letter of dismissal for which the Chamberlain had asked is dated, probably intentionally, the 1st of April. It is a little gem of satire, a résumé of Pöllnitz's career, and may well have been intended for an All Fools' Day skit.

The original is extant (discovered after a hundred years), written on a half-sheet of the large paper of the period, in a clear and legible hand, very unlike Frederic's usual hurried writing, as if composed at leisure, or written out fair.

"We, Frederic, etc., etc., hereby declare and make known that Baron Pöllnitz, a native of Berlin, and, as far as we are aware, descended of honest parents, Gentleman of the Chamber to our late grandfather of blessed memory, also in the service of the Duchess of Orleans, in like capacity, Colonel in the Spanish service, Captain in the army of the late Emperor, Chamberlain to the Pope, Chamberlain to the Duchess of Brunswick, Ensign in the service of the Duke of Weimar, Chamberlain in the service of our late Father of happy memory; finally, and lastly, chief Master of the Ceremonies in our own; finding himself overwhelmed by the torrent of the honourable military appointments and high court dignities, showered one after another upon his person, having become, in consequence, weary of the world, and being seduced by the example of Montalieu the Chamberlain, who ran away from Court not long before him, he, namely, the said Baron Pöllnitz, has most humbly solicited and petitioned us to grant him an honourable dismissal, for the maintenance of his good name and reputation. As we, on considering his request, have not thought it right to refuse the testimonial to his good conduct which he has requested, on account of the important services which he has rendered to our royal Court by his jests and his pleasantries, and the amusement which, for nine years, he afforded to our late father; we have no scruple in declaring that,

during the whole of the time that he has been in our service, he has not been either highwayman nor pick-pocket; and that he has neither run away with virgins nor done them violence, nor grossly insulted any one's honour; but has always behaved like a gallant gentleman consistently with his origin, and has always made proper use of the gifts which Heaven has bestowed upon him, namely, to attain the end which is reached in the drama, and consists of representing the foibles of men in a ludicrous light in order to correct them.

"In like manner, he has always most punctually followed the advice of Bacchus in regard to temperance and abstinence, and has carried Christian charity so far as invariably to leave to the peasants the practice of the precept of the Gospel: To give is better than to receive.

"He still has an accurate recollection of all the anecdotes of our palaces and country seats, and, in particular, has deeply imprinted upon his memory a complete catalogue of all our old household effects; and, as for the rest, he knows how to make himself agreeable to those who are not acquainted with the malignity of his disposition and his lack of kindness of heart.

"Furthermore, we give to the said Baron the testimony that he never moved us to wrath, unless when, impudently transgressing the limits of respect, he sought in an unworthy and unbearable manner to profane and dishonour the ashes of our glorious ancestors.

"As, however, barren and desolate spots are to be found in the finest countries, the most beautiful bodies have their deformities, and the pictures of the greatest masters are not without defects, we pardon the aforesaid Baron his frailties and faults, and grant him, though reluctantly, the solicited dismissal; and we shall wholly abolish and abrogate the office that was held by him, in order that the memory of it may be wholly obliterated among men, declaring that, after the said Baron, no man whatever is worthy to be invested with it."

To this was added, in the King's hand:

"This to be sealed with the seal of the city of Berlin and sent to the proper address of Baron von Pöllnitz *Hochwohlgeboren.*"

Frederic was in merry mood. The Baron's latest metamorphosis had tickled him immensely. On the heels of the All Fools' Day letter of dismissal came the "Elegy of the City of Berlin, addressed to the Baron de Pöllnitz." Pöllnitz having announced his intention of retiring from Court and Capital, the latter is supposed to be weeping, abandoned, for her faithless lover.

"Come to me, daughter of the Heavens, Goddess of Grief, of loving hearts; let Thy abundant tears flow to-day for a forsaken Love; let Thy scant and flying locks be the model of my array; let my voice be the echo of Thy plaintive accents. It pertains to Thee to ennoble my sorrow, and to give charms to the despair into which the most treacherous of men has plunged me. Happy days that I spent with him, they do but embitter my pain and my grief when I compare them with my present desolate plight; those splendid days when my hackney-coaches, regulated by the wisdom of my Lover, pleased me with each jolt they gave to my pavement, which imagined each jolt to be the teasings of my faithless one; those days when he regulated all the ridiculous ceremonies which took place in my streets or in my houses; those days when my Haude and my Deschamps sang his praises in all the newspapers. Oh! happy days! it is in vain that I recall your memories; the hand of Time, armed with an irrevocable sponge, has effaced you from the number of the Elect, and you exist only in my heart. Yes, perfidious one, it is in my heart that Thou art still deeply engraven, and only the overthrow of my walls and of my towers can efface them. If, at least, Thou didst quit me, oh! most volatile of all my lovers! for a beauty superior to my

own, such as that of Paris, which we all acknowledge to be the most perfect, such as that of Rome the coquette, of London the profligate, of Amsterdam the fat shop-woman, or of Vienna the scornful! But Thou leavest me because Thou preferrest what? A little hussy of whom the name is almost unknown among us. I am as much angered as if the Venus de Medici saw a little Dubuisson preferred to her! Is it thus that Thou forgettest the purse of my public, so often open to Thy ingenuity, the shops of my merchants always ready to empty themselves for Thee, my polite cemeteries to furnish Thee with the wherewithal for Thy happiness, my Neustadt eager to find for Thee mad-houses, etc., etc., etc. Grief stifles me. But, at least, I shall have the consolation of finding that Bayreuth will not be better treated than Berlin, and that, when my grief shall have sapped the foundations of all my edifices, that my inhabitants, Thy creditors, shall have died of hunger from the care Thou hast taken to starve them all, then Thou canst read on my tomb these sad words:

"When Thy charms by the world shall be treated with scorn,
With torrents of tears Thou shalt wander forlorn,
And water my tombstone, and sadly shalt say:
'Tis Thee only, Berlin, that hast loved me for ay.'"

"Doctor's Certificate"

"I, Hypocrates, by virtue of the credulity of the human race, God of Medicine, hereby certify, affirm, confirm and testify and guarantee that, since the departure of the fraudulent Baron von Pöllnitz, the city of Berlin has neither eaten nor drunk for grief; that this spring, attacked by a deep melancholy, she would have drowned herself in the Spree; that we saved her then by bleeding, but that since then she has grown pallid and has an hectic fever which undermines her, and brings on such violent heats that thick and black smoke of saltpetre come out of her head. Her life is in danger; and there is *periculum in morte*, if her beloved lover does not come

and soothe her by his submission, and console her by fresh assurances of fidelity."

Pöllnitz, meantime, had wandered off from Bayreuth to the Court of Würtemberg, upon his perennial search for an appointment, should Berlin be closed to him for good. Stuttgart court life had changed much since his previous visits there. Jolly Duke Eberhardt, the sportsman, had died; his son and his grandson had predeceased him. Countess Wurben, the German Pompadour, who had ruled him and the land for twenty years, had passed into exile, "roaming from Court to Court, pursued by the reigning Duke's justice, seeking a protection everywhere denied her." Pöllnitz no longer found the Hereditary Princess, a Schwedt and his connection, now a widow; nor his relation the Pöllnitz of Saxony, who had resigned his court appointment, and retired to his estates. But the Dowager-Duchess was a host in herself, and her young son the Duke, seeking as bride the Margravine Wilhelmina's daughter, might well be inclined towards any one who stood in favour at Bayreuth. Moreover, one of Frederic's chamberlains, Montaulieu, who had deserted Potsdam for Ludwigsburg, been given an appointment at the Court of Würtemberg.

There was no love lost between Frederic and the Dowager-Duchess and her son. Würtemberg sided with Austria. Frederic's relations with the South German Courts had become strained. His efforts to form a buffer league of neutrality between him and Maria Theresa had not succeeded. The Margrave of Bayreuth was dallying with Count Cobenzel, her Minister. But worse had happened. It might well be that Pöllnitz had left Bayreuth at this juncture for fear that complicity in, or at least cognizance of, what was going on there should indeed ruin him irrevocably in Frederic's sight.

Wilhelmina, the injured wife, after enduring Dorothea von Marwitz's equivocal position at her Court for some years, had decided to arrange a marriage for her, and

one that would remove her altogether from the Margrave. The husband she chose for Dorothea, a Prussian heiress, daughter of one of Frederic's generals, and against his express wishes, was one of the Margrave's household, a Count Bürghaus, whom he had "specially" sent on a mission to Vienna the year before, recommended to Maria Theresa.

Frederic was furious. Within a day or two of his merry mood, and the making fun of Pöllnitz, he had sent in hot haste a flaming letter to his sister, such as she had never received before. But Wilhelmina the wife, jealous, wounded, triumphed over Wilhelmina the "dearest sister," ever adoring and adored; Dorothea and Bürghaus were married hurriedly the moment the King's letter came, and then only was a reply sent to it. Pöllnitz had been shrewd to remove himself before the mine was sprung. But a letter from Stuttgart to the Margravine, who wished to know all the ins and outs of the Würtemberg Court, shows that he knew what she was planning.

"As the Duchess and her son have gone to dine at Ludwigsburg" (the vast palace on the Neckar, which the "Pompadour" had caused Duke Eberhardt to build for her) "and as I have stayed behind, the only stranger at the inn, ample time is left me to unburden myself to Your Royal Highness with my most submissive duty. The worst is that one must also amuse Her with a letter, which is very difficult for a man who has not much wit, and moreover dates his letters from Stuttgart, where, indeed, wit is not superfluously to hand, especially since a certain Prince Stoffel von Durchlach, and a Count von Hohenzollern vie with each other as the spokesmen of Count Bürghaus's incomparable Queen. They impose upon the Duchess, and even upon Herr von Tornaco. With such well-known names I dare not venture to associate myself, and this much is certain, that they put my tongue in complete subjection, and that my one resource is Reading: the descriptions of the life of the

famous Men of France and the Tragedy of 'Adam and Eve.' The material of the latter is taken out of Holy Writ and from Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' The piece has good verses in it, but it does not interest. I should like Your Royal Highness just to have it played at the 'Ermitage,' if only on account of the costumes in which the common ancestors of mankind would appear. You would please the King with it, when he next pays a visit to Bayreuth. The Count and Countess Bürghaus could act Adam and Eve as an expiation. The most suitable part for Your Royal Highness might be that of the serpent who had lured Fräulein von Marwitz to matrimony. The *gouvernante* (Fräulein von Sonnsfeld, the Margravine's lady, and Dorothea's aunt) would undertake the rôle of the 'godfather,' who, nevertheless, would behave to the serpent, the good Adam, and the gentle Eve, like a treble-distilled devil. I should play the Leviathan, and the King the part of the Angel with Flaming Sword, who chases Adam and Eve out of Paradise. The allotting of the other parts I should entrust to the discretion of the Serpent. But will Your Royal Highness forgive this joke, I will at once return to more serious matters.

"I have the honour to enclose to you some writings" (the "Dismissal" and the "Elegy"?), which will prove to you that I do not stand so ill with His Prussian Majesty as people maintain. When Your Royal Highness has read them, I humbly beg Her to send them back to me; I shall preserve them to convince those who comment upon my removal from Berlin. Further, especially would I beg Your Royal Highness and His Highness the Margrave graciously to transmit to me instructions as to what I am to do after my return from Wildbad; for, by the way in which they treat me here, it is unmistakable that they desire my departure, and that I have nothing to hope for. Montaulieu is quite powerless . . . though he flatters himself that he will regain his influence, I fear only too much that he is out of his reckoning. . . . I am told that Your Royal Highness

is expected here on May 15th. The Duchess assures me that the Princess your daughter will accompany you. It is not for me to give advice to Your Royal Highness, but, if it is so, I fear very much that it will only lead to your annoyance. Yesterday Herr von Röder told me that the Duke had sent a servant to Paris to make many purchases from Nippes, that the Princess will receive some of them, that the betrothal will take place on the Duke's birthday, and that the Princess is to get a fine hair ornament. I do not know if the Duke will repent of the gift. The Duchess is indefatigable in her demands and always gains her ends; nevertheless, she is always complaining, and says that she shall retire. Your Royal Highness well knows what faith to place in such speeches. She scolds Montaulieu, and always has the last word. I only hope that one day the fate of Marie de Medici may not befall her.

"Perhaps I bore Your Royal Highness with these details. Cardinal Dossat, the cleverest diplomat of his day, reported to Henry IV everything the Pope did, even down to the expression of his face when he took a pill, and declared that a King should be informed of the smallest trifles about a Court with which he was in league. I have neither the talent nor the opportunities of Cardinal Dossat, but quite as much zeal, loyalty, and respect as this Eminence had for his master, have I for His Highness the Margrave and for Your Royal Highness, and in this attitude I shall abide all my life long."

Wilhelmina was miserable over the estrangement with her brother, though she had brought it about by her own defiant proceedings. His short, sarcastic notes wounded her loving heart. But, if too proud to acknowledge herself in the wrong, at least she could try and reconcile her "old Baron" with his master. It was doubtless pleasant to have Pöllnitz with her, they had so many tastes and interests in common—Wilhelmina was that summer completing her embellishments to the delightful Ermitage—but no doubt he hankered for

the larger life of Berlin, after such a long absence. So he donned the white shirt, and wrote in July a letter to Frederic, "filled with expressions of repentance."

The King, though immersed in his new treaty with France and in military preparations, found time to pardon Pöllnitz, but under certain conditions.

"In reply to your letter of the 11th of this month, filled with expressions of your repentance, I will tell you that you would yourself confess that your conduct towards me has been ridiculous, improper, and even scandalous. After that I have frequently bestowed upon you my favours and my protection, having, among other benefactions, given you to the tune of six thousand crowns to extricate yourself from the abyss of your debts, you lightly decided, without rhyme or reason, to leave my service, and that with an almost unexampled folly.

"Such a marked ingratitude should prevent me pardoning a man who has shown well enough that his so-called intelligence could never be allied to uprightness, faithfulness, and gratitude; the which recalls to my memory a certain letter which I found among the papers of my late father of glorious memory. The epiphomena ran in these terms: 'When will you have any sense? . . . *Mon Dieu!*'

"From this one must conclude that, if I wished to act in conformity with the ordinary laws of justice and reason, I should be obliged to give you up entirely, by leaving you to extricate yourself from the ill consequences of your folly. But, as I wish to take into consideration, that, notwithstanding your *esprit*, Nature has denied you the requisite judgment to lead a life free from reproach, and which she will perhaps never give you, I have resolved to grant you yet once again my clemency and pardon, and forgetfulness of all that you have done, provided that you submit yourself willingly to the following conditions:

"I. That I intend to publish throughout the city of

Berlin that no one shall presume to lend you anything, neither in money, nor in goods, under a fine of one hundred ducats.

"II. That I forbid you absolutely to set foot in the house of any Foreign Minister, or to have dealings with them in any other house, or to report to them what might be said at table or in conversation.

"III. That each time you are admitted to my table and find the other guests in good humour, that you will carefully avoid assuming *mal à propos* the expression of a martyr, but that rather you will contribute to and keep up their amusement.

"These are the essential points which I must prescribe for you. If you are wise enough to be willing and able to fulfil these conditions, I am ready to grant you an entire amnesty and an oblivion of your faults."

Added, in the King's hand:

"If you prefer to feed pigs rather than to serve great princes, as you have remarked, you cannot look for employment, and you will find work in Westphalia, without having any need of me.

"Go! You are an infamous fellow, and if I drag you out of the wretchedness to which your folly and your impudence have brought you, it is only out of pity, for your conduct deserves that you should be shut up in four walls."

These conditions seem drastic and this letter unnecessarily scathing, in view of the fact that Pöllnitz had asked leave to retire, and that the King had not dismissed him. Was there more in the matter than met the eye?

Frederic was indignant with his brother-in-law for his Austrian leanings; angered and hurt with his sister for indirectly abetting them. How did he feel towards Pöllnitz? Had the latter also, during his long stay at Bayreuth, and in Würtemberg—even if not before—also become tarred with the Austrian brush?

Did he grant Pöllnitz a pardon, well fenced round with hard conditions, in order to remove him from the dangerous South German neighbourhood, so near the lines of the enemy, in order to keep him, well muzzled, at Berlin, when Frederic was once more away at the war ?

For war it was.

"Madame ce qui est bon à prendre et bon à rendre," wrote the conqueror of Dettingen to his ally, Maria Theresa. The letter fell into Frederic's hands. He determined to forestall his opponents, and on August 15th, eighty thousand Prussians burst into Bohemia. Frederic had his hands full once more, yet he found time to write a graceful acknowledgment to Pöllnitz on the latter's capitulation to his conditions.

"The opportunities of giving you pleasure, my dear Pöllnitz, have always given me much myself, and I would seize them willingly every time they presented themselves, not in order to draw down your thanks, but on account of the satisfaction I find in obliging you. I shall have a special one in hearing of your return to Berlin, and that a quiet phase of life follows, monsieur, after the troubles you have passed through. I should be really interested in it, being always, very sincerely, dear Pöllnitz, your devoted friend,

"Frederic."

But the King's magnanimity appeared misplaced. A few weeks later, and Frederic must have repented him sorely of his kindness. For, as he invested Prague, his Resident at The Hague sent him the following anonymous letter, headed "avis secret," and which said—

"That the Baron de Pöllnitz is endeavouring to have printed Memoirs of Your Majesty's life and doings, at which he has worked all the time that he has been

at Your Court, and, if the King does not obtain possession of the Baron's papers, he will be the subject of the most frightful malignity."

Had an enemy done this? Pöllnitz had many. He was clever enough to say sharp things, but not clever enough to leave them unsaid.

Frederic, from his headquarters at Prague, acted upon the information received. He ordered the Baron to be arrested, and his papers all put under seal. Five days later the order was carried out at Berlin, whither Pöllnitz had returned, by Ilgen, the War Minister, and Uhde, the Fiscal-General. The former, an old enemy of Pöllnitz's, who had done him an ill turn with Frederic William when he was in sore stress, was, no doubt, not averse from obeying the royal commands, and to repaying Pöllnitz for the latter's unpleasing portrait in his Memoirs of his step-father, Meinders' former Secretary. "Enemy of pleasure, but not at all of riches. Humble, vindictive; artificial face, tongue, and eyes and temper; opportunist. Evasive and equivocal in reply, unscrupulous in promises; lightly given and lightly broken."

It is not clear, from the correspondence of Pöllnitz with the bookseller Lohner at Amsterdam, if the work The Hague Resident referred to was a new edition of the earlier Memoirs or a new work. It appears that in the autumn of 1743 Lohner had been in treaty about a book of Pöllnitz's, but that they could not come to terms.

Podevils, the Minister, wrote to the King that Pöllnitz, when arrested, said "that he had not written anything, nor did he intend to write anything, which would displease His Majesty." At his trial he gave verbal evidence that, besides the papers which he had given up, or which had been found, he had nothing except two sealed packets in blue paper, in folio, which he had entrusted to the Saxon Minister Manteufel till he could work them up more fully later in Leipzig when he went there, and then have them printed, there or elsewhere; that they were only the MS. of his recently published Memoirs,

to which he had made additions, and which the King had himself read ; they ended at the death of Frederic I. "But the second packet contains the biography of Her Royal Highness the Margravine of Bayreuth." Podevils added that "he assures me Your Majesty has already read the former himself, and that, as for the latter, Her Royal Highness the Margravine had given him some materials." Podevils, however, only gave Frederic a résumé of the finding of the Court, and had not himself been present at the inquiry.

At Pöllnitz's desire, Manteufel returned both packets, sealed as they were, and produced them to the Court. He wrote in a letter about the affair that—

"It is possible that these packets do not contain anything but the Memoirs of the *Neighbour* (Frederic). . . . You have long known that they have worked together at these for two years . . . and that Pöllnitz might have inserted here and there remarks and glosses of his own, which he had not had the prudence to eliminate before sealing the packets."

In another letter Manteufel suggests that, possibly, in the packets is a chapter by Pöllnitz on the battle of Möllwitz ; "that is to say, on the flight of the King when he thought the battle lost." Perhaps Pöllnitz had himself told Manteufel this. Further, there was evidently a rumour that he had been helping the King work up his Memoirs.

So it would appear that, after all this pother, the anonymous writer had discovered a mare's-nest !

Frederic, if he had acted swiftly and drastically, made quick reparation. The order came to set Pöllnitz at liberty, after three weeks' imprisonment, and his papers and packets were returned to him unopened.

That winter was a terrible one for the King—driven out of Bohemia, his new dominion of Silesia invaded, and his grandfather's silver furniture at the Berlin Schloss melted down at the Mint to meet the war expenses. Pöllnitz added his mite to the King's worries

One Martini, a Paris shopkeeper, whom he had treated badly, lodged a complaint against him at Berlin. Once more Frederic upbraids his irreclaimable Chamberlain, and yet once more forgives him.

"*To* Minister of State, Count Podevils

"I have received your note of the 28th of this month, the letter of apology by which Baron de Pöllnitz attempts to palliate the mean trick he has played the merchant Martini at Paris. I do not know what to believe about it. But, having pardoned the said Pöllnitz the former foolish things he has done, I will let this one pass, on condition that he tries to pay up the merchant and that he takes great care to avoid such like crimes and outrages again, which I shall not forgive him again, if he resorts to them, and for which he will feel the full weight of my indignation."

Yet another vial of royal wrath emptied on poor Pöllnitz's head! No wonder that he became acutely nervous of again offending the King, as the following story shows.

To Jordan, the private secretary, the King wrote almost daily, during the Silesian War, all that he did and all that he thought.

"Jordan, too, procured and sent to the King any printed matter he desired to have. Baron Pöllnitz, calling one day upon Jordan, found upon his table several pamphlets so full of such gross abuse of Frederic that he was alarmed.

"'How dare you be so bold,' he exclaimed, 'as to have in your possession such atrocious libels?'

"'I shall not keep them long,' replied Jordan. 'I shall send them off to the King to-morrow.'

"'What! do you dare to send him such gross calumnies?'

"'Why not? He knows that I am not the author

of them; he knows that I do not countenance them; he knows that, in sending them, I only obey orders.'

"'Ah! my friend, still, it is to be feared that all the anger they must arouse will fall on you!'

"'I have no fear whatever of that; besides, I only do my duty.'"

To add to the troubles of that dark winter, the aged Queen-mother had a narrow escape of being burnt—

"In her bed, and the palace of Potsdam of being gutted. For, in the middle of the night a fire happened, which gave rise to many very funny scenes. It broke out in the Queen-mother's room, and the great lady was carried across the courtyard in a sedan-chair by two soldiers of the body-guard, attended, on one side, by the captain of the guard, von Pannewitz, properly dressed, booted, and spurred and in his overcoat, and on the other by old Baron von Pöllnitz in dressing-gown, slippers, and with a night-cap: then came rushing at the mournful sound of the trumpets, Court ladies in petticoats and bare-footed, Court cavaliers in their shirts, or only in dressing-gowns, into the courtyard; indeed, one saw one lady who had put on two stockings one over the other, and showed another quite naked foot. But the accident had not further consequences; three to five rooms in the castle were burnt out."

CHAPTER III

After the Peace of Dresden at the end of 1746 followed ten long years of peace.

"I am doing like the dogs who have fought bitterly till they are down: I sit licking my sores. I notice most European Powers are doing the same," wrote Frederic.

He set himself to work to cure his land from the effects of the wars, and to reorganize the internal administration. Yet he found time for recreation. The garden-palace of Sans Souci arose on the hill up which the six noble terraces had already been made. "Here shall I be without worry!" quoth the King.

Here, Pöllnitz helping him, he worked up his Memoirs, which were read and discussed at the Academy meetings. The Chamberlain, as we have seen, followed his example. The MS. of the "History of the Four Sovereigns" assumed form and substance and state dress, and was presented to the Queen-mother.

Once more Frederic collected his "old gang" of friends around him, such as Knobbelsdorf, Pöllnitz, Bielefeld, Algarotti; also new-comers, whom he had sent for, or who were attracted by his many-sided genius—D'Argens, the jovial Provençal, brought in the train of the Duchess of Würtemberg and glad to escape her attentions and stay behind in Berlin—chiefly foreigners and, as such, much to Pöllnitz's taste. D'Argens was made Chamberlain, and director of philosophy at the Academy; for a short time he managed the theatre and opera, till Pöllnitz replaced him. The Marquis took

the place of Jordan, Keyserling, and Suhm, removed by death. Others new to the inner circle were Darjet, left behind by Ambassador Valori, and appointed as reader to the King; the clever, cheery, good-natured Abbé Bastiani, come to stay for forty years at Berlin; Stille, late tutor to the young princes in Silesia, and who had made his mark at Hohenfriedberg. Frederic hated smoking as much as did Pöllnitz, and it was Stille's business to provide pipes and tobacco for visitors in his own room. Von der Goltz, Manteufel's nephew, an agreeable man, with much conversation, schooled at Versailles, "became a great friend of Frederic's, admitted to much familiarity with him." Count Rothenburg was lured from the French service, to become Frederic's dearest friend—also his spy, Lawrence, the English ambassador, tells us.

Fredersdorf, Frederic's valet, was a new chamberlain, a sickly man, to whom he was kind.

When Sans Souci was ready the King gave Rheinsberg to his brother Henry, who made merry there, Pöllnitz a *persona grata*.

Of music there was plenty. Frederic took up his flute again and played daily, sometimes in amateur concerts. "Charming Barbarini," as Frederic in affectionate letters called her, the Venetian *danseuse*, turned all heads at the opera. Mlle Cochois, the French actress, graced the theatre; Graun, the composer, Benda and Pesne, the painters, were at work for Frederic.

Pöllnitz was now Grand Chamberlain, and, as such, had complete charge of all the court ceremonies, for the King loathed pomp and etiquette.

When Louis XV sent the Duc de Nivernais to sound Frederic about an alliance, it was Pöllnitz who arranged his grand reception. He lodged him at Charlottenburg, in the building now used as a china manufactory. The Baron fetched him in the finest court coach, with an escort, at a slow march, into Berlin and to the Schloss, and led him up the grand staircase through the various halls to the throne-room, where the King sat

on his throne. Nivernais delivered his official speech, Frederic replied laconically, and then, to the horror both of envoy and of Grand Chamberlain, broke through all etiquette by beginning a familiar conversation about the French Academy, French literature, and philosophy. The ambassador was in despair at being thus put off, as was the Baron at the ruin of his elaborate scheme of ceremonial. Finally, Frederic ended the reception, and arranged a private audience for the next day, at which he informed the crest-fallen ambassador that he had just signed a treaty with George II.

After this great effort Pöllnitz evidently thought himself justified in making a claim for money, especially as he had just turned Protestant again. But he met with little encouragement from the King.

"I saw from your letter the vivid description you give me of your position, with which you seem but little content. I am sure that you could not be considered rich; but I think that there are many people, even of good birth, whose fortune is less than yours, and who are, nevertheless, content with their lot. It is true that I have always thought well to have your stipend paid you by way of loans; but it was from very good motives, in order to put you in a position of always having some money in hand, which, if it was paid monthly, would without fail be spent straight off, and thus infallibly throw you into your former difficulties of running into debt. Therefore, I hope you will do justice to the views and intentions which make me act for your real good."

In the King's hand was added:

"When shall we be sensible? Three days after never."

After his first sojourn under his new roof at Sans Souci in May 1747, Frederic left on one of those journeys

of inspection he was continually making to see how his various improvements and reforms were progressing and working. Always wishful to have Pöllnitz about him, he was dissatisfied that the Baron did not feel well enough to accompany him, and sent him a sarcastic note.

"Seeing by your letter that the bad state of your health prevents you following me, I will certainly leave you at Berlin to get well. Yet, it appears to me, that your malady generally attacks you when I am on the point of leaving Berlin."

In the King's hand was added:

"Could you not tell your illness to have patience till I go to Magdeburg?"

In August the Margravine Wilhelmina, now, thanks to Prince Henry's efforts, completely reconciled to her brother, paid him a surprise visit to Potsdam, all agog to see his new "Ermitage." Nothing was wanting, for Voltaire also put in an appearance.

Another delicious fortnight followed, chiefly at Potsdam and at Sans Souci. Now was started the famous "Abbaye de Sans Souci," a "convent half military, half literary," where the "monastic brothers" met and talked, their community designated "the Church," and "declaring holy all that was condemned by Rome, as impious all that Rome enjoined." Pöllnitz was a member; Wilhelmina—Voltaire's "Sœur Guillemette"—was the Abbess.

Their former acquaintance, James Keith, the Jacobite, had abandoned the Russian service, lured by Frederic's fame; he was created a Field-Marshal the day after his arrival in Berlin, and was admitted to the "Abbaye." At the "brethren's" literary symposium Pöllnitz's new book was handed round and criticized.

As an old friend of the Royal Family, Pöllnitz was their confidant in their differences. Frederic and his

brother Henry were on bad terms at this time, for Frederic wished his brother to marry, and Henry, enjoying his gay bachelor life at Rheinsberg, had no desire to give it up. Finally, the King kept him practically a prisoner at Potsdam till he should comply with his wishes, and Henry sometimes escaped incognito on a frolic to Berlin. Frederic, after discovering one of these jaunts, put his brother under arrest. Henry, bitterly sarcastic, would often abuse the King in the presence of Pöllnitz, who came to see him, apparently sent by Frederic as a sort of spy, for Pöllnitz, while he seemed to pity the Prince, reported all he said to the King. Once when Henry was eight days under arrest the Grand Chamberlain was his most constant companion. "But the Prince had too much *esprit* not to mistrust the chameleon who was so assiduous with him." Discovering the Baron's double game, he shut his door upon him, and Pöllnitz, thinking himself lost, tried to make up for it by persuading the King to break off the arrest.

Notabilities of all nations flocked to Berlin to worship the conqueror of Silesia. Maréchal Saxe came on a three days' visit, and Pöllnitz renewed acquaintance with him.

At the same time the arrival of Hanbury Williams, the new English ambassador, a wit of Walpole's circle, added to the cosmopolitanism of the Berlin world, which Pöllnitz so much enjoyed. The delightful Barbarini returned from an engagement in London, and, much to the King's displeasure, married the son of one of his ministers.

We have seen Frederic's hand heavy upon Pöllnitz with regard to money matters, and doubtless with reason. But yet it appears as if he had kept back part of Pöllnitz's pension for some years, even after he had restored him to favour. The latter made more than one effort to obtain it.

"Sire,—Had I no more confidence in Your Majesty's kindness than I have in my own merit, I would not

undertake to ask Him a favour; but being assured, Sire, that I am addressing the best of masters, it is without fear of displeasing you that I venture very humbly to represent to Your Majesty that, five years ago, having had the misfortune to displease Him, He was pleased to retrench five hundred crowns from my stipend." (This reduced it to 1,200 crowns.) "I submitted to this punishment, Sire, with all the resignation which I owe to the wishes of Your Majesty, fully persuaded that, if I was obliged to acknowledge His justice in punishing me, one day I should also acknowledge that He knows perfectly how to pardon. This idea, Sire, is so impressed upon me that I do not doubt but that, as Your Majesty has been pleased to forget my past conduct, He will also be willing that I should also participate in His benefits should occasion offer. I venture, Sire, very humbly to represent to Your Majesty that the death of the Chamberlain Riedel can well give rise to such an occasion. He had twelve hundred crowns salary, intended of old for the maintenance of idlers at this Court. Your Majesty, doubtless, will not change the custom, and if such were His good pleasure, I beseech Him very humbly, as the first and oldest of the idlers of His Court, to be pleased to allow me to enjoy once again the two hundred crowns of which I have been deprived. If I am happy enough, Sire, to obtain this favour, my old age would be relieved by the keeping of a carriage, the comfort of which will, perhaps, prolong the days I have devoted to admiring, loving, and respecting Your Majesty, of whom I shall be all my life, with much zeal and submission," etc. etc.

For all reply Frederic sent him a poem!

À PÖLLNITZ

MÉPRISERA qui les veux les richesses,
Leur faux éclat et leur frivolité,
Leur embarras, leur inutilité;
Ces vains dédains ne sont que des finesses;
Pour les avoir se font mille bassesses.

Si leur éclat n'a point su me frapper,
Si jusqu'ici leur force enchanteresse
N'a point eu l'art de me préoccuper,
Le monde enfin vient de me détromper.

Je vois partout que la grande dépense,
Le bien, le luxe, et la magnificence
Du sot publie se sont faits estimer.
"Verrés, dit-on, est digne de primer:
Il a tout net vinght mille écus de rente,
Bonne cuisine et du vin que l'on vante,
Qu'en cave il tient, sans vouloir l'entamer
Au moins dès l'an mille six cents septante;
Il tient état, sa maison est brillante:
C'est un seigneur que l'on ne peut trop aimer."

Le gros Crécus, qui paraît inutile,
A tous les arts donne occupation,
Et de là vient qu'on le chérit en ville;
La dépense est sa forte passion,
Son luxe au moins fait vivre l'industrie:
Là le burin travaille l'orfèvrie,
Le peintre vit de sa profession,
Et l'architecte orne sa galerie;
Il met l'argent en circulation,
Et sa maison vaut une hôtellerie.

Quand Vadius, d'un ton de flatterie,
Vient louanger l'inepte Bairus,
Le doux espoir sur lequel il se fonde
C'est d'emprunter de lui nombre d'écus.
Oui, l'intérêt est le roi de ce monde,
Il règle tout dans ce siècle falot;
Pour tous présents on donnait quelques fleurs,
Et ce bouquet venant d'une main chère,
S'estimait plus que tout l'or de la terre:
Baisers légers étaient grande faveur.

Mais à présent tout se vend, tout s'achète,
Et la dévote ainsi que la coquette,
A son mari sait trouver un rival;
Ce marché-là se fait à la toilette,
Au plus offrant, à l'amant libéral;
Du doux soupir à la faveur parfaite,
Tout a son prix, et l'amour est vénal.
On apprend tout—cette ville causeuse
Sur le caquet n'a rime ni raison;
On sait le prix d'une beauté fameuse,
On dit tout haut: "Que telle aimable femme
Pour cent louis sent allumer la flamme;

Ajoute-t-on encor deux fois autant,
La passion s'empare de son âme ;
Ce vil métal est maître de tous ses sens,
Et la rend tendre envers tous ses amants."

Cette Corinne, autrefois tant courue,
Depuis six mois de prix a fort baissée
La jeune Églé, nouvellement venue,
A tout d'un coup doublement rehaussé.

Vous savez bien que cette vieille amante,
Ce Laïs à la tête tremblante,
Aux longs tétons, si flasques et pendants,
Dont le pinceau grossièrement abuse
Du vermeillon brossé sur la cérise,
Rend à présent à ses jeunes amants
Ce qu'elle avait dans la fleur de ses ans,
Eu de profit en marchandant ses charmes,
À ses attraits l'on seul fournit des armes.

Le bon pays, où tout peut s'acheter !
O siècle heureux qu'on ne peut trop vanter ;
Avez du bien, c'est la grande maxime—
Vous payerez des femmes, de l'estime,
Amis, respects, et reputation,
Cocus titres et de condition.
Les tendres cœurs se vendent à l'enchère,
Et sans rougir la noblesse ose faire
Un vil métier contraire à la pudeur,
Humiliant, flétri de déshonneur,
Que la grisette à l'âme mercenaire
Fait par débauche et souvent par misère.

Qu'arrive-t-il à ces coûteux marchés ?
Nous beaux seigneurs trouvent des infidèles,
Ils sont toujours impudemment trichés
Par les amis, ainsi que par les belles ;
Un frelouquet enlève leurs donzelles,
Ils sont cocus sans en être fâchés ;
Leur amour vain, magnifique et bizarre,
Se refroidit, le mépris les sépare,
Et ces amis qu'ils croyaient attachés
Sont très-zélés tant que dure leur table ;
Si la ruine entrâme ces seigneurs,
Que la fortune ingrate les accable,
Ces scélérats sont de tous leurs malheurs
Indifférents et joyeux spectateurs.

Si l'avantage insigne des richesses
N'a rien de vrai que des dehors trompeurs,
Fuyez, Pöllnitz, ses charmes imposteurs ;
Les faux dehors cachent des petitesses ;

La fortune a de légères faveurs,
Sur vos vieux jours elle sème des fleurs,
Et c'est bien plus que toutes ses largesses.
Aimez la poste où le ciel vous a mis:
Dans votre état on a de vrais amis,
Et quelquefois de fidèles maîtresses.

The "brotherhood" at Sans Souci and the Berlin Academy now received an addition in De la Méttrie, late army surgeon, now author, "philosopher and unfortunate," flying exiled from Holland, a genial, good fellow, full of mad impulses, cheerful and witty, "a second Pöllnitz." A brilliant comet, for a short time he shone over the "Abbaye."

The year 1750 was a stirring and eventful one. In the early summer the King, in one of his inspections at Magdeburg, combined society and soldiering in a manner which must have been after Pöllnitz's own heart, and in which he doubtless had a finger—twenty-four gala green tents pitched, the Queen and her ladies looking on at the show.

In July came Voltaire, unhampered now by the Du Châtelet, and came at last to stay! He was installed in a wing at Sans Souci, and received an enormous pension. Thanks to him, we have a glittering picture of the life at Potsdam and Berlin that year; of the theatrical and operatic galas; the poet in his glory as actor-manager; the brilliant conversation at the King's supper-table; the blaze of the cosmopolitan, intellectual, musical, literary life. It was the best year of Voltaire's life at Berlin. "One lives at Potsdam as at the château of a great French seigneur, who has culture and genius, in spite of that terrible big battalion of grenadiers . . . and there are going to be fêtes given which will easily equal the best of Louis XIV."

In August arrived Wilhelmina and her husband, and the charmed circle was complete. The crown of the festivities was the *Carrousel*, or tournament, "worthy of that of Louis XIV; people have moved hither from the ends of Europe. Who would have said, twenty

years ago, that Berlin would become the home of art, splendour, and taste? I spend delicious days here," gushes Voltaire.

The *Carrousel* had been weeks a-preparing, and there were two performances. The King's brothers and cousins were among the Knights who tilted in mimic combat. The Grand Chamberlain must have been worked to death. Imagine the dinners, suppers, balls, masquerades, gala operas! It was a whirl. It lasted only three weeks, and then the King went off reviewing again. The Margravine, sad at being back in her dull Bœotia, wrote from Bayreuth to Pöllnitz, in her own hand.

"I have followed the proverb, better late than never, as for more than four weeks, Monsieur, I owe you a letter. But your letter gave me too much pleasure for me not to reply to it. You tell me of the kindness of so many people who are dear to me that that alone would make me chat for twenty-four hours. Every day I get angry with the Académie Françoise. I call them very unimaginative, very unfeeling, very lazy, and I do not know what else, because they do not invent expressions strong enough for me to convey to the King and to the Queen, my mother, how much I appreciate all the kindness with which they have loaded me, and with which they still load me. I miss all the good friends I have left at Berlin, and should like to see them always. These are the chief things which busy my Royal brain. Since my return I have not been a week in the same place. You know our mode of life here, and that we are like wandering Jews. Nevertheless, I am as busy as I can be with the preparations for next year. Past days are the pleasantest to me, because the King had the chief part in them, and I go over them again in thought. I shall see him again in a year. I hope very much that you will be of the party, because I have a little scrap of tenderness for the old Baron. Forgive me the expression 'old'; it is necessary for my modesty, as I speak of tenderness

for you. Say a thousand civil things to all who remember me, and send me sometimes news of yourself."

Carnival time that winter was as gay as usual in Berlin; operas, concerts, Voltaire's French plays performed at amateur theatricals at Court, the King's brothers distinguishing themselves. The Earl of Tyrconnel, the Irish Jacobite, now French Ambassador, kept open house. "But society had deteriorated in tone. Morals were lax at Court, as one can judge by the entertainment which the Prince of Prussia gave to Princess Amelia. It was all the fault of Frederic's marriage." The Queen was a nonentity, and there was no woman's influence at the head of society.

The winter was further enlivened by Voltaire's lawsuit with the Jew broker Hirsch, which dragged on for months, and caused a great stir and an infinity of gossip. Pöllnitz chronicles it among the other small beer which he, by special request, purveyed to the Margravine.

"Fräulein von Schwerin was very deeply moved when I spoke to her of the good feelings that Your Royal Highness always bears towards her, and I venture to add that, were she her own mistress, she would be at Your Highness's service; but she is the Golden Fleece, which is to be retained here. I had already attempted to carry it off; but, less happy than Jason, I was misled. It was the day of your departure, Madame, when she seemed to be softened. I thought the moment favourable, I spoke; but I was answered bluntly that it could not be. Since then she has been so sulky with me that she will not speak to me any more. . . ."

The Field-Marshal's daughter—"La belle Schwerin," as she was called—married shortly one von Kleist, with a rich lay canonry, who ran through all his property, and whom she divorced, to marry a young von Troussel, and to sparkle in Berlin society, as Princess Amelia's special friend, for many a year to come.

"... Our carnival festivities do not seem to lead to much pleasure; there are so many strangers here, but such young people that it seems as if they had just escaped from school. Our festivities end on next Friday. Saturday we go to Potsdam to strew our heads with ashes, and then everything will be scattered. The Prince and Princess of Darmstadt return to Prenzlau and most of the visitors betake themselves to Dresden; they were cast into the shade by the famous Wormser. He has at last departed for good, and tears and sighs follow him. He may possibly pay his respects to you. . . .

"Your Royal Highness asks from me news about our *beaux esprits*. These have made a compact among themselves, and taken the field against the Jew Hirsch, with whom the King of Poets has been to law for the last year. It is a question of diamonds, which were brought to adorn the Order *Pour le Mérite*, and of the bill given in payment which was then disclaimed by the drawer; people talk of false signatures and such-like trifles. I do not know who is right, and who is wrong, and I will not decide; but it is certain that this story gives rise to a thousand evil rumours, and that the cry is raised: 'Crucify the Poet, and give us the Jew Hirsch!' The funny side of the thing is that those who are at variance, each refuse the oath to the other; the Jew, because he maintains that his antagonist does not believe in God, and the latter again because the Jew does not believe in Jesus Christ. It were amusing if, further, both parties declined the High Chancellor who is to decide the suit because he, the head of Justice, does not believe in the Holy Spirit. In the meantime the poet is the laughing-stock of every one, as a few days ago he said to the High Chancellor that, if he did not win the case, he would lay down all his orders and his chamberlain's key at the King's feet, and make verses about it. 'Very well,' replied the Chancellor, 'you rhyme in French, and I will rhyme in German.' However this may be, the victory might well remain with

the Jew. The Poet is ill of scurvy, and has lost two of his front teeth, which does not in any way improve his appearance.

"The Countess of Bentinck was beside herself with joy when I told her that Your Royal Highness had inquired after her. She imparted to me such a medley of feeling, of gratitude, love, admiration, respect, submissiveness and homage, that I could not make out a word, but gathered as a whole that she is entirely devoted to Your Royal Highness, and I doubt not but that she will herself give you the same assurance in a long, beautiful letter, with interpolations by the Muses. . . . As for myself, Madame, as you inquire if I still make critical and moral reflections, I have the honour to assure you that I think of nothing but of retiring from Court. How far I may succeed I know not, but I make every effort, and await everything from the King's kindness."

Voltaire wrote that life at Berlin was "armies in the morning, Apollo in the afternoon. As to the rest, each 'brother' is peaceably established in his cell. M. de Rothenburg still continues ill, also Maupertuis. Pöllnitz is rather dull and sad, and I am always pining and sickly."

Pöllnitz, always jealous of Voltaire's friendship with the Margravine, does not spare him in writing to her.

". . . Your Royal Highness wishes news of our *beaux esprits*. The Head of the band is still in disgrace, yet better treated than Ovid was at the time of his favour at the Court of Augustus. He is still lodged in the Schloss at Berlin, has table, carriages, everything free, and five thousand thalers pension to boot, and leave to complain against the Jew, and to give food for much mocking. Not a minor poet who does not wreak his anger on him. He himself every day does some silly things. Recently he went to the Chancellor and told him that he had come in order to submit some remarks to him he had made on the Code of Justice just published

by his Excellency, and which contained some great absurdities, particularly with respect to Bills of Exchange. The Chancellor thanked him for his remarks, and promised to profit by them in future; he, however, regretted that things must remain as they were till judgment had been pronounced on the law-suit. The Poet, who had not expected to be disposed of in this manner, went off in a great rage, shook the dust off his shoes, and called on the shadow of Ninus to take the Chancellor and his wife and children off to the pit. As I am in the position of a minor, and cannot draw any bills, I have not looked up the clause in question in the Code of Justice, and it suffices me to learn, what every one knew before the Codex, namely, that the paternal rights over the son come to an end either at the death of the father or at that of the son. Yet the Lord Chancellor puts forth this as quite a new notion for us. His son, who is in the Guards, and to whom, a little while since, I pointed out this absent-mindedness on the part of his father, replied, jokingly, that I must not be astonished at it, as his father, just before bringing out the Code of Justice, 'had drunk of ass's milk.' This young fellow is full of wit, and really worthy of being with Your Royal Highness. La Méttrie, who instructed him in morals and religion, said that he had had difficulty in stifling the fire of his imagination, and that his pupil only too soon assimilated all the vices of the French and none of their virtues. . . . To return to our Poet. Though he is so laughed and mocked at, people are beginning to say that the Jew is in the wrong. Next Wednesday or Thursday will all be finished, and M. de Voltaire come out of this business crowned by the hand of Themis. Count Algarotti has at last made up his mind to return to Potsdam. The first few days it seemed as if he had had a stroke. . . . Herr von Maupertuis still holds his own on the height with more modesty than one would have expected from a man flattered by the remark of the Abbé Terré in open meeting of the Academy that the earth was not large enough to contain his merit.

The Marquis d'Argens still sits by his Omphalia's spinning-wheel in Mentone, near Monaco; one feels his absence, wishes him back, but neither prayers nor promises can shake his philosophy, though they say he will return in the spring, doubtless to attend the Lent sermons. . . . La Méttrie is possessed by the wish to pay his respects to you, as you have invited him to do. Darget is still melancholy, full of loyalty to the King, and true to his duties; in his hours of idleness he talks of hanging himself, but God has not brought him to that yet. . . . Count Podevils has returned from Vienna, and tells me that he left the Count and Countess Bürghaus there; they have decided to take up their permanent abode there. . . . Princes Henry and Ferdinand are in Berlin since Thursday to prepare themselves by some holy performances for the Communion which they will receive to-morrow. Monday Prince Henry will be back, and Prince Ferdinand in Ruppin to finish the Carnival comfortably.

"So now I have written of a quantity of events to Your Royal Highness, scratched upon much paper, and caused you, Madame, much weariness. In the name of Heaven, do not read it all in one day, indeed, do not read my letters at all, but have extracts made of them. Your Royal Highness will lose less time, and I shall only gain by it."

The Margravine replied, in her own hand:

"My charming cramp makes me suffer like a martyr, and we have killed ourselves with amusements. I like to enjoy them comfortably, but without fatigue, as my health cannot stand it. I have to drag myself about, however, to avoid upsetting others, and sometimes to play the old lunatic in order not to make myself disagreeable. I have always hoped to receive your reply about Freichapel. I begin to fear that your negotiations have been in vain. Have pity on the small modicum of *esprit* with which God has endowed me; it is becoming

entirely crushed out here unless some one resuscitates it. You have plenty to part with at Berlin, and your lordships have plenty with which they might gratify me. Voltaire wrote me a triumphant letter in which he announces his victory over the Jew. I shall be surprised if he remains at Berlin after the brilliancy of his adventure. The pleasant Herr Wormser arrived to-day puffed out with *amour-propre* and Self-Sufficiency. His departure will not cause as many tears as at Berlin, unless it is some Stage Magdalen who sheds some over him. We have at last buried our Carnival; it finished with the Tragedy of *Orestes and Pylades*, which we had acted. The piece is bad, the actors bad, but the clothes made up for everything. The Duke exhausted himself in Magnificence; one made a point of honour in vying with each other, and I, who should have been the wisest, was as mad as the rest. I had beautiful Theatre dresses and an empty Purse. Laugh, oh! laugh heartily, and you will be right; at least give me credit for my sincerity in confessing all my folly. One seems to forget one's age" (she was forty-two) "when one is with young people. I sometimes fancy that I am eighteen, but look out if I consult my Mirror; one does not like truths, and those which it tells me offend me, and I feel tempted to break it. I talk to you about my little Face and my reflections for lack of better subjects, being unable to send you any news. Where to find any? I hear many Platitudes which do not help the conversation, and, as for stories or adventures, none take place, no one being clever enough to do any silly things. Put up with this verbiage. Write me Letters; they will never be too long for me."

The poor health of the Margravine caused Pöllnitz much concern, and—

"Enraged him against the boasted justness of Heaven. In truth of what use the purest virtue, if it does not preserve you from the ills to which the most degraded have to endure! Cothenius" (Frederic's doctor, whom

he had sent to his sister), "to whom I lodged my complaint, counselled patience. . . . May he this time speak the truth!

"I do not laugh, Madame, at those who have no money, because they have had theatrical costumes made. For sixty years the slave of my own whims, it would be ridiculous of me to blame others who follow theirs. Moreover, those of Your Royal Highness are too estimable for me to blame. You have no money, Madame, but you have had pleasure, and wherefore does money exist except in so far as one can make use of it? I do not venture to place myself on an equality with Your Royal Highness, or I would tell you that I have decided to build me a hermitage, which has brought me into debt, so that I wish, for the next five or six weeks, I could turn into a bear and live on my own paws. An almshouse would be a great assistance to me.

"The Queen-mother's birthday has been celebrated with great solemnity, though the King was not present, congestion of the blood having prevented his coming to Berlin. Of all the Potsdamers I was the only one there."

The opera *Armida* "was presented in a manner equal to that of the Margravine's productions." Pöllnitz criticizes and describes it: "An immense audience, the heat stifling . . . a supper of both Queens at the Queen-Mother's, and then a big ball." There were foreign visitors to Berlin.

"One of the House of Aragon, the other they call the Duke of St. Elizabeth; the latter is the son of the late Prince Rakoczy" (the Polish patriot). "He left two sons, whose family name the Court of Vienna has taken from them. The eldest was obliged to take the title of Duke of St. Charles, and the younger that of St. Elizabeth. The latter might really have been allowed to retain his title. I must be much mistaken if he can ever become the head of a party.

VOLTAIRE AND FREDERIC THE GREAT AT SANS SOUCI.

From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

"Our *beaux esprits* are in demand in different ways. M. de Maupertuis is dying in Berlin of hæmorrhage. Count Algarotti is paying court to Fräulein von Dankelmann, whom Your Royal Highness saw at Ems, and one cannot say that he shows a taste for newly ripe fruit. M. de Voltaire is isolated, so depressed in mind and body as to be hardly recognizable. He was with me two hours yesterday. Our conversation was almost dumb; he did not speak from grief, and I, out of respect for his genius. In one of the interludes of our talk he said to me that he was on the point of going to Italy, and asked me if it would be much out of his way to go to Bayreuth. A moment later and he begged me to make over to him the house in which I live, with all its furniture, as he could see that he could not decide to tear himself away from his present situation, as he was too much devoted to the King ever to leave him. A quarter of an hour later he asked me if I had no commissions for Paris; he hoped to arrive there on the 15th or 16th of May. His circumstances demanded it, his niece wished it, and his friends pressed him to return. To all this I replied that I only begged for a continuation of his friendship, understanding that it would not be too great a demand on his generosity. His victory has cost him dear; and do you wish to know in what this victory consists? He stated on oath that the diamonds which the Jew had delivered to him had not been exchanged; but, as proofs to the contrary were forthcoming which might have convicted him, his conscience allowed him to make this oath, and then to be quit of the matter by paying his opponent fifteen hundred thalers. Had he but done this at first he would have spared himself much trouble, especially much mockery, which has been heaped upon him in Paris, where people are much stirred up against him. Here the Countess von Bentinck, who is extraordinarily obsessed about everything that is witty, has set herself up as his protectress. No heroine of romance could go further, and recently she told me

that, if idolatry were allowed, she would set up altars to Your Royal Highness and M. de Voltaire. 'That is to say,' I replied, 'you would worship angels and devils at the same time.'"

The Margravine replied in her own hand:

"I have spared you all this while, Monsieur, the trouble of reading my letters. I had rather be silent than speak badly, and I should indeed do very well again to-day to keep silence. But that would be too much to exact from a female. I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to procure Freichapel for us, and I am very sorry that he has escaped us. I hope we shall gather a good harvest, as the Margrave is quite resolved to put the Court on a new footing. I notice daily that one is less stupid when one is alone than when one affects poor company. One is obliged to place oneself within reach of every one, and one's mind harps on only saying Platitudes. You are not in this case, and live with Apollo and the Muses. I owe you your revenge for the fine conversation you have had with Voltaire, and I will tell you one in exchange that I have had recently with our *Beaux Esprits*. Make use of it, for I assure you it is most instructive. They were talking at table of mad dogs, which do a great deal of harm here daily. One of the people at table rose up and said: 'I have an Infallible Remedy to cure Madness and to prevent dogs from ever going mad: it is charms that I make them swallow.' Immediately great noise; five or six exclaimed at once: 'He cured my dog, which had been bitten.' A gentleman from Anspach, who is here, said very gravely: 'It is only that you have learnt the secret from a certain quartermaster who is dead, but the same man taught me a much greater one.' Curious, as all women are, I asked what it might be. 'It is,' he said, 'that of curing all the fractures of persons or animals without touching the injured part.' New inquiry. 'How is it done?' He replied: 'I take a chair and bandage its foot,

leg, or back according to the injuries of the animal or the person, and wrap it with the name of the injured person. In fifteen days the bones join and become as they were before.' This tale was followed by several others quite as curious. I retired to my retreat quite flabbergasted at having heard such wonderful things.

"Poor Montperni" (the impresario) "lives in his convent, and only comes out for a moment in the evening, for he suffers constantly. He no longer has those violent attacks, but he drags on a languishing life. As for me, I am becoming an Authoress. I write volumes which I then sacrifice to Vulcan. . . . My health is still very crippled. I hope Cothenius may be a true prophet, but I shall consider my recovery a miracle if he pulls me through. I do not know what evil genius is mixing itself up with Bibiana's scenery at Berlin. The Margrave and all who have been to Dresden say there is nothing finer than what he has done there. There must be something behind which I do not understand. We have got a machinist from Paris, and he will make his first attempt for the Margrave's birthday. I have invented quite a new entertainment, in which the dances are partly on the subject of the piece, being all stories and interpolated with the songs. I will send you the printed words. . . . A whole wing of our castle will have to be rebuilt this year."

The Margravine was ever seeking to attract clever people to her little Court. Pöllnitz was a kind of royal purveyor, always on the look-out for suitable persons, and his brother also now offered a "very cultivated individual," and Pöllnitz sent on his letter about it.

"Perhaps Your Royal Highness thinks it a cabbalistic magic charm, but so we sometimes write in our family. Some gracious fairy or other must doubtless have given this mystic appearance to all we write, in order that the faults in our spelling should not come to light. You, Madame, are too just to blame us, and, with Your

Royal Highness's permission, we will bring it before the tribunal of Providence; for in accordance with His will is the world populated as much with ignorant as with clever people; only in the states of the House of Brandenburg is all *esprit* and all intelligence bestowed upon members of this distinguished house, and very little upon their subjects, who have to get out of the affair as best they can. I hope, however, that in Bayreuth some one will be found to decipher my brother's scrawl. . . . Should the latter know of any one worthy of your taste, he must pack him up as speedily as possible and despatch him to Bayreuth, that, according to all the laws of Minos, Your Royal Highness and His Highness made sit in judgment upon him . . . in my opinion you and the Margrave should not buy a pig in a poke, and it is quite permissible that those who seek for the happiness of living near you should first undergo a careful trial. You will thus be protected against many accidents; many whom your kindness will tolerate for six months may, in the end, have their heads turned by it.

"I go so little in the world, and know so little of what is going on, that I am unaware of the smallest novelty. The King is still getting better. Exercise suits him better than all the medicines of Cothenius. The news to-day of the death of the Prince of Wales was perhaps received here with less indifference than that shown by the King, his father, on receipt of the news. I am neither the father nor the relation of the deceased, but I deplore him much. He has loaded me with kindnesses, he has honoured my brother with his special favour, and that is enough to honour his memory."

Maurice von Pöllnitz passed the greater part of his service in the Hanoverian army, and his brother had known the Prince well at the Court of his grandmother, the Electress Sophia. Wilhelmina had never seen her cousin, but her family had been almost rent in twain, and she had suffered herself very much, over

the English double marriage scheme, for herself and her brother, which had lain so near her mother's heart. But politics interposed; Wilhelmina did not marry the weak dissolute prince, whose only epitaph is the Jacobite doggerel popularly current at his decease:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his mother,
Better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Best of all for the nation.
But since it's only Fred,
There's no more to be said."

"No such powerful motives will lead Your Royal Highness to lament him," added Pöllnitz, mindful of how Wilhelmina had dreaded the match, "but I know the good principles of your heart, which never could belie Nature and truth.

"Herr von Rothenburg is still in Berlin, and is believed to be very ill. Marshal Schmettau and his brother are genially drawing lots as to which of the two will first quit this world's stage. Already Dr. Lieberkühn has given them up; they are sacrificed to their faith in doctors. Bleeding, purging, and whatever all that stuff is called, is always going on. For God's sake, Madame, do not trust yourself too implicitly to the poison-mongers; try, oh! kindly try exercise, and as much pleasure as you can, but, above all—allow me this remark—do not have long conferences of four or five hours with Eori. Away with spiritual work, to which you apply yourself with no less zeal than did St. Augustine to his 'Confessions'!

"Mylaady (*sic*) Tyrconnel turns all the heads in Berlin, she allows 'Komet' to be played for very high stakes, dines at five or six, at midnight begins with visitors, and at nine in the morning goes to bed.

"The Countesses Bentinck and Donhöff follow this

routine to the smallest particular, and very estimable persons think it quite admirable. My age cannot get used to it; it does not become an old man to criticize amusements. In youth is one's whole point of view youthful; but at sixty one has lost all one's illusions, and what one says is no longer agreeable.

"M. de Voltaire often appears upon the scene and hill and vale re-echo with the name of Your Royal Highness. You, Madame, are his divinity, his oracle. Yesterday he talked to me for an hour about you, and indeed in terms which would have convinced any one but myself that he is as faithful and devoted to you as I am. But, as I knew with whom I had to do, he tried in vain to bring his feelings into harmony with mine. For I kept saying to myself, That is not true."

Pöllnitz's letters to the Margravine were not always cheerful; he sometimes brought her his grievances.

"Unwillingly I find myself obliged to weary you with my complaints over a slander with which I am being persecuted . . . to your judgment-seat allow me to bring the matter. They are saying in Berlin that, during His Highness's last stay here I sold the same Highness a gun, which did not belong to me, for a hundred ducats, instead of which I should have given it to him on the part of Count Hake as a return for a tall man for the regiment of the general. That I did in writing, and the possessor of the gun seemed very pleased with it directly he was put in possession of it; but, as the said man did not arrive, as he, despite a civilized appearance, is worse than a savage, he put a pistol to my head in order to compel me to procure the individual. I advised him to have patience, but he stuck to it that I had deceived him and that I wished to gain favour with His Highness at his expense. The story of the hundred ducats came after that, and has spread through the whole country. May I humbly beg Your Royal Highness to give me a certificate that I have received neither money nor anything else for

the gun, and that I gave it to His Highness as coming from Count Hake. Up till now I have not been charged with theft, but, as they are going to do that, I flatter myself that Your Royal Highness, who is justice and generosity itself, will not permit me to be oppressed, and will put me in the position of being able, by proof of the truth, to convict an ungrateful wretch. The new occurrence only stirs up my desire to retire, although Your Royal Highness condemns my determination. Why stay in a world where there is nothing but ingratitude, lying, and treachery? The wilderness on the edge of the garden is far preferable; there will I add to the number of the hermits of to-day, and end my life in sackcloth and ashes. I am no longer of any use; since Your Royal Highness's departure the sun has set for me. I do not know how nor when I have sinned, that I should cry, *Mea culpa!* I bear my trouble with patience; only through tribulation leads the way to Paradise.

"Your Royal Highness used to say: 'The King my Father, the King my Brother, the King my Uncle.' Now she can say also: 'The Queen my sister'; that is very nice, but still finer is it for Your Royal Highness, in the midst of these Kings and Queens, to be able to say: 'If I have no crown, it is the fault of fate, which denies it to me; it is enough to deserve it.' I am sure, Madame, that you would sooner see your Sister on the throne of Sweden than yourself. Have you meanwhile no commissions to give me for the new Queen?

"His Royal Highness Prince Henry will go to his coronation, I shall have the honour of accompanying him; all is arranged now for the best, and all that is lacking is the King's consent, and—the money. It is true that the last matter is no obstacle; we shall borrow and return with ships laden with copper. Your Royal Highness will buy some of it from us in order to cover the roof of the castle wing at Bayreuth which has to be rebuilt, and will pay us half in cash and half in diamonds, with which we shall meet our debts.

"Your Court, Madame, is not the only one about which tatlers retail extraordinary news. There are folk here also, whose only prop should be the madman's doctor, which does not hinder His Highness the Margrave and you, Madame, from having the right to refurnish; only I wish that this could be done by yourselves. Rarely does the taste of the person commissioned coincide with that of him who commissions him. M. de Voltaire is not the man for it. Your Royal Highness over this matter would do more in half an hour than he in a month.

"So Fräulein Humbert gives up the readership in order to be able to count five thousand thalers! She is like nearly all other girls—she loves money more than books; and yet I think Your Royal Highness will be sorry to lose her. She only does it because she thinks she should follow the finger of Providence. I hope, Madame, that the machinist who has come to you from Paris may suit better than Bibiana has done here; the latter must have played himself out in Dresden. He is no longer good for anything except to design the catafalques of the Kings of the Goths and Vandals. The plan of the ballet which Your Royal Highness produced for His Highness the Margrave's birthday has my entire admiration. Very happy are those who can see such beautiful things. I regret very much not to be of the number of these elect; but I shall, nevertheless, not cease to celebrate solemnly those grand days, and my heart will only beat towards Bayreuth.

"The news I have to impart to Your Royal Highness is sad. The Princess of Dessau has died of small-pox. Frau von Kniphausen predeceased her. Merry, happy, apparently in the best of health, she sat at home at supper. Suddenly she said, 'I am not well.' They asked her, 'Will you have some drops?' No reply. She had lost consciousness, and two hours later she had gone where there is no return. Marshal von Schmettau is also about to take the long journey, and has one foot in the stirrup. The family is in despair: a widow,

many little children, the title of a Count of Prussia and of the Empire—and very little fortune. . . . As to Your Royal Highness's variable health, my laments would not help you, and I have too poor an opinion of my Christianity to flatter myself that my prayers might effect your recovery. My comfort, my Hope is in God, the stay and support of virtue. Whose life should He not preserve, if it were not yours!"

"Fever has interrupted our correspondence, Monsieur," replied the Margravine. "It is fair that I should set it on foot again. I should lose too much were I deprived of your letters, which take away my solitude. I hear from them news of my dear Brother, of my dear Fellow-Countrymen, and of my dear Country, without counting The old Baron, for whom I always keep a little scrap of tenderness.

"What shall I write to you about?

"'Madame, it is eleven o'clock, it is time to go to bed, it is time to Drink your Waters. *Mon Dieu!* one must walk; *allons, allons,* I cannot be responsible if you decline to take a walk. Oh! you'll have fever to-morrow by going on as you do; you eat too much; that is too salt; you must only have soup without salt; and especially no wretched sauce. . . .'

"This is what I hear from morning till night, so that I know it by heart better than my Breviary, for I swear to you that I have not the least notion of the latter. I will tell you, however, that we have made some little acquisitions which enable us to kill time. . . . Write to me often, I beg of you.

"WILHELMINE.

"Herr von Hake has made a stir about nothing with you. The men which the Margrave promised him were gone when I received your letter. Perhaps he thought that Titans grew here like mushrooms; and, quite the contrary, they are very rare. I am sorry the affair caused you any trouble."

CHAPTER IV

It was not only Voltaire who found himself in difficulties and debts in consequence of the glittering year 1750. Berlin was the brightest capital in Europe, but it cost money to live there and swim with the stream.

In July Pöllnitz made another attempt to secure the restitution of his pension. He wrote to the King:

"During the seven years in which Your Majesty has deemed it right to deprive me of two hundred crowns of my annual stipend, I have several times taken the liberty to beg Him very humbly to be pleased to put an end to my punishment. Your Majesty has led me to hope that He would pay attention to my prayers; but doubtless His many occupations, and unfortunately the little use I am to Him, have effaced me from His memory, as my lot has not been ameliorated. May it be permitted to me, Sire, to renew my respectful request to you. Your Majesty, in granting me the favour which I ask Him, will set bounds to my importunity, and will place me in the happy position of being able to arrange my affairs in conformity to His will. I am convinced, Sire, that, if Your Majesty was aware of my extreme embarrassment when I am induced to lay before Him my needs, He would be touched by it, for, though I have entire confidence in His kindness, I am keenly aware that, being unable to render Him any service, I have no other claim on His benefits than those which all unfortunates have on magnanimous hearts."

But the King would not, or could not, help.

"I quite enter into your needs, and I am sure that you, in your turn, enter into mine. The mortality among the cattle, the damage of the storms in the forests, all these combined accidents do not allow of my doing what I should wish to do for Messieurs my chamberlains. Accommodate yourself, then, to circumstances, and, moreover, count on the good-will which I bear you."

In response to yet another appeal:

"You wish me to interfere in your private affairs, I, of whose distaste for all that is called economic details you are well aware, as also of how I avoid entering into all that concerns other people's business. Do not, therefore, ask me to take cognizance of your debts, nor that I should appoint a committee to examine them; the interest I take in all that concerns you compels me to refuse you. Think how such an exposure might be prejudicial to you, and wind up your affairs amicably, and endeavour that the public be informed as little as possible about them, and on this occasion use your common sense. You distrust your strength too much, and you take things too tragically. I think better of your talent, and I am sure you will come victoriously out of all your difficulties. I wish you to be convinced that I should be really delighted."

Pöllnitz's spirits, ever elastic, were not damped by his plight, though there is a tinge of pathos in his letter to the Margravine not long after receiving the King's stern advice.

"Your Royal Highness is, perhaps, the only princess in the world who bears in remembrance a faithful old servant who is of no use to her. . . . The letter Your Royal Highness lately honoured me with was without date. I do not know when and where it was written; but, to judge by its appearance, it must have

been long on the road. The Marquis d'Argens, when he returned from Mentone, could not have looked dirtier or untidier. However that may be, I found the letter on my table in that condition, and no one knew how it came there; but I am glad that it came at all. It filled me with delight because it confirmed His Royal Highness Prince Henry's assurance of your health. Nevertheless, the latter's eager opposition to late hours and exertions while you were drinking the waters is not to be condemned. I do not know that I should not have agreed with him, had I been there. But no *Cori*, no '*Sémiramis*'!

"... In the midst of the preparations for the banquet which Milord Tyrconnel was to give to celebrate the birth of the Duc de Bourgogne, he had a very severe hæmorrhage, and had to be bled at once. (!) On the prescription of Doctors Ellert and La Méttrie, one hundred and sixty ounces of blood were taken from him. The latter, as a Frenchman, directs everything; he does not give up hope, but fears that the patient may become consumptive and dropsical. Milady spends day and night at her husband's bedside, and waits upon and nurses him; and, after this, let no one say that conjugal love is unknown in France. I shall always maintain that works of helpful charity are very abundant there.

"From letters from Spaa (*sic*) Fredersdorf is at death's door. That will be a loss to the King, but a yet greater one for those to whom it is all-important that the truth should not penetrate up to the throne.

"Yesterday was the wedding of Fräulein von Podevils and Herr von Marschall; only relations present, but the day after to-morrow all Berlin gives the bridal pair a great dinner. If wedding-presents were still the fashion, I should present the husband with a toy and the bride with a doll.

"A Polish countess is staying here for the second time, a cousin of the Queen of France; every one crowds to see her, as if she were a rhinoceros. I had

not called yet, but accidentally I came across her; she is the Fairy Carabosse. For the last nine years she fancies herself in an interesting condition, and naturally hopes to be delivered; recently she thought she felt pangs, and set up murderous screams. She says she has brought many twins into the world, and in her opinion a woman is only to be esteemed in proportion to her fruitfulness. She has two very pretty little girls whom heartless parents have given over to her. Her only occupation is beating, scratching, pinching them; then she makes them dance from three in the afternoon till six or seven in the morning, playing the violin for them. Her costume is as ridiculous as her person. A German Jewess, Hirsch, is her lady-in-waiting, and introduces the ladies; besides, she has two maids of honour whose behaviour shows that they have not been brought up as vestal virgins. The cleverest thing that she has done is to present M. de Voltaire with a sable coat, in return, as Voltaire had already given her a ring with a portrait of King Stanislaus in it."

The year was closing sadly for Frederic. Anhalt was gone; Rothenburg, his "dearest friend"; Biche, the most favoured of all his pet dogs; he said himself he "was out of gear with the world."

In November a bomb-shell burst suddenly among the brothers of the "Abbaye of Sans Souci." Death seized another of their band, and now it was La Méttrie, jovial, good-fellow, in rude health and high spirits, who died in a few hours. And what a death-bed!

Pöllnitz hastened to inform the Margravine.

"Your Royal Highness having ordered me to write her Berlin news which concerns neither the King nor the State, I write as follows. The doctor, La Méttrie, is dead. He had gone to Berlin to cure Milord Tyrconnel of bursting a blood-vessel, and really did set the Minister up again; but he himself has succumbed, to

indigestion, brought on by an immoderate enjoyment of a truffle-pie. Despite the German doctors, he had himself bled nine times. As he thought the latter disapproved of bleeding for indigestion, he wanted to show them that they were asses. The French surgeon, Dolichaud, wished to give him an emetic, but he declined it; in a similar case he would himself have prescribed it for any one else. As he felt very ill, he ordered Ellert and that Lieberkühn to come, whom he so often described as ignoramuses; he told them that he had come to the end of his Latin, and begged them, with tears, to save his life; but they could do nothing. He died acknowledging that he was not quite sure if man was really a machine" ("L'Homme Machine," his celebrated work), "and his conscience, which troubled him but little in health, pricked him fearfully at the last moments. He damned his books, saying that they were only fit to be burnt by the hangman. He declared that, if he got well, he would recant all that he had written against religion, and breathed out his soul with the name of God, of Maria, and of all the Saints on his lips. He did not, indeed, confess, as people say, nor did he receive the Holy Sacraments, and therefore all the godly vomit fire and flame against him; on the other hand, the sectaries disapprove strongly of his conduct, and think much too much has been said about it. So he has pacified neither believers nor unbelievers. I do not judge between Geneva and Rome, but, in my opinion, he was not on good terms with either God or the devil; but, nevertheless, I mourn him as a kind fellow and a good companion. Doubtless he would have come to reason had he made up his mind to put himself upon hellebore for a few days. When the news came of his death the Marquis d'Argens and M. Darget were so alarmed that the first took some medicine, because he fancied he felt an indigestion, and the second had himself bled. I must confess that these strong minds do not excite me wildly to imitate them. I like to see heroes in

fever as well as in battle, and so long as I do not find such I will content myself with my limited faith. If I do not die like a hero, at least I will not go hence like a desperate.

"Our *beaux esprits* live in apparent unity; only M. de Maupertuis, who cannot bear any one else to be in the King's favour, is living for the last three months in Berlin. The others are on terms of equality with each other, as dear Isaac" (d'Argens' nickname, from his "Lettres Juives"), "dear Marquis, dear Count; but, in spite of all these endearments, each would dispense with the other very cheaply. I have not the honour of seeing them; they are with the King every evening, a favour which has not been granted to me for five or six months. They have the *petites entrées*, and I only see His Majesty when he shows himself to his people.

"They say that the Court of Brunswick will arrive on the 6th of next month, at Berlin, whither the King comes on Saturday, to sup on Sunday evening with the Queen-mother at the 'confidence-table.' I am thinking of remaining at Potsdam this winter; my health, my age, my money matters compel me to decide upon this. I hope that the King will be pleased to permit it. I cannot be of any use to him anywhere."

Wilhelmina hastened to improve the occasion, as a true friend to her frivolous old Baron, now really shocked and depressed.

"Baireith (*sic*),
"*November 25th*, 1751.

"The cramp, a sister, a brother-in-law, bad roads, fatigue—these are the reasons, Monsieur, which have prevented me from replying to you sooner. The two letters I have received from you gave me infinite delight. I knew the old Baron by the description of the Polish Lady. He has always been thought a very good artist, and good *raconteur*.

"I think I can see the little Hunchback with her violin, and her two girls dancing. The picture is so funny that it dispels my spleen. I am in despair at not being able to do the same for you. We have only second-rate lunatics here, and we do not compete with Royal Courts.

"The sudden death of La Méttrie shocked me and gave rise to much reflection. Such is the fate of those who sacrifice everything to *esprit*; to make the most of it, they assert things which often they deny at the bottom of their hearts. Ruled by passions, they adopt a system which tolerates them, and thus deceive themselves. I think there are many people in a like case. As for me, I think it quite permissible, and even obligatory, for every one to make use of such light as has fallen to his share in order to fathom truth. I have been many times on the point of death without being in the least alarmed, nor having changed my views. When one does one's utmost to live rightly, one can die peacefully. Morals are my strong point; they are my favourite topic; it would take me too long unless I put a stop to it. So I will spare you a long tirade of reflections which will certainly send you to sleep, and I will get to Voltaire. What does he say about this death? I imagine that he thinks very seriously: it will be the same with me. I know that, being very ill at Paris, he had a priest fetched who confessed him and administered the Sacraments to him. The poor devil feared hell and trembled at being roasted there. When he was out of danger he sent for the same priest and offered him much money not to reveal to any one that he, Voltaire, had recanted. We pass our time very pleasantly here. The new acquisitions we have made are very agreeable, and we actually have Comte Rosière, whom you know of. With all the wit he had formerly, he has acquired much information and is changed for the better in every way. He is one of those universal geniuses who have assimilated the sciences, the world, and the good tone of conversation,

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and one can discuss every matter with him, jocular as well as serious. We talked much about you, and you were not in bad hands. I am working now at an opera of which the subject is so odd that it will, perhaps, arouse your curiosity. It is *Deucalion and Pyrrha*. I will send you the French and Italian verses directly they have been printed. I beg you to inquire of Voltaire if a letter I wrote him three months ago has reached him, or if he is sulking with me, as he does not reply. You see by this scrawl that I am writing in a great hurry. I am interrupted every moment, and if I go on you will think that I am the second volume of 'La Dame Polon.' I wish to dispel this notion, and finish in reiterating to you my sincere esteem.

"WILHELMINA.

"How is poor Fredersdorf. Please give him my compliments. I am very interested in him; he is an honest man, and he is so devoted to the King that that is enough to make me sympathetic about him."

Meantime, the relations of "the moping brother, the sickly brother, the scribbling brother," as Voltaire called himself—"the skeleton of Apollo," as Frederic called him, with the King had become altered. The poet had removed himself from Sans Souci, and was sulking in a cottage near by, writing his History of Louis XIV. Frederic had somewhat altered his opinion of him: "He has the bewitching ways, but the malice, of a monkey"; "Only good to read, but dangerous to live with." Voltaire's "chamberlain's gold key was tearing out his pockets"; he was worried over the pilfering of his *La Pucelle*. The two men were growing out of touch, and the jealousy between Maupertuis and Voltaire was the cause. "Our *beaux esprits* are quarrelling among themselves," wrote Pöllnitz to the Margravine.

Life at Berlin was interesting and lively. "Potsdam

and Sparta and Athens combined." By day, the inner circle dabbled in poetry and literature, imitating the King, and Pöllnitz was working up his History. At night gay suppers; Pöllnitz much in request as a diner-out and *raconteur*, though growing a little old and apt to repeat himself, and to tell the same story over twice.

"I went to the Queen," writes Lehndorf, her Chamberlain, "and supped with Baron de Pöllnitz, and with Bielefeld and the Archads, cultivated and worthy people. We dished up the story of the Platen with Reisewitz again."

In the summer the First Chamberlain and Master of the Ceremonies had another royal wedding to arrange. Frederic, though his own marriage had been anything but a happy one, was fond of wedding festivities, and constantly gave brothers, sisters, nieces, personal friends and courtiers a good "send-off." Now, at last, it was the turn of the recalcitrant Henry. He married a Princess of Hesse-Cassel, but the marriage was dissolved four years later.

Pöllnitz was now improved both in circumstances and in health. Wilhelmina had come forward when her brother had failed. "It is enough to set up his health," writes Voltaire to her of Pöllnitz; "he is better already."

By the autumn the rift between Maupertuis and Voltaire had widened to a gulf which even Frederic could not bridge. The President of the Academy was flayed by the poet in his biting satire of "Doctor Akakia," which was published, contrary to the express order of the King, who thereupon had it burnt on Christmas Eve by the public hangman in a square close to the poet's lodgings. Whereupon Voltaire broke with Frederic, and returned his gold key and his Orders. But the King could not do without him. There was a hollow reconciliation; but the poet would not return to Sans Souci.

Jealous of Voltaire as he was, Pöllnitz dared not take

sides. Lehndorf "called on the Baron, found him in despair at being obliged to go to Potsdam. He assured me that, if he had to choose between that place and Spandau, he would choose the fortress; but, if he is allowed his freedom, he would prefer to stay here." He had been very ill in the autumn, "speaks of departing, and does not care to make vain plans."

At the end of January came the shocking news that the castle of Bayreuth had been burnt down, and that the Margravine, who was very ill, had barely escaped, being carried across the burning rafters in her bed. The news affected her ailing "old Baron" very much. When Lehndorf called on him in the afternoon, he found him "in tears over the disaster which had occurred at Bayreuth. Could one believe that one who has never shone in the qualities of the heart could be moved to such a degree?" Four days later Pöllnitz supped with Lehndorf. "I find that he begins to grow weak; he never thought of such a possibility."

In March came Voltaire to stay for the last time at Potsdam. "Les soupers de Damoclès," as he called the evenings with the King, followed. He fled from, rather than quitted, Berlin on the 26th for Leipzig and Gotha.

Pöllnitz's health did not improve. Now that the spring had come, he wished again to try one of his favourite mineral-water cures, and asked leave from the King. The King replied by asking him to come and speak to him at Potsdam.

"I have received your letter of the 25th of this month, and I note there the plan you have made of taking the baths and warm waters to try and recover completely. But, as I wish to speak to you about it, you must come to Potsdam; then I will communicate my decision by word of mouth."

This letter of the King's reads mysteriously. Often before had Frederic granted by letter his Chamberlain leave to travel. Why should he, on this occasion, wish

to see Pöllnitz first, before telling him what he had decided?

It is of this stay at Sans Souci that the Abbé Duvernet tells a story, which he purports to have heard from the Abbé des Prades, when the latter was in prison at Magdeburg. Des Prades, "Frère Gaillard" of "La Bande," was now installed as reader to the King in the place of La Méttrie. Frederic, one day sitting with Pöllnitz and Des Prades, began, half in fun and half in bitterness, to regret that Voltaire, capable of heaping libels and slanders upon him, was safe out of his reach at Leipzig. This notion seemed to affect him. Whereupon Pöllnitz, reminiscent of the historic remark of Henry II about Becket, exclaimed: "Sire, give the word and I will stab him outside the town!" Duvernet adds that Frederic and Des Prades were indignant, and showed Pöllnitz that he had made a *faux pas*.

But Pöllnitz did not mean it seriously: he rarely did mean anything except in irony. Nor did Frederic take him *au pied de la lettre*. He had grown old in Frederic's intimacy, and of all men Pöllnitz was the least likely to make gravely a remark which would please the King so little. It was but one of Pöllnitz's little sallies.

However, in Berlin, the First Chamberlain was considered a spy of Frederic's, and Frederic was at this moment obsessed about Voltaire. Did he really—it will be soon seen that Voltaire believed he did—did he really send Pöllnitz off on a secret mission to dog the poet's footsteps?

Not many days later Lehndorf, dining at Prince Henry's with Prince Ferdinand, met the Baron, "who returns from Potsdam very content with the gracious reception he has received from the King, as His Majesty has presented him with a jewelled snuff-box and two hundred thalers. He goes to the baths at Ems."

The *Gazette d'Hollande* of May 8th, and the *Gazette d'Utrecht* of July 17th, bear similar witness. "Chamberlain Baron de Pöllnitz," they write from Berlin under date of May 1st, "has received leave to go to the baths

at Ems, and the King has made him a present of a fine gold-enamelled snuff-box, set with diamonds of much value."

So there was no mystery about either the gift or the journey.

The course of waters at mineral baths usually lasts three weeks. There would therefore be time for Pöllnitz to have finished his "cure," and to be wending his way homeward, via Cassel, when, on May 26th, Voltaire arrived there from Gotha, *en route* for Frankfort.

The two met upon the stairs, Voltaire greatly surprised to see Pöllnitz, whom he had left with the King, especially as he knew how hard it was to wring leave of absence out of Frederic. They barely exchanged a few sentences. Voltaire, as much in dread of Frederic, as Frederic of him, and also much impressed by this unexpected *rencontre*, muttering several times beneath his breath, "What's Pöllnitz doing here?"

This is Pöllnitz's version of the meeting, given to Thiébault:

"The Baron de Pöllnitz, who had gone to the waters, did not know what had happened at Court since his departure (*i.e.* the abduction of the poems), and was very astonished, on reaching Gotha (*sic*), to find M. de Voltaire arriving from Berlin (*sic*) in the same inn as himself; he hastened to ask to speak with him, and went to him directly a reply came. 'Never,' said the Baron to me" (Thiébault), "in speaking of this meeting, 'have I seen a greater fit of rage. "Your King has treated me infamously!" he repeated continuously, "but tell him I'll never forgive it; tell him I'll be revenged. Yes, I'll be revenged! Posterity shall know about it! He will rue it long, and rue it in vain. I'll be revenged! Tell him, I beg you!"'"

Poor Voltaire! He little knew what was in store for him at Frankfort.

Had the King sent Pöllnitz to Cassel? and, if so, with what object?

The *envoi* exonerates both Frederic and Pöllnitz. Had the latter really been entrusted with a secret mission to spy upon the poet's proceedings, would he not have followed him to Frankfort to assist Messrs. Freytag, Schmidt & Co., in arresting and imprisoning Voltaire—in a manner which casts an indelible stain upon the King—because the poet had carried off with him not only his gold key and decorations, but also a volume of Frederic's poems, which he meant to sell for a good price in Paris ?

No, the meeting was accidental. Frederic, however much he may have dreaded Voltaire's tongue, was incapable of such a mean trick, even though in Pöllnitz he may have had the tool ready to hand. The Abbé Duvernet, who handed on the story, had been the dupe of Des Prades, when the latter was smarting under his imprisonment.

The same year that saw Voltaire leave Berlin for good saw also Wilhelmina bid a last farewell to her birthplace. For months Voltaire had been writing to her imploring her influence with Frederic in order to be taken back into favour, and explaining all the dreadful incidents at Frankfort. With her habitual loyalty to her friends, the Margravine interceded for the poet. She spent a quiet, happy time at Berlin—" no ceremonies for her "—and then Pöllnitz saw his " adorable Margravine " no more. But it is touching to read how his heart—sarcastic old cynic that he was—went with her.

" As Dr. Cothenius brought the King the assurance that Your Royal Highness in the best of health had quitted Leipzig, so I hope that she finished her journey comfortably. Although I have not ceased to have masses said for Your Royal Highness, I am prepared, directly I have received the news of your arrival, with a Te Deum in Berlin. I am expecting this news by the first courier, and do not doubt but that the King will send it me at once ; I keenly feel how wearing uncertainty is, especially in cases very near to one. The bad weather

which has come on since Your Royal Highness's departure has made me as anxious for you as well as for your suite. The King, who does not know what fear is, was full of worry, and I myself heard him say that, if he could have foreseen this present deluge, he would not have allowed you to start. His Majesty daily remembers Your Royal Highness, and in a way that can but flatter your attachment to him. In the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand and Field-Marshal Keith, I broached, according to Your Highness's orders, the subject of the painting by Pesne. The King replied that, however much he wished to please Your Royal Highness, and His Highness the Margrave, he could scarcely reconcile himself to allowing the portrait to leave Berlin; he was sure that Your Royal Highness and His Highness the Margrave would consider this quite correct, seeing that, as Pesne had been so long in the Royal service, and that as his whole career had been passed in Berlin, his best work should remain there. Moreover, the King was unaware that the painter wished to send the picture away, or he would have bought it long ago. I thereupon gave His Majesty the complete assurance that you would forgo your purchase, which you had only decided upon because you were unaware how much the King was attached to this portrait. The King appeared quite satisfied with this, and ordered me to tell Pesne to keep the picture for His Majesty."

This picture, the artist's masterpiece, represents Frederic, as a child of three, in a velvet frock, and holding a drum, with his sister Wilhelmina, at six, in a court-train and powder, leading him in the gardens at Potsdam, followed by a negro holding a parasol over them. Wonderfully soft, natural, and instinct with life and expression, it now hangs in one of the salons of the Charlottenburg palace.

"The Bishop of Breslau arrived the day Your Royal Highness left, and is inhabiting the same apartment

where were the ladies of Your Royal Highness. Thus is the Temple of Vesta profaned. The Bishop, who speaks so fearfully loud, has his complement in Count Gotter. One talks as much as the other; but the Count has a more theatrical manner."

Pöllnitz goes on to describe the preparation for the wedding, at Schwedt, of Prince Ferdinand and the Margrave's daughter, and mentions operatic items. Then "Baron Schwerts lies dying. He always wished to have his son made a Knight of Malta; but he forgot that his grandfather was a Jew. Had he sent him to England he would, perhaps, have been made a Duke or a Peer."

Of this Baron Schwerts and Pöllnitz a story is told. The latter was standing before the fire when his coat-tails began to singe. Schwerts, wishing to tease him, exclaimed, "Thus Sodom and Gomorrah burnt of yore!" But Pöllnitz's rejoinder flashed out quickly: "What? Dost thou still remember thy Old Testament?"

Probably the Margravine, before she left Berlin, had interceded for her old Baron, whom sharp tongue had again been getting him into trouble, for Lehndorf writes that—

"Pöllnitz is again in favour, is extraordinarily impudent. This creature who, four weeks ago, said the most dreadful things about the King, now sings his praises in every key. Thus one sees how a hundred ducats may work upon a mean soul."

The Baron did not, indeed, cease from making enemies as he grew old.

"I dined with the Queen," writes Lehndorf, "with Bishop Scharffgotsch, who did not leave Pöllnitz a shred of character. I refrained from remarking with reference to this, nevertheless, 'One rascal loves to speak ill of another.' He abuses Pöllnitz about his religion, whereas he has none himself."

A few days later—it was very severe weather, sleighing-parties to Charlottenburg—he went to call on "old Baron Pöllnitz, who is ill." He found him in a sad plight.

"In consequence of his debts, he has a bailiff in. I found him therefore in a very bad temper, and especially embittered against Prince Henry, who wrote that he could not let him have his 'Brandenburg History' back, but was keeping it as carefully as did the Romans the laws of Numa. . . ."

But Lehndorf's bark over Pöllnitz was worse than his bite, for a few days later he writes:

"All the morning I have had callers . . . among others comes Kraut and bores me a great deal about the sad plight of old Baron Pöllnitz, who has had a bailiff in his house for three weeks. As for me, I take a lot of trouble to help him; I talked so much to Prince Henry about him that, at last, he grew angry. I know that this old man abuses those who have done most for him, and shown him kindness, but it seems to me that it is due to his old age that one should do what one can for him. In the end the Prince gives him a hundred thalers, and Prince Ferdinand one hundred and fifty."

Further, four days after Prince Henry asked the old Baron to dine, Lehndorf was present, finding Pöllnitz—

"In a delightful mood, and horribly malicious. He had money from the Prince, and is extraordinarily pleased with it. Moreover, Prince Ferdinand has also sent him some, with a long letter. Upon this, the old fool says: 'That is what I call acting straightforwardly!'"

A month later:

"Dinner *en petit cercle* with Prince Henry, with the Prince of Prussia, and old Baron Pöllnitz, who is in a

capital temper. After dinner we saw the Prince's new palace. It is hugely big, and therefore not comfortable. Here one will freeze to death, and need four hundred thalers' worth of candles to light up this building."

Certainly Pöllnitz was growing old. He made a muddle of a supper-party the King gave in April. He informed Frederic that Frau Dankelmann and her daughter, Frau von Kayserling, "Cæsarion's" widow, and Countess von Morien, with Count Gotter, Borck, and Kraut, were coming to Potsdam to see an 'Intermezzo.' Whereupon the King said: "These guests must come to supper with me." So these ladies, "envied by all the town," did receive the command to sup on Wednesday. "Frau von Morien" (Frederic's "Whirlwind" of years gone by) "full of joy, but the others would willingly forgo it." When, the following morning, Lehndorf went to call on Frau Dankelmann, he found her "very pleased, the King having received her with extraordinary kindness and politeness. But, as all events in life affect different people differently, so Frau von Kayserling returned very downcast as the King hinted that he had not counted upon seeing her. Kraut, who had gone off with a proud mien, saying to Lehndorf, 'I always knew that the King was well-inclined towards me,' was not asked to supper at all. He had to leave the King's room at the moment the others sat down to table. In short, Pöllnitz had done a fearfully thoughtless thing in letting these people come without naming them to the King beforehand."

In May the Baron obtained leave from the King to go to the waters at Ems, which always suited him best now. But he failed to lure any money from Frederic.

"It is not possible for me to grant you the request which you make in your letter of the 25th of this month, the pay-office from which you drew your stipend not being in funds to furnish any advances."

In May the ministers and departments paid in the revenues, and the King was wont to distribute any balance. Pöllnitz was always hopeful, but only received a few crowns.

On his return in the summer the old Baron was better and able to enjoy entertainments at the country-houses outside Berlin, "at the Kameckes' pretty estate near Gusow, on a hill." In June, despite the fearful heat, Lehndorf drove out to Charlottenburg to dine with Wulfenstjerna, the Swedish Ambassador. "I did not regret the trip, as I was extremely entertained. We were only five: Pöllnitz, Lord Milford" (the lover of the Duchesse d'Orléans, very witty), "I, the host, and Fräulein Eva."

In August "regiments march into camp. With the old Baron I dine with Count Reuss, and then walk in the Botanical Gardens." This Count—of the family which deals in only one Christian name—was Henry XLV, and, though not rich, did much for Pöllnitz during the last four or five years of the latter's life, giving him horses, forage, game, presents. "Only through Reuss's people did one know of it, for Pöllnitz, though apparently very attached to him, never told any one such things."

"With the old Baron I go into camp, Prince Henry's," writes Lehndorf, who adulated the King's brother. "Splendid camp—Persian magnificence joined to Macedonian heroism. . . . The Prince's table has sixty covers, and is enchanting. At supper are the three Princes, Pöllnitz, Blumenthal, Lemburg, and I, in the most cheerful mood. Pleased to the highest degree with this, I go home."

A few weeks later another jovial jaunt:

"I go at seven to Prince Henry, and with him to the Prince of Prussia's. We start off with the old Baron to Oranienburg. The whole day passes pleasantly. We find in the garden a wonderful grotto; the improvements

that the Prince has made are delightful. In the evening we see to the cuisine ourselves" (Pollnitz, as we know, was very good at omelettes), "and it follows that the supper was but mediocre."

Next day Pöllnitz went on to Rheinsberg, where were Princess Henry and her ladies, a very cheerful society. He found old friends of his younger days, and their children; pretty Frau von Marschall, the lady-in-waiting *née* Wrech, the daughter of the King's early flame; her mother, now "the fat Wrech," with her good-looking son Louis; the youngest, or the "handsome Kniphausen," "agreeable as an Apollo"; Frau von Bredow and her two daughters, all respected at Court, as well as Countess Kamecke; the Princess Henry's ladies; Baron von Kalkreuth, whom, scandal said, was too devoted to the Princess.

"I cannot help being astonished," writes Lehndorf, on this occasion, "about Pöllnitz, at the change in human life. Six months ago one did not throw him a word, and now one exhausts oneself in politeness to him. Such is the world."

The celebrated Landgravine Caroline of Darmstadt, the friend of Frederic, was expected next day, and Prince Henry was arranging one of his famous entertainments for her. Of course Pöllnitz was in his element on such an occasion, consulted and advising, both as Master of the Ceremonies and Impresario. Prince Henry had wonderfully beautiful gardens of Rheinsburg, with grottoes, sham ruins, and summer-houses in the taste of the day, and still to be seen there.

After a morning busy with preparations, they saw in the September dusk—

"Our worthy Prince Reuss arrive in a one-horse chaise with a little parcel containing his fancy dress, and announces the approach of the Princess with

Countesses Podevils and Kamecke. We mount our horses dressed as Dryads and Fauns to go to a little wood about half a mile from Rheinsburg, where an arbour of greenery had been erected. In this Prince Ferdinand, representing the god of the woods, sat on a log of wood, while we surrounded him, lit up by numbers of torches. 'It is right that I resign to you,' quoth Prince Ferdinand, as he received the Princess, 'the rule over our woods, as you already have unbounded sovereignty over all our hearts.'"

There were bonfires all the way, and the town was illuminated, as the fair guest and her escort reached the castle.

"When the Princess descended at the Yellow Saloon, Lemberg, as Fame, stepped forward, saying, 'The Princess of Darmstadt is here; the golden age has begun.' Then Dankelmann, as The Golden Age, approached, explaining that he always was in the Princess's retinue. Then, one after another, into the arcade which opened into the inner court yard, looking on to the lake, appeared, with their attendants, Spring, scattering flowers; Frau von Morien, as Summer, offering sheaves; Prince Henry, as Autumn, bearing grapes, and the Countess Dönhoff and old Baron Pöllnitz, as Winter, offering ice, in the shape of sugar, and saying that the presence of the Princess rejuvenated even hoary old age."

Supper in the large Hall followed, and then a week's amusements. To wind up with was a—

"Masquerade of the Court of France at the time of Anne of Austria: Prince Henry as Mazarin; Pöllnitz as Lavardie; Lehndorf as Turenne; Prince Ferdinand as Gaston d'Orléans; Lemberg as Condé, Fräulein Dankelmann as Chevreuse; the Princess as Anne of Austria, to whom all were presented. Then gambling till nine o'clock. It was all so real that one fancied

oneself in those times. Then a Chinese Embassy was introduced, and made a speech. Afterwards supper and dancing."

Next day departed Countess Kamecke, Prince Ferdinand, and Pöllnitz, "who has never been able to stay a week without showing his malice." Pöllnitz was never really a friend of Prince Henry's, though constantly in request for his dinner-parties. For between Frederic and his brother there was always a little friction, and Pöllnitz was the King's man. Moreover, readers will recollect the double rôle played by Pöllnitz when Frederic put Henry under arrest at Potsdam. However, the old Baron was indispensable where clever talk was appreciated.

"I dined," writes Lehndorf, "at Prince Henry's with the two royal brothers, and Barons Bielefeld and Pöllnitz. Very lively conversation. We read letters of Frederic I, which are very badly written. We talked of religion, and some very strange things were said about it. At last we most of us discovered that we have none."

After all the junketings of the summer we are not surprised to hear that the old Baron told Lehndorf that he "was never so much in favour and never so poor as now."

On February 23rd, 1755, Pöllnitz attained his sixty-third birthday. Frederic wrote to the Margravine, who was at Avignon, on her way to Italy, and described how they kept the day with great pomp. "The old Baron dressed himself up like a young peacock, and to-night he will see his name illuminated."

In the spring he wished to go to the waters again, but the King did not wish him to go so far during his absence, and advised him "to take Seltsers waters for the relief of your health," and to stay "with some or other of your acquaintances in the country."

But in August, in reply to a second petition, he re-

ceived leave to stay in Silesia with Count Schulenberg and take the waters there. The horizon was growing very lowering, and Frederic had no intention of allowing Pöllnitz to dabble in politics again. As a letter to the Margravine shows, the old Baron would have liked best of all to pay a visit to his beloved Bayreuth. But in every way this was out of the question ; moreover, Wilhelmina was in Italy. He could only buoy himself up with the hope of seeing her again in Berlin. But that was not to be.

"Signor Steffanini brought me, a few days back, a portrait of an African in ancient times, with the remark that it had been sent to him from Your Royal Highness, with the order to ask me if the man was a contemporary of Hannibal. I did not find myself competent to give an answer. My academical colleagues were as little able to reply as myself. After that, Madame, I went to the Royal Library, and turned over all the books which refer to the ancient Africans ; these books said much about their deeds, but not a word about their dress. It is a pity that Mademoiselle de Montpensier was not a princess of the family of Dido ; we should then know what the *cotillons* of this great Queen were like, and perhaps we should also have a description of M. Æneas's waistcoat, which would have much cleared up the present question. As my knowledge of antiquity only goes back as far as the reign of Frederic I, the distinguished ancestor of Your Royal Highness, so I can, indeed, give you extensive information about his costume, but as to that of the Carthaginians, I unfortunately knew nothing at all. I saw the opera *Hannibal* given in Rome ; in this the African heroes wore Roman dress. The Africans in the *carrousel* which celebrated the visit of Your Royal Highness were dressed according to the taste of Prince Henry. His Royal Highness had given his fancy free rein, and knew how to combine singularity, good taste, and magnificence. As no one has a safe clue, so in my opinion one could follow the flight of fancy and dress

them in any way, except in dominoes; those were not then the fashion. The costume which Your Royal Highness intends for the Africans is very pretty indeed, but I beg you not to put their daggers on the right, but on the left side, as it is very probable that the ancient Africans, like the Romans, wore their weapons on the left. As to the faces of the African gentlemen, one resembles a chamberlain grown hoary in the ante-chambers of three Kings. If Your Royal Highness were to behold my wrinkled, crumpled-up face you would agree with me. You would take me for a portrait of boredom. But why tell you about my face? My letter alone will go bail for me to you for how crack-brained I have become. Forgive me, Madame, if I cannot manage to conceal it from you, and feel sympathy for a man who will be sixty-five on the twenty-third of next month, who approaches old age, but who will ever retain for Your Royal Highness the unalterable loyalty which he had always dedicated to you.

"... The long-expected Duc de Nivernais has arrived yesterday. They say we are also to have an English Ambassador as well. These two Ministers could sing the duet in our opera *I Fratelli Nemici*. Music connoisseurs say wonderful things about this opera. The poetry is out of Racine's *Les Frères Ennemis*. Every one dies in it, and, in order to increase the mournfulness of the piece, I should like the killed to reappear as ghosts and dance a ballet. Steffanini is brilliant, and does all credit to his distinguished mistress's teaching; he expects certainly to be able to lay himself at Your Royal Highness's feet in the month of March. I envy him this happiness all the more as I dare no longer flatter myself with such a hope. I limit my happiness to one day presenting my homage to Your Highness in the castle of your ancestors, and then, like Simeon, of departing in peace."

MAGDEBURG.

From the Collection of A. M. Broadley.

CHAPTER V

To the alliance of 1756 of Prussia with England, Austria retaliated by leaguing herself with France. Maria Theresa was scheming with the Pompadour to wrest her lost provinces from the "bad man." The "infâme catin du nord," as Frederic dubbed the Czarina Elizabeth, was soon to join in with the other two women. The tug of war was now to come.

The King had his hands too full to have patience with the "idlers" of his Court.

"I have had a delightful dinner at Wulfenstjerna's," writes Lehndorf; "among others, Pöllnitz present. He is fallen into disgrace again, and is, in consequence, modest. Court life is as changeable as time or weather. He is a living picture of the fate which threatens all aged courtiers, who know no other aim in life than to amuse themselves."

By September the war of the "three *cotillons*" arrayed against Frederic broke out, and he set off at the head of his army for Saxony.

"I dined with Gotter," writes Lehndorf, left at Berlin with the Queen. "The good man thinks that he has arranged excellently in only inviting Court people to dinner; but he must know from experience that people in the same line of business rarely love one another. So it is with us. Pöllnitz was there, who finds himself very comfortable in this time of unrest, and especially rejoices that the King is so taken up with the war that he cannot upbraid him for his misdeeds, as he richly deserves to be for his odious conduct."

When his master went into winter quarters in the Saxon capital, the Grand Chamberlain did not join him, but—

"Found a quite unique way of attracting a stream of gold on his house. At sixty-five, his spectacles on his nose, he has set to work to embroider on muslin, and to send his embroideries as presents to ladies. Recently he sent to Countess Hacken a purse he had made himself. The latter perceived his object quite clearly, and sends him one full of gold in return. Also the Queen is not forgotten, and much silver is the reward."

Pöllnitz's health was now very variable, but his spirits were elastic. Lehndorf—

"Dined with Prince Ferdinand. Quite delightful; a small company. The Prince of Prussia always entertaining; he brings forth all sorts of pretty stories. Old Baron Pöllnitz, who, a week ago, was covered with abscesses like a Lazarus (after he had lived like the rich man), and thought himself dying, reappears, malicious and frivolous as ever. He provokes us to laughter when he confesses, quite candidly, that the greater part of his Memoirs are lies."

There was no Carnival that winter at Berlin. The King came home for a few days in January, and bade what was to be a last farewell to his mother, who died the following June, just as Frederic, headed off from Prague, was giving battle at Collin. Pöllnitz was once more in request.

"Princess Amelia sends for old Pöllnitz to make the arrangements for the Queen's funeral—that man that the deceased had a horror of, on account of his vices, and his defection from the faith, and to whom she forbade her Court more than seven years ago."

Princess Amelia ordered everything, much to the disgust of Ammon, "the ideal of a chamberlain with a gold key," who hurried out of his bath at the Freienwald on hearing the news of the Queen's death, and, directly he arrived at Berlin, wrote to the Princess to ask what his duties were, only to find that the Princess was arranging everything.

To crown the mourning came disastrous news from the front—Prince Augustus William doing badly, Winterfeld killed, Bohemia evacuated, Breslau surrounded, Westphalia overrun by the French, and ten thousand Russians marching to conquer Prussia proper.

"On October 11th news reached Frederic from Finck at Dresden that the considerable Austrian force, or outpost, which was left at Stolpen, while the others went for Silesia, is all on the march for Berlin—the whole fifteen thousand of them, report adds—though it proved to be only a detachment, picked Tolpaches mostly, and of nothing like that strength, shot off under a swift General Haddick on the errand. Between them and Berlin, not a vestige of force; and Berlin itself has nothing but palisades, and perhaps a poor four thousand of garrison. 'March instantly, you Moritz' (of Dessau), 'who live nearest; cross Elbe at Torgau; I follow instantly!' orders Frederic; and that night is on the march, and his cavalry are pushed on ahead for reinforcement of Moritz.

"Frederic, not doubting that there would be Captaincy and Scheme among his Enemies, considered that the Swedes, and, perhaps, the Richelieu French, were in concert with the Austrian movement—from East, from North, and from West, three invasions coming to the core of his dominions. That was Frederic's opinion, and most other people's when the Austrian inroad was first heard of: 'Mere triple ruin coming to this King'; a great alarm prevailing among the King's friends; in Berlin very great."

An abrupt stop to Pöllnitz's—in request as a *raconteur*—dinings-out.

Before Frederic quitted Berlin after his flying visit in January, he had left secret orders with Count von Finck as to the safe removal of the Royal Family to Magdeburg, the nearest great fortress, with the garrison, and treasure, court diamonds, gold and silver plate.

Says Lehndorf :

"There was an alarm of approaching Austrians. The rumour of the plunder of Wüsterhausen came to us at supper with the Prince of Prussia. The Court was to leave Berlin if the enemy approaches. There was a long conversation between the Princess Amelia after supper, and Finck, the Master of the Horse. Travelling-carriages were prepared by every one, Reuss, Podevils, and others. Every one begs for harness-horses. At daybreak came a rumour that the enemy was only a day's march off. General Rochow, Commandant of Berlin, prepared for the defence of the city. He hears from his vedettes that the enemy is ten thousand strong. He loses his head. The burghers mount their horses, for there are only five thousand troops for defence. The officer of three hundred dragoons begs for reconnaissance horses. The enemy will be here in a day. Rochow says we are defenceless.

"Count Finck shows the Queen the letter which the King left with him ordering the Court to retreat."

At noon Lehndorf dines with Gotter—

"Where I find every one in the greatest consternation. Meanwhile Job's Comforters send in the news that the enemy is in the immediate vicinity, plundering. Suddenly Fritz Holzendorf come in with such a long and flabbergasted face that we think that the enemy must already be in the middle of the town. He quakes for his money-boxes, and has stuffed his jewels and orna-

ments into his trousers. Pöllnitz, on the other hand, swears that he does not possess more than eight grosschen, and is poorer than an apprentice."

Evidently these gentlemen did nothing to soothe the panic of the royal ladies.

"When the Court was ordered to fly to Magdeburg, Frau von Kleist" ("die schöne Schwerin" before her marriage, and the Princess's life-long friend), "whose mother was dying, came to make her adieus to the Queen and the Princess; she found Princess Amelia in her finest costume, and covered with all her diamonds. She was radiant with joy, and amused with seeing the courtyard full of wagons, and the packages being thrown out of windows to save time. When she saw Frau von Kleist—'What! are you not getting ready to fly with us?'

"'Madame, I cannot leave Berlin; my mother is very ill!' 'Very well, my dear, these Russians are coming; they will burn everything; they will pillage and sack everything. They will—will kill you! They are barbarians, savages!'

"Frau von Kleist remained firm to do her duty to her mother.

"'So be it, my dear child! I shall see you no more, that is certain. So adieu, adieu, my poor friend.' And she embraced and dismissed her."

After an upsetting of coaches, the collecting of a great crowd, contrary orders and delays in assembling the royal ladies, the Court went first to the fortress-prison of Spandau. "Never were there such happy prisoners." The Queen insisted on walking through the prison to inspect it. Then came further alarms.

Haddick really had entered Berlin, and that very day. But only Haddick, and with only four thousand Austrians, with four cannon. No Swede, nor French, nor

Russian co-operating. Rochow, with his small garrison, might have beaten twice the number—

"Had not Haddick skilfully slidden through the woods, and been so magnified by rumour. . . . As it was Haddick, skilfully emerging at the Silesian gate of the Berlin suburbs on October 16th at eleven in the morning, demanded ransom of forty-five thousand pounds; was refused; began firing at the poor palisades, and the poor drawbridge, then . . . at the third shot brought down the drawbridge, rushed into the suburb, and was not to be pushed out again by the weak party Rochow sent to try. Haddick, his Croats not to be quite kept from mischief, remained master of the suburbs minatory upon Berlin for twelve hours or more, and, after a good deal of bargaining—ransom forty-five thousand pounds, of ninety thousand, finally of twenty-seven thousand, and two dozen pair of gloves for the Queen-Empress, made off about five in the morning, word of Moritz von Dessau's advance adding wings to speed of Haddick.

"Moritz did arrive next evening, the 18th, but with his tired troops there was no catching Haddick, now three marches ahead. Royal Family and effects returned from Spandau the day following."

The Princess of Darmstadt returned the hospitality she had received by taking upon herself care of the killed and wounded.

"Much grumbling against Rochow. 'What could I do? How could I know?' answers Rochow, whose eyesight, indeed, had been none of the best. Berlin smarts to the length of twenty-seven thousand pounds and an alarm; but one asserts (not quite mythically) that 'the two dozen pairs of gloves were all gloves for the left hand,' Berlin being, with a breath of absinthe in it, capable of such things."

On the 21st came orders from the King for the Royal Family to remove to Magdeburg "till the capital is safe from such affronts." They went first to Potsdam, a lengthy trail of one hundred and twenty black coaches, and nine hundred horses, and next day to Brandenburg. Princess Amelia "took the *fameux* Pöllnitz . . . out of pity, he makes himself so witty on the journey. He has no appointment with the Princess, but he tries to play the seneschal, and begins to grow angry when she declines it."

At eight o'clock they collected in the Queen's anteroom, and had a good breakfast. Then began an even slower journey than that of the day before. At the Saxon frontier interruptions, fears of French and Austrian troops, despite the Elbe and the ten thousand men under Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick.

En route the Court put up anywhere and anyhow—at the old feudal castle of Münchhausen in one place, at Möcher, in an inn over the stables in the dirty village. The poor old Baron must have felt himself back in his worst *wanderjahren*!

Once arrived at Magdeburg, however, the Queen led the same life as at Berlin, and court habits were resumed, except that the ladies wore round skirts and no toilettes. The dinners were very long; toasts, and old Rhine wine, Pöllnitz, no doubt, much in request in cheering the party.

On November 6th came the news of the victory of Rossbach the day before, to the "joy of poor Teuschland at large and all Germans; Prussians and anti-Prussians alike fling up their caps with unanimous *Lebe* and *Hoch* at the news of Rossbach almost touching to see."

There was a Te Deum at the cathedral, "and the Queen's birthday was a happy one."

There was a gay winter at Breslau at the King's winter quarters that year after Leuthen and Rossbach, Princess Amelia, Brother Ferdinand, Nephew-in-law Eugene of Würtemberg, D'Argens, Catte, Quintus Icilius (rising in favour) all flocking to Frederic, and balls given.

Even Pöllnitz's spirits must have been affected by the disasters which now followed and overwhelmed his master. He went to stay with his brother at Zell. In old age, when so many friends and companions are gone before, or have faded out, involuntarily the heart turns to those with whom we have the past—parents, childhood—in common ; happy, indeed, if we can still find them !

Maurice von Pöllnitz, exchanging in youth into the service of the Elector of Hanover, had served with distinction in his cavalry. By his marriage with Elizabeth von Witzendorf he had a family, of whom only one son grew up to manhood. We have seen his uncle presenting this nephew, George Adam Augustus, who had begun life as a page to George II, at the Court of Prussia. He was now serving in the Hanoverian army in the war. He was finally invalided for many years, and died, pensioned with the rank of Colonel, in 1796. With him ended the male line of the branch of the family to which Charles Louis belonged.

During this long stay at Zell the latter saw something of the Court of Hanover, near by. Though George II had sent for Frederic, Prince of Wales, to England, he kept up the court officials, servants, and stables. Daily the courtiers assembled at the castle, and their table was served the same as if the King were present. Three days a week there was a French play at the theatre, open gratis to all, and often concerts, balls, and assemblies. The honours were done by the Grand Marshal, Count Hardenberg, who was the Head of the Council of State. The finances were in good order, Hardenberg serving George II as well as he had served the latter's father. Of the foremost ladies, Countess Bulau, the daughter of the notorious Platen, " was kind and well-mannered " ; Countess Delitz, niece of the equally notorious Duchess of Kendal, " would," says the Baron, " have had adorers in the most barbarous country—such charms of mind, beauty, sweetness, and grace."

Pöllnitz was at Zell on the day of Hochkirch. " The saddest day of my life," Frederic called it—Wilhelmina

vanishing in the early dawn; Daun, at almost the same hour, overwhelming him in sudden surprise; James Keith falling on the bloody field!

The Margravine's death had, alas! only been too long dreaded by those who loved her. She was harassed to her grave by her beloved brother's disasters.

Twice had Pöllnitz written to Frederic, sympathizing as news came to him of her increasing weakness; while, at the same time, the storm-clouds lowered black over her brother's head.

"I have been satisfied by the feelings which you have shown in them," the King found time to write to their old friend. "I grant you, further, the leave of which you ask to go and stay a few months with your brother at Zell."

Yet, even at such a time, when crushed with grief and anxiety, Frederic did not forget Pöllnitz. It relieved his feelings to plunge into verse. At Hochkirch, Catte, his reader, writes: "I saw a piece of poetry about Pöllnitz, the Chamberlain, a great spendthrift."

The King spent his sad winter at Breslau, "like a Carthusian monk." But he remembered old friends who needed help.

"On the very humble description you have kindly made me," he wrote to Pöllnitz, "I have ordered my private treasurer, Leining, to send you some money to enable you to subsist."

Later on in the summer the King had Pöllnitz with him during those weary months at Landshut, when he sat in the narrow pass into Bohemia, watching Daun. Catte gives an anecdote which shows the Baron in his old rôle of jester to the King during the latter's leisure.

"One day the King asked Baron von Pöllnitz, 'Cur Saxonicus, roi dederat une pension comitissæ of Feder?'

(Why had the King-Elector given a pension to the Countess of Feder?). 'Forsan ait a-t-il senti le plaisir qu'il y a facere actione généreuses' (Perhaps because he felt the pleasure there is in generous actions)."

The following year, when, after the hard winter compaign, the successes of Liegnitz and Torgau brightened Frederic's prospects, and he went into winter quarters at the Apel's house in Leipzig, he sent for his books, for Catte and for d'Argens, and desired Pöllnitz to come to his little Court. But the latter excused himself, being advised, by reason of his poor health, the bad weather, and the rough roads, not to expose himself, but to remain at Magdeburg. Money was very scarce at that time. Frederic, the English subsidy discontinued, was reduced to having bad money—"gallow-birds" they were called, coined by the Jew Ephraim—to selling his jewels, and to diminishing the Treasure, half of it still at Magdeburg. Perhaps this was another good reason for Pöllnitz not joining him.

The King excused him:

"In reply to your letter which you wrote to me of the 16th, I wish to tell you that neither the season nor the roads could permit of your coming here without harm to your health. Also the comfort which you would find here would be very scanty. In order to procure you some with greater ease at Magdeburg, I propose to help you with a sum which will be paid to you by my order."

Sorrow had softened Frederic towards the "old Baron." As far as he could help, Pöllnitz was not to miss Wilhelmina's never-failing kindness and protection.

The Queen and Court were still at Magdeburg waiting the passing of the storm, and Pöllnitz spent many months in the old cathedral city in 1760. It was while there, that he once again went over to Rome!

"If I did not know Baron von Pöllnitz to be at Magdeburg," remarks d'Argens, writing to the King

of another matter, "I should imagine that he had disclosed to you the secrets of that Holy Mother Church into which he had entered for the third time."

With the death of the Czarina the peace prospects brightened. In the summer the King became more himself, as is shown by two amusing letters he wrote to Pöllnitz, just before opening his seventh and last campaign.

"Bettlern,
"*June* 3, 1762.

"Your flattering and laudatory letter, M. le Baron, extracts my last crown from my pocket. It is the widow's mite; it is not much, but it will boil your pot somehow or other. The weather is bad for all those to whom I am in debt, but I promise you the spoils of the first Jesuit church which we pillage, and, if ever I see you with your purse full, I shall think you twenty years younger. And now we have concluded two peaces at once. If I count on my fingers the number of my enemies aright, I think we must have another four of them to wind up our affairs. Heaven, whose prudence is more far-reaching than that of man, will dispose of this business as it pleases Him; as for me, blind and unworthy instrument of Providence, I shall co-operate according to the measure of grace and illumination which I shall receive from the Holy Spirit. You know it is from thence that all our happiness springs. I commend you to the prayers of St. Hedwig, praying God, M. le Baron, that He have you in His holy keeping."

A couple of weeks later, also from Bettlern:

"I imagined myself a grand and powerful lord, M. le Baron, since you have honoured me with your letter. In it I find myself treated as a monarch of importance, and you ask favours of me as if I could dispense any. Apparently you have forgotten that we are now entering

the seventh year in which the Powers of Europe are pleased to play with me as a despoiled King; I swear to you that I no longer know if I have a country, or if I have none, nor what the voracity of my enemies will condescend to leave me. What I can assure you is that shortly we shall be fighting like two fine devils to know who is to keep the poor and wretched strip of ground which the war has almost entirely ruined. When I have a country, M. le Baron, and you are aware of it, you can appeal to me with all freedom for the relief of your old age; but just now, you, and, if there be others more adept in the art of cheating, I defy you all to rehabilitate yourselves on me, or on what depends directly upon me. A Jesuit church would not be so bad; you do not feel all the consequences of it. There is at Prague a certain tomb of St. Nepomuc quite capable of tempting your piety, I do not say because of the silver of which it is made, but for the relics which it contains; moreover, there is a pretty little child of solid gold, vowed and given by the Empress-Queen to the Holy and Immaculate Virgin, and, as you are aware that children are not the chattels of a maiden, the divine Mother of Our Lord might perhaps be easily persuaded to favour your humility with them. Think of it, Baron; this deserves deep reflection: a child all in gold! What clothes, what furniture, what meals he could give you! What debts he could pay off! What creditors he would appease! The beautiful golden child, Baron, would make you young again, and I think I can see you, if you owned it, with a face unwrinkled, a jaunty gait, a back as straight as an asparagus, and the imagination sparkling like the wine of champagne. This is what I wish for you, being able only to wish. Further, I pray the Lord God, M. le Baron, that He have you in His holy keeping."

In February peace was signed at the Saxon Kings' hunting-castle of Hubertsburg, and Frederic returned home, after six years' absence, "dreading Berlin and

the gaps I shall find there." In the autumn Pöllnitz had the pleasure of one of the great court ceremonies, in which he delighted, and which the wars had enabled Frederic to dispense with for so long. After the Peace of Hubertsburg Prussia was now one of the great European Powers. Even the Sultan sent to compliment its King by a special envoy. Great preparations were made for his reception, and who so fit to take charge of it as Pöllnitz, though, for the last ten years he was no longer Master of the Ceremonies officially, Frederic having abolished the office, but he still retained his gold key and his chamberlain's pension.

"I have received, following your letter of the 16th, the memorandum of what will be necessary to have done and to arrange for the entry of the Ottoman Internuncio. With reference to which I will tell you that, as to the two trumpeters suitably dressed, I will give my orders to the commander of my Bodyguard, Major von Schätzel, that he may furnish two trumpeters of that corps, and that he arranges what is necessary for this purpose.

"With regard to the platform for the public archives, placed under a daïs, as well as the arm-chair and the decorated table, etc., you will know how to retain the daïs as you have suggested; which will require nothing changing in it, and even less in having it covered with cloth of gold. It will suffice, as it seems to me, that all this be covered with some silk drapery, which will be found all ready to hand; which you will arrange in a suitable manner with the upholsterer, who will fall in with what you tell him on this head.

"As to the led horse which Count Finckenstein must provide for the court interpreter, I give my orders to my equerry and von Schwerin, in order that, besides the six horses caparisoned *à la Turque*, about which, and their saddlery, he is already ordered to arrange everything, and to have it ready, he sees to the seventh horse and its accoutrement, which Count Finck will send for the above-mentioned use, for the entry of the Inter-

nuncio. As to the other decorations for the houses which the Internuncio will occupy at Weissensee as well as at Berlin, I have just written about it to the Minister Count Finck, that he may carefully arrange all this according to the description you have given him, and that he employs Sieur Baumann of Berlin to carry it out well."

Pöllnitz himself was remembered.

"Monsieur le Baron, in consequence of what you have told me in your letter of the 20th of this month as to the special expenses which your appointment with reference to the Turkish Minister will cost you, I will tell you that I will have paid to you sixty crowns for each livery of your three footmen; and, as for a coat for yourself, I will order cloth lined with velvet and trimmed with gold lace, and you will only have to choose the colour of it."

Berlin was all agog over the arrival of Resmin Achmet Effendi, with a suite of eighty persons.

"Old Baron Pöllnitz will lead in the envoy," writes Lehndorf. "Pöllnitz received from the King's servants in fine livery and for himself a wonderful state dress. The King wrote to him on this occasion: 'If you write to me, address in future—To the Lord, Lord Frederic, famous taste of Baron von Pöllnitz living in Potsdam in the suburbs of Sans Souci.' The Turk rode well, fine men with him, horrible music, Jewish-looking suite. Old Baron Pöllnitz, who was to carry out the audience of the Turkish envoy with the King, with scrupulous etiquette, feels himself quite young again. He, who was brought up in the ceremonial and pomp of the Court of Frederic I, is quite in his element. The King annoys him, to the latter's delight, for he explains to him that all ceremonies are disagreeable to him, and even two days before the audience he writes to him

that he will have no formality, but will receive the Turkish envoy in an ordinary room. The Baron went into such a rage over this that no one dared come near him. At last, on the 19th, the King comes in to Berlin at five o'clock, and Count Finck awaits a favourable moment to convince him that the Turk's innate love of pomp demands a solemn public reception. Pöllnitz is beside himself with joy, and runs at once to the Queen to announce to her that he has brought off the victory and that everything will be carried out as is befitting. Immediately he notified all the nobles that they were to assemble on the 20th at ten o'clock in the White Hall.

"On that day, at nine o'clock, the presents that the Ottoman Emperor sends to the King are brought into the room next to the Rittersaal, where the audience is to take place, and are laid out on show."

These consisted of a plume of heron's feathers set in diamonds, two richly caparisoned horses, and three hundred pieces of stuffs and brocades.

"The Rittersaal has been quite prettily decorated. Under the throne-canopy a daïs had been erected in it with three steps, which, in keeping with the noble economy of our Court, had been covered with an old window of Karmasin velvet, trimmed with gold. On that stood a sofa of massive silver, which was upholstered in Karmasin velvet; in front of this a table covered with the same stuff. This table had been taken from the cathedral, where it was in use at communions and baptisms. (!) Into this room, at nine o'clock, came the King, accompanied by the Princes. He waited till twelve, when, at last, Baron Pöllnitz, with Achmet Effendi, entered the apartments next the hall. Here the ambassador was given a chair, and the turban of his Emperor was placed upon him. Then the Baron knocked at the door, and the Grand Court-Marshal, Count Reuss, inquired what was his business. Pöllnitz replied that the Turkish ambassador was there and desired an

audience of the King. Then they let the ambassador enter. Instead of bowing three times, as Christian ambassadors do, he raised his right hand three times, approached the throne, and began his speech, during which he closed his eyes. He addressed the King as 'Emperor,' and called him 'the worshipper of Jesus of the Sect of Nazareth.' When Count Finck had replied the envoy quickly mounted the throne, seized the King's right arm, kissed his shoulder, and disappeared like lightning from the hall.

"Pöllnitz accompanied the envoy with the same ceremonial, when a banquet was given by the King."

Twenty-four persons were present, though Frederic did not himself appear. Lehndorf sat next to Achmet—

"Who sent away the dishes prepared by the cooks and ate dreadful things all made with honey and oil. He was so pleased with the dessert that he had several china dishes carried off. When we rose from table his suite plundered the dessert, which amused them very much. Then he had coffee served, and acted the agreeable host."

Achmet enjoyed himself so much at Berlin that he lingered six months there. When he took his departure a great many young women tried to smuggle themselves into his retinue in order to go to Turkey; but the police turned them all out.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

CHAPTER VI

Pöllnitz survived the Peace of Hubertsburg twelve years. Their chief record, as far as he himself is concerned, is his voluminous correspondence with German royalties and courtiers, and a series of chatty jocular notes which Frederic indited to him. The latter show the relations between the two men, the lifelong friendship which, though never an intimacy, mellowed with the years.

Frederic had the misfortune to survive nearly all his contemporaries, his correspondents, his intimates. The year of peace saw Algarotti die, in Italy, and Marquis d'Argens retire to the Riviera. Some of his most brilliant comrades-in-arms had fallen in the wars. But Marshal Keith had returned, weary and bored in Aberdeenshire, to Sans Souci, to spend his last years there; Voltaire wrote often from the shores of Lac Leman, and d'Alembert was enthroned in the chair of the Academy.

Pöllnitz was still the impresario of the royal opera and theatre—where Quantz, Graun, and Fasch made music—and sometimes, as will be seen, he had his hands too full. The King had lost all his fondness for the stage—" the opera people such a blackguardly set that I am heartily tired of them "—and turned all their squabbles and grievances on to Pöllnitz's shoulders. After the war Frederic, though only fifty-one, had indeed become " old Fritz." Books and conversation were his real pleasures, and in these he had much in common with Pöllnitz. He was prematurely aged with all he had gone through, and, though ten years younger than the old Baron, felt himself his contemporary.

Writing from Potsdam in 1764:

"I thank you, M. le Baron, for the melon which you sent me and the interest which you take in my health. We old people are not worth the devil; if you have fever, I have the gout, which is not any better. I hope it will soon go off, and that you will very soon be quit of your ailment; I wish it with all my heart."

A week later:

"Having seen, by the letter you have just written to me, that you have recovered from the illness which had attacked you, I am very glad to tell you that you are allowed to come and present yourself to me."

Theatrical worries supervened:

"As there is a sum set apart for the *danseurs* and the *danseuses*, it must be kept to. Denis can send for the *figurantes*, who will each have three hundred crowns a year, and a *figurant*, who will have three to four hundred crowns. Dervieux and Du Bois must remain; I do not desire a second *danseur* and a second *danseuse*. Denis must inform me about the three *corps de ballet* in *Sacchico*; I will have one of them quite new. If you are to continue to direct the play and the dancing? Eh! who can acquit himself better about it than you, M. le Baron?"

A little later:

"I am very glad, M. le Baron, that you have made up all the quarrels. I hope that I shall now be left in peace about theatrical matters, and that, by taking care of yourself, you will recover entirely. I hope so."

Pöllnitz was ever out at elbows. When he—

"Had a little money, he made haste to spend it; he asked his friends to come to supper, and regaled

them very well. His great pleasure was to make them an omelette himself; which he did very excellently."

"I often helped him," writes Thiébault, "especially when he was ill, in composing letters which he addressed to the Princes to try to obtain some assistance from them; but rarely did these produce any happy result. On such an occasion the Chamberlain had announced that he was on the point of passing into the other world, and begged for the necessary denarius in order to be received into Charon's skiff. Frederic replied that he liked so much to see him and keep him that he would never give him a sou for fear lest the money should be used to enter the fatal bark, which takes folk away, but does not bring them back again.

"A few years before he had written that he could not go out, being without forage for his horses, or means of buying any. The next morning they found his door blocked with trusses of hay and straw, mixed with sacks of oats and bran.

"When, however, he received any present, he did his utmost to avoid that any one was aware of it; perhaps this was diplomatic, but it was only thought pride and ingratitude. I saw him one evening in society; it was Prince Henry's birthday. He was most eager to show us a snuff-box of common wood which he had been given that morning, when he went to congratulate the Prince. We told him that, doubtless, the box had been given to him full of gold pieces; but he replied, unashamed, 'Not a sou!' Yet we knew, through one of the Prince's gentlemen, an eye-witness of the congratulations, and of the reply, that what we had said was true.

"Sometimes the Baron had a jovial candour which almost amounted to cynicism. 'I come,' he said one day to M. Delahaye de Launay, Steward of the King's Privy Purse, 'I come to beg you to lend me fifty ducats, which I very much need. It is a service you have already done me more than once. I ought to have

paid off in the past before coming to make a fresh request; but I respect you too much to wish to deceive you, and I know well that you will not wait for vain promises before doing yourself the pleasure of obliging me. I will therefore tell you with true frankness that I have a very real wish to repay you all I owe you, but I do not see how, nor when I shall be able to do it; in fact, the loans you will kindly give me risk being only gifts.'

" M. Delahaye de Launay replied that only if he possessed nothing could he refuse a man who approached him in ' such good faith.' "

One by one the friends of Frederic's youth left him. In 1765 died old " bonne Mama Camas," one of the four clever women he met every New Year's Eve at his sister Amelia's, at what he called his " confidence table."

As Pöllnitz grew more old and ailing, Frederic became more open-handed towards him.

" With reference to the letter you have just written me on the subject of a stable for two horses and some coach-horses, which you wish to have in the Prinzenhaus at Berlin, I will tell you that, provided this stable and coach-house are empty, and not already used for any other purpose, I will grant you them for your life; in consequence I have had my order sent to the Government at Berlin."

Sometimes their relations were interrupted by a little sparring.

Being ordered to procure some " Indian fowls " for the King, Pöllnitz sent them with the laconic: " Voilà les dindons, Sire."

Frederic did not like this. He bought the thinnest ox in Berlin, had its horns gilded, a wreath of flowers hung round its deck, and had it tied up in front of Pöllnitz's house wfth the label attached: " Voilà le bœuf, Pöllnitz."

Then followed mutual reparation. Frederic wrote from Potsdam:

"M. le Baron, the turkey" ("larded with nuts," as says Pöllnitz in the letter he sent with it) "that Your Serenity has had the kindness to send me has been served this morning at my table. It was mistaken for an ostrich, it was so big and pompous; the taste of it was considered excellent, and all the guests agreed with me that you were adapted to carry out to perfection all you undertook. It would be painful to me, M. le Baron, to lag behind you and not to think of your cuisine, as you have had the kindness to think of mine. But as I have not found among fowls any animal large enough and worthy of being offered to you, I fell back upon quadrupeds. I confess that, if I had been able to find a white elephant of the Shah of Persia, I should have done myself the pleasure of sending it to you. Failing that, I had recourse to a well-fatted bullock. I said to myself: The ox is a useful, laborious, and weighty animal; it is my emblem. Old age, which undermines me, weighs me down every day. I wish to be laborious and useful, and to be so in any way to you, will you kindly accept, M. le Baron, this little article for the poultry-yard, which I take the liberty of offering you, and, as I have not trusted in my own ability, I have had it chosen by the most expert of all the 'fattening masters.'"

Pöllnitz replied with very humble thanks:

"If I have not worshipped it as the god Apis, I have at least received it with all the veneration which its estimable appearance deserves. A crowd of people admired it at my door, and imagined that I should feast them with it, and enviously watched it being led to my stable, whence it will emerge only to be sacrificed to the greatest of monarchs, a ceremony which will be accompanied by sincere shouts of 'Long live the King!' Your Majesty will permit me to end my letter with the

shout, with which all my life long I shall join the most profound respect with which I am."

The pleasure-loving new Czarina Catherine was anxious to repeat at St. Petersburg the *carrousel* like that which had been so successful fifteen years before at Berlin, and which Pöllnitz had helped to arrange. She wrote to him, as the authority on such matters, to send her a description of it. Pöllnitz, on writing to congratulate the King on his recovery from illness, asked for permission to forward the description he had written.

"I acknowledge," replied Frederic, "as I should, the wishes you send for my recovery in the letter which I have just received, and I allow you to send to St. Petersburg the letter which, according to the copy which you have enclosed to me, you wish to write to the Empress of Russia to accompany the description of the *carrousel* for which you have been asked; which will earn you, I doubt not, a good present."

The *carrousel* took place the following year.

Frederic was sympathetic on troubles mental as well as physical:

"I am much concerned over the dangerous accident which, you inform me, happened to you the day before yesterday, in going down the stairs in your house, and I am troubled by the consequences of the fall which have ensued. But I hope, anyhow, that nothing more serious than apprehension will be left behind, and that you will be in a state to take leave of me many times yet."

Early in 1767:

"I have seen, by your letter of the fourth of this month, the complaints you mention in it of a libel at the foot of which they have put your name, and I congratulate

you in having in this case the experience of several Kings and the greatest lords of this earth, who are not beyond the reach of satire. I recommend you to imitate the grandeur of soul with which the said Princes endure it, who, far from making a crime of *lèse-majesté*, meet it with a supreme contempt. As to the rest, the police will not fail to make the investigations about it usual in such cases."

Another illness of Pöllnitz the following winter tuned Frederic's muse.

AU BARON DE PÖLLNITZ

SUR SA CONVALESCENCE

AH! vous voilà mon vieux Baron,
De retour des bords du Cocyte
Et du redoutable Achéron,
D'où le nocher du noir Pluton
Renvoye votre ombre maudite,
En contrebande, au doux canton
Que votre serviteur habite.
Vous fîtes prisonnier Caron;
Il craignit tout pour Proserpine,
Femme de réputation,
Qui n'aime point qu'on la badine,
Il sait que vous avez le don
De turlupiner de bon ton
Amis, parents, voisin, voisine,
Tout l'enfer est attentif,
Comme il appris votre venue;
Tisiphone en fut éperdue
Minos même en parut craintif.
Tous deux avec un ton plaintif
Ils vinrent chez le noir monarque;
En pleurant ils dirent: "Seigneur,
Ne souffrez point que dans sa barque
Caron passe un perturbateur
Qui, des mortels le persifleur,
Serait ici notre Aristarque;
Renvoyez-le en tout honneur,
Bien vite, et s'il se peut, sans langue;
Car, si là-haut, en belle humeur,
Il jase, perore ou harangue,
Nous allons mourir de douleur
Des traits perçants de ce railleur."
Ayant reçu cette requête,
Pluton fit un signe de tête,

L'enfer en parut ébranlé,
Mégère en rit par ironie,
Et le Baron fut exilé
Au fond fin de la Germanie.
  Demeurez donc chez les vivants ;
Ils sont de bonne compagnie,
Moins cruels et plus endurants
Que ce Pluton que je renie ;
Et de ses propos médisants
Ils connaissent depuis longtemps
Le sel attique et la folie.
Restez donc toujours confinez,
Vieux Baron, sous notre tropique
En vous gardant de la colique.
  Déjà par Minos condamné,
Attendez, damné pour damné,
Que Sa Majesté diabolique,
Pour ragoûter l'engeance inique
  De son grand peuple infortuné,
Peuple pervers à cœur de roche,
Lui serve un jour, pour déjeûner,
D'un chamberlain cuit à la broche,
Bien apprêté, dûment offert
Par les marmitons de l'enfer.
  Jusqu'au temps que le jour approche
Où vous irez chez Lucifer
Passez joyeusement l'hiver,
Dans une reste de jouissance
Réveillez votre médisance.
Vous n'irez que trop tôt là-bas,
Auprès de l'infernal engeance ;
Ne hâtez pas votre trépas.
  Et que gagneriez-vous au change ?
Ici vous vivez comme un ange,
Chacun vous porte sur les bras.
Dans l'enfer un vieux satirique
Est plongé par un vieux démon
Au fond d'une chaudière antique
On leur donne pour compagnon
Juvénal ou bien Hamilton,
  Tout ceci, Baron, vous engage
À ne point hâter ce voyage.
Jouissez donc, comme à crédit,
Des jours heureux que dans votre âge
Le ciel encore vous départit.

Sometimes the King added a gracious personal note to formal invitations :

" As I shall be very pleased to see you, *chez moi*, you will do me the pleasure to come here to-morrow."

Added in the King's hand: "Will you do me the honour?"

Frederic still took interest in the opera in July 1768:

"As I see by your letter that you are still two *figurants* short for the opera, I suppose that you will engage the two persons you suggest." Added in the King's hand: "You must order for the winter the operas of *Cato* and *Orpheus*."

These were works of Hasse (*Catone in Utica*) and of Graun (*Orfeo*).

In the autumn of 1767:

"What kindles Potsdam into sudden splendour is that the Electress Maria Antonia pays a visit of nine days to the King. . . . In July the Electress had been invited to a wedding; would have been delighted to come, but letter of invitation came too late. Will not, however, give up the great pleasure of seeing the great Frederic. Comes to Potsdam in October, stays nine days; much delighted with the visit. Magnificent palaces (the Neues Palais almost finished), pleasant gardens, ravishing concerts, charming Princes and Princesses; the pleasantest nine days I ever spent in my life."

This "bright lady, not yet forty" was the daughter of the sickly Emperor, Charles VII, Elector of Bavaria, Pöllnitz's old acquaintance in their wild days, and to whose coronation he had slipped off with the Margrave and Margravine, on that disastrous surreptitious jaunt. Augustus III of Saxony, King of Poland, her father-in-law, had died in 1766; his "crook-backed" son, the "bright lady's" husband, followed him in three months. The pair had met Frederic at Dresden after the signing of the Hubertsburg Peace, and the widow had now persistently pestered the King by letter to secure the Polish crown for her boy. She had conceived a great

admiration for the "Salomon du Nord," "le plus grand des mortels"; had sent him a copy of an opera she had herself composed, with a graceful letter, to which Frederic sent a gracious reply to the "Diva Antonia." But her blandishments were all in vain. Catherine II of Russia had planted her ex-lover Poniatowski on the shaky Polish throne, and Frederic, intent on peace, was not inclined to break a lance with her.

Despite her rebuff, "the bright lady's" adulation of Frederic did not diminish. In 1769 Pöllnitz, with the King's permission, paid her a visit at Dresden to help with his experience over the production of her operas. The Electress wished to propitiate Frederic by lending him an Italian tenor. But the King, through Pöllnitz, declined the offer, as all the operas for the carnival season were already arranged; but "you will not fail to show her how much I feel this new mark of her friendship."

Maria Antonia evidently thought that in Pöllnitz she had secured a friend at Court. The cheery old Baron and "the bright lady" got on very well together, and after Pöllnitz had gone back to Berlin letters passed in which she tries insinuate to herself into Prussian favour, using Pöllnitz as the instrument.

"I feel, my dear Baron, the attention you have shown me in sending me Easter good wishes. The season is not immaterial to me; it will restore my health, which is feeling the fasting. I begin to get the use of my hands, which an attack of gout had put under interdict. But I do not complain of it, as it has not spared a monarch who devotes his every moment to the happiness of the human race. I hope the summer weather is coming on, and the delicious sojourn at Sans Souci will finish the restoration of such a precious health. I think of recovering mine at Pilnitz, where we are going to settle ourselves. My journey to Bavaria is put off till next year; I tell you about it, my dear Baron, as I had promised you to do. Of all the news

you give me, that which pleases me most is that the Princesses of Prussia and Ferdinand progress happily in their pregnancies. I share very sincerely in the joy of your august Master over it. Should you only require godmothers, you know well that there is no one in the world who would think themselves so honoured by such a pleasant office, and, in case the choice falls on me, I shall certainly accept the suggestion with much gratitude. It will draw me nearer to the dearest hope of seeing once more that heroic philosopher, who is the object of my deepest admiration. You will not be the loser, my dear Baron; I shall be more than desirous to convince you of the esteem with which I am invariably,

"Your well-affectioned
"Maria Antonia."

One would have imagined that Pöllnitz had sufficient worries on hand over the Berlin stage, without helping the Electress with her own theatrical difficulties at Dresden. For Frederic wrote:

"As I see by your letter of the 14th of this month that, as the result of Sieur Fierville's capricious behaviour, I shall be too much annoyed by the complaints of his people, I have just informed him that, if he does not alter his conduct towards these people and pay them correctly, I could quite well begin and retrench his salaries, and in the end send him away altogether, and put the theatre on the old footing.

"Otherwise I am very happy to tell you that, if your health permits, you will do me the pleasure of coming here and spending a little time with me."

The "Diva Antonia" had not invited Pöllnitz to Dresden only on theatrical business. She had made friends with him, he had doubtless not been the "loser" over it, and she now endeavoured, through his influence with Frederic, to arrange a second visit to the King. For she wrote to him the following summer from Pilnitz:

"You implied quite rightly, my dear Baron, in implying to the King that it is only the pleasure of seeing His Majesty which would bring me back into Brandenburg, and that, in order to be less interrupted in the enlightening conversations of that monarch, I should prefer doubtless a stay at Potsdam or at Sans Souci to one at Berlin. Your answer is that of an old stager who knows how to read hearts. Yes, my dear Baron, I shall be delighted to pay my court to the King at Potsdam, as long as the leisure which he will sacrifice to me at the expense of his people will permit him. But to be so near Berlin without acquitting myself of the debt of gratitude to the Queen and the Royal Family, and especially of my very deeply cemented friendship for Madame the Princess Amelia, who, after the King, is the person in the world to whom I am most attached, no pretext seems to me to be strong enough to make me forgo it. I indeed feel that the King's time is precious; also I should be sorry if he put himself out the least in the world. But I think that, in passing through Berlin again, when I shall have left His Majesty, to return sadly to my home, after having enjoyed the finest days of my life, all could be arranged so that each one has his share. I beg you, my dear Baron, to tell me what you think about it before His Majesty's return, which will probably not be so very soon. I expect to throw myself at his feet on the 26th of next month, in consequence of the permission which he has given me. Count always upon my sincere esteem, being invariably."

Three weeks later:

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Baron, for the advice you have given me. I shall adhere to it, and there be no more question of my going to Berlin. It is enough for me to know that it would disturb the King, for me to abandon it. What consoles me for it is that you lead me to hope that I shall have the satisfaction

of seeing at Sans Souci my dear Princess Amelia and of talking to her at my ease; now I am quite happy. As the will of the King is always my lodestar, I shall be very glad to know how long I may stay at Potsdam or Sans Souci without disturbing His Majesty. Could you not let me know where I am about it, in order that I may arrange my plans? I will soon thank you, my dear Baron, by word of mouth. Awaiting your reply, I am, with sincere esteem."

There were little difficulties—Frederic on his dignity, and writing to Pöllnitz to arrange matters diplomatically with the pertinacious lady. Pöllnitz was to act as before, and also, as Grand Chamberlain, to see that the visit went off with due etiquette. There were political troubles ahead. The Turkish War was on, the Polish anarchies rising to a crisis, and whispers of a partition of Poland—a State, but never a nation; and, as Frederic grew older, court society wearied him more and more.

"I see by the reply of the Electress, which you have communicated to me, the scruple she is pleased to make in order to leave me without having paid previously the proper visits at Berlin. Though always intending to observe these ceremonies, an illness which might occur in her family close upon her departure, or some other pretext, of which, if I know her well, she has no lack, would easily compel her to return direct. If, however, she wished to go to Berlin, you know well that I would not put any obstacle in her way, though, to tell the truth, I should be very glad if you could dissuade her from it, and spare me a journey which would not fail to cause me a hindrance and disarrangement in my occupations.

"For the rest, you will see by the enclosed request the funny notion which Tosoni has of returning to Italy, and to which you will reply from me that I think him unwise to give up the certain for the uncertain, for I cannot think that he will be better off in his own country than he is here."

Three days later:

"I am very glad to see, by your letter of the 16th of this month, that you hope to persuade Madame the Electress to give up her journey to Berlin. It will be a worry the less for me, for I could not have avoided going there at the same time. I do not know if Countess von Schmettau and Countess Kamecke are well enough to come here. I beg you to find out about it, and, if they are in a state to make the journey, tell them from me that they will do me the pleasure to come here the day Madame the Electress arrives, the 26th of this month. As I have not yet received the list of the number of carriages of which the suite of Her Imperial Highness will consist, and as I do not know the route she will come by, you will try and procure me the one and the other as quickly as possible, that the relays may be arranged for her.

"Moreover, do not forget to come here on the 24th, with Count Reuss, in time to go and meet the Electress, who will probably only come towards evening.

"As to the matter of Tosoni, it seems to me that he may well content himself with the salary that I give him. He will never have as much in Italy. You will do well to let him understand this, and he can easily make a mistake when he thinks he can do better."

Three days later:

"I have received your two letters of the 15th of this month, and I am very pleased to see by their contents that Countess von Schmettau and Countess Kamecke will come here on the morning of the 26th. You will also ask Countess von Bredow from me if she will not be of the party and come also the same day.

"Otherwise, and as you send me the number of the horses which will be necessary for the Electress's journey and the route Her Imperial Highness will take, I have given orders that the relays be ready on the

26th, as you will not fail to tell the Saxon envoy, the Herr von Stuttenheim."

The visit of the "Diva Antonia" was a great success. A concert was given—

"At which this princess, a very distinguished amateur performer, played the piano and sang; the King, supported by his old master Quantz, played the first flute, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick the first violin, and the Prince of Prussia the violoncello."

Death now garnered round Frederic among his friends. Bielefeld died; Sir Andrew Mitchell, the English Excellency, passed away at Berlin; D'Argens in Provence, leaving "a big and sad gap behind him at Potsdam." Frederic and Pöllnitz drew nearer together. The King wrote a delightful *épître* to his old Chamberlain, now eighty, on his own recovery from a serious illness.

AU BARON DE PÖLLNITZ

SUR SA RESURRECTION

AH! vous voilà ressuscité, baron!
Et près d'entrer dans la fatale barque,
Heureusement repoussé par Caron
Des bords du Styx, des rives d'Achéron,
Vous vivez donc en dépit de la Parque.
  Avouez-nous que vous êtes plus fin
Que Caron, joint avec l'esprit malin,
Il espérait d'un baron bonne aubaine;
Il se flattait qu'il viendrait de main pleine
De bons ducats, louis, frédérics d'or,
Pour lui payer tous les frais du transport.
Mais le baron poliment lui proteste
Qu'il n'est venu qu'en équipage leste.
Que méprisant les ors et les vils métaux,
Et que n'ayant su payer de sa vie
Créanciers qui servaient à sa folie,
Il n'est pas séant de payer ses bourreaux.
  Tout aussi-tôt de ces morts qui passèrent
Aux sombres bords milles voix s'élevèrent;
Ils disaient tous: 'Nous lui fîmes crédit,
Et notre argent jamais il nous rendit.

Distinctement, la mine refrognée,
Le vieux baron ces propos entendit,
Et d'un grand coup de sa rame empoignée,
Qui durement sur votre dos fondit,
Vous repoussa de sa barque et de l'onde ;
D'un soubresaut vous revîntes au monde,
Et notre vieux baron il nous rendit.
Qu'on est heureux quand, domptant ses faiblesses,
On se refuse à l'appât des richesses !
Un avare est un faux calculateur,
On se méprend sur le fait du bonheur,
Qui, sans jouir, sournois dans sa cellule,
Sans cesse amasse et sans cesse accumule,
Un ruste enfin, dont l'esprit sot et lourd
Ne connaît point les charmes de l'amour
Des beaux esprits les fines gentillesses,
Et les plaisirs des princes, des princesses,
Qui, hors Plutus, pour tout le reste est sourd.
Mais vous, baron, peu soucieux d'espèces,
Vos jours sont purs, et votre esprit serein
N'est point distrait des soins du lendemain ;
Vous ignorez et calcul et finance,
Et ne vivez que de bonne espérance.
Ainsi pensait la grave antiquité.
Souvenez-vous qu'en Grèce les sept sages
Ont reconnu de plus grands avantages,
Dans l'humble état d'honnête pauvreté
Qu'à posséder de vastes apanages,
Les vils objects de la cupidité.
Votre mentor vous a dans votre jeunesse
Souvent parlé du puissant roi Crésus,
Nageant dans l'or, plongé dans la mollesse,
Et d'un manant, nommé le pauvre Irus.
L'orgueil du Roi se fondait sur Plutus,
Il s'égalait aux dieux par sa richesse,
Quand tout à coup le conquérant Cyrus
Dans les combats, détruisit son armée.
L'âme du Roi, de douleur abîmé,
Ne sentant que horreur, que désespoir,
Tandis qu'Irus, insensible et tranquille,
Vit l'ennemi s'emparer de la ville,
Voler, piller, brûler, sans s'émouvoir.
La pauvreté, qui nous met hors d'attente,
Nous met aussi à l'abri de le crainte ;
Sans bien, on a l'esprit toujours égal.
Tandis qu'on voit ces grands, ces âmes vaines,
Se consumer en d'inutiles peines,
Pour se soustraire à leur destin fatal.
Loin des chagrins qui rongent ces illustres,
Vous vivez sur, pour avoir mieux choisi,
Sur votre chef rassembler seize lustres,
Vivant toujours joyeux et sans souci,

Ne changez jamais de conduite,
Dépensez tout, soyez bon parasite,
Et vous vivrez satisfait et content,
Toujours heureux et toujours jouissant
Des biens qu'enfin vous laissa la fortune.
Lorsque vos yeux sont chargés de pavots,
Un rêve affreux, d'une nuage importune,
Ne troublera jamais votre repos.
Permettez donc encore que je compare
Votre destin au sort d'un vieux avare.
Quand le jour vient, ce jour tant odieux
Qu'il lui faudra dénicher de ces lieux,
Ce gros richard qu'on dit homme de suisse
Tout moribond, péniblement s'épuisse
A fabriquer un ample testament.
Aux tribunaux, quoiqu'on s'en formalise,
Vinght avocats, affamés, disputant,
Trouvent pour eux des biens de bonne prise,
Et vont reduire, en vous le commentant,
Ses voluntés et ses dons à néant.
Vous êtes sur en perdant la lumière,
Qu'exactement en exécutera
Et codicile et volunté dernière;
Car, vieux baron, rien ne vous restera,
Et vous serez votre héritier vous-même.
Que j'applaudis encore sur ce point-là,
Ainsi qu'en tombe, votre prudence extrême!
Mais je m'égare en m'apercevant pas
Que ce n'est pas, ô Pöllnitz! votre cas;
Car si Caron veut que notre séquelle
Du noir Pluton n'habite ses États
Qu'en lui payant le fret de sa nacelle,
Exempte, baron, à jamais du trépas,
Vous jouissez d'une vie éternelle.

Frederic despatched a copy of this lucubration to Voltaire for criticism, as was often his wont, and added:

"However old you may be, you have a senior in this country, who is old Pöllnitz. He has been very ill, and I send you the story of his convalescence."

The Sage of Ferney replied:

"You have no doubt, Sire, been so kind to the old Baron de Pöllnitz. Hell has respected him, and without doubt he will respect you all the more. You will have

time enough to increase your States still more; as for your glory, I defy you to increase that. As to your Baron, he must be very proud to be sung by you, and very happy not to have paid his passage to Charon."

On the thirty-third anniversary of Frederic's accession his old Chamberlain wrote to congratulate the King, who was—

"Very touched by the wishes you are kind enough to send me in your letter of to-day. You may rest assured that, not being able to doubt of their sincerity, I should not fail to show you my real gratitude, if my departure for Prussia did not demand that, for the present, I must limit myself to the assurances of my good favour, while reserving the occasions of confirming you in its proof." In the King's hand was added: "On my return I would show gratitude to the old Baron."

Wonderful was Pöllnitz's vitality and elasticity, due in great measure to his temperament, for he had tried his constitution much and had been hypochondriacal and ailing for years. When the sharp Berlin spring was past, and the warm weather returned, he was much himself again; but doubtless overdid himself.

"You surprise me pleasantly," wrote Frederic, "by informing me, in your letter of the 30th of June, that you enjoy such good health as to wish to come to me. Do so, I beg of you, and believe that you will give a real pleasure to one who does not cease to pray God to have you in His Holy Keeping."

That summer the Hereditary Stadtholder, William of Orange, came on a visit to Potsdam.

"The old Baron," wrote Frederic to Voltaire, "has been at all our fêtes, and he did not seem to be eighty-

six. If the old Baron has escaped from the fatal bark by failing to pay his passage, you have, like Orpheus, softened by the sweet sounds of your lyre the cruel severity of the clerks of hell; and in every sense you will owe your immunity to the fascinating talents you possess."

But Pöllnitz broke down again and had to return to Berlin, where he resided in a first-floor suite of apartments with a couple of valets. Frederic wrote regretting his departure from Potsdam:

"It is with grief only that I learn of your illness, and with regret shall I see you leave here. Nevertheless, I do not oppose your return to Berlin. Doubtless you will be better nursed there, and I leave you entirely your own master, to do in this matter what you judge to be most suitable to your condition."

But Pöllnitz recovered again. The court chaplain was wont to say that he—

"Never dared insinuate in the pulpit that the surest way of living long was to live well; for," he added, "if from among my audience some one were to stand up and adduce the Baron von Pöllnitz as an example to the contrary, I should not have a word to say, and could only descend from the pulpit and hide myself."

In June 1775 Frederic wrote to Voltaire:

"Baron de Pöllnitz is not the only octogenarian we have here, or who is well: there is old Le Cointre . . . ten years older than Pöllnitz; good milord Maréchal nearly the same age."

The year 1775 was a sad one for Frederic. General Seidlitz passed away, Quantz became mute, Schaffgotsch, Krausemark, and Quintus Icilius died. In July

Voltaire wrote to him from Ferney: "The papers say that Pöllnitz is dead—a pity."

Pöllnitz must have felt that his sands were ebbing out. From the threshold of the grave he looked back on the past, and one of his last acts was a duty, a reparation to a grandchild he had never seen. Years before, in the dissipated days of the Regency in Paris, he—

"Had had a daughter by a mistress whose name was never divulged. This girl, who had never seen her father, had married, and had died leaving a young orphan daughter, whom some relations had brought up, and who had been taught the millinery trade. So it was to her that the Baron, shortly before his death, sent the sum of six thousand francs, to enable her to set herself up in business and to make a suitable marriage."

We have seen how Pöllnitz sold his precious MS. to the Prince of Prussia for a large sum. "What astonished me particularly," adds Thiébault, who tells the above story, "was the use he made of the greater part of his money."

Pöllnitz died on June 23rd.

Frederic replied to Voltaire with something of his old cynicism: "Old Pöllnitz died as he lived; that is to say, in cheating the day before his death. No one regrets him but his creditors."

Voltaire's epitaph was, for a wonder, more kindly: "Well, Sire, Baron de Pöllnitz is dead; he also wrote."

Frederic, in reply, enlarged on his sarcasm—

"Old Pöllnitz generously wished to pay his passage to Charon. He did some cheating even the day he died, that it might be said he died as he lived. No one regrets him but his creditors."

Soon after Pöllnitz's death a skit was circulated which is hardly worth quoting, except in that it serves as a sort of obituary notice for the period in which it appeared, and at the same time depicts with some truth the personages who figure in it:

"This little piece begins by announcing that Herr von Krausemark informs the King that, having presented himself to St. Peter, the latter, very rudely, slammed the door in his face, despite his Order of the Black Eagle, his rank of lieutenant-general, and his appointment as head of the Gensdarmes, the saint having informed him that people of his sort, being of no use except to appropriate other folks' belongings, they must be excluded from Paradise; upon which Frederic despatched Quintus Icilius, hoping he might win over St. Peter, either as a *savant*, or as colonel of light infantry; that the porter of Paradise received him even worse, blaming him for having been the instrument of hundreds of injustices; that the King, in order to induce the saint to yield, sent the Knight of Malta, Count von Schaffgotsch, who only received severe reproaches for the lapses in his life; that the monarch, thinking a Jew might have more success, despatched old Ephraim, who was rudely repulsed as a false coiner; finally, the old Baron von Pöllnitz was entrusted with intriguing at the gate of Paradise; in which it is supposed that he was successful, as no news has been received from him."

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